

WHY JAPAN WAS STRONG

A JOURNEY OF ADVENTURE

by

JOHN PATRIC



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WESTERN
SECTION.

To

LEO A. BORAH

my old teacher, at whose suggestion and
in whose home some of the stories in
this book were first written, briefly, for
the *National Geographic Magazine*. In the
hope that I do not now embarrass the
Old Master by dedicating to him a book
he has not read and may not like.

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The Japanese Like to Work

A FEW MONTHS before Pearl Harbor, I discussed with a magazine editor an article he had published about Japan. Its theme was that after almost ten years of war in China, Japan was exhausted and on the verge of starvation and economic collapse. The author tried to prove one important point in a fashion typical of such articles—by discussing the milk shortage in Japan.

One might as well, I said, seek to prove that Americans are going hungry by saying, in amazement: "In most small grocery stores, you can't get caviar." During weeks of travel in the rural areas of Honshu, the main island of Japan, when the Chinese war was three years old, I had not once seen a cow. I had observed thousands of Japanese mothers nursing their babies in streetcars, trains, parks, and shops, but I never saw a "bottle baby." In dining hundreds of times in native restaurants—the kind Joe Doakes would patronize if he were Japanese—I had never happened to see milk or cheese being served. True, there was commonly sold a chalky frozen confection called "ice-creamee," but I doubt if it contained milk. And I admit I did see a few herds of cows in Hokkaido, "the Alaska of Japan." Only in places like the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, or lesser foreign caravansaries, were dairy products ever a regular part of the menu.

Of course there was a milk shortage in Japan, just as there was a coffee shortage, a chewing-gum shortage, and a shortage of soft mattresses. All these articles failed to take into account the remarkable ability of the Japanese and the Germans to operate most efficiently without the comforts that are commonplace to us.

Since my own youth was spent on the Pacific Coast, some of my earliest recollections involve the Japanese. We of the Far West were always more concerned than other Americans with the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement" on Japanese immigration years ago, with

the Exclusion Act, the "picture bride" situation, the Alien Land Law, and other matters that would affect the relative numbers and strength of Orientals in the West.

Time had been when the Chinese, brought by early western railroad builders, were the Yellow Peril. There were Chinese in the towns around us, but they had shunned Snohomish since an early day that lived on only in legend, when citizens of our then boom town had loaded every Chinese and all his goods on a large raft in the river and set it adrift toward Everett.

But in the first cracker-barrel discussions I remember, which took place not long after the Russo-Japanese War, I heard less about "Asiatics" and "Orientals," which included the Chinese, than I did about "Japs" alone.

Our Japanese, then as now, were mostly farmers—truck gardeners and nurserymen. But they ran laundries, too, and cleaning establishments, and hotels and restaurants.

Bitter criticism, heard everywhere, followed a familiar pattern:

"They work sixteen hours a day. A white man can't."

"They make slaves of their wives and children. If we don't boot 'em the hell out of this country, pretty soon my wife and little girls'll be pullin' plows."

"They multiply like rabbits. A Jap'll buy himself a picture wife an' pretty soon he's got a dozen Jap kids to work for him."

"How can a white man compete with starvation Jap prices and wages?"

"Did you ever see into one of their houses? Nothin' but shacks! Hardly any furniture! Four or five people to a room! It's disgraceful."

"They don't even eat like white folks. Rice, rice, rice—and more rice; nothin' but rice and a little fish. You never see a Jap sittin' down to an honest-to-God steak."

"A Jap'll save every damn dime he and his wife and all his kids can earn. No wonder he can buy up all the best land!"

There was much truth to all these exaggerations. I used to have business dealings with the Japanese, and often saw their homes. Not only did they save every scrap of everything, but when a Japanese called something junk, it was junk, and no mistake. It was nothing that anyone ever could possibly use again in its present form. Nothing was ever discarded that could be altered and put to further use,

whether it was clothing, gunnysacks, farming implements, or tools.

Perhaps the most eloquent and constructive explanation I ever heard of how the Japanese become successful in their enterprises came one rainy day when, as a boy, I was hitchhiking from Seattle to Portland. In those days, as now, hitchhikers got more rides from jalopies than they did from swanky cars, but on this day even the near-wrecks had passed me up. Finally, and astonishingly, a long white Packard stopped for me. It was driven by the owner of several large canneries in the berry-growing Puyallup Valley. As we passed a Japanese family at work in their soggy fields, I made a slighting, careless remark about "those darn Japs."

"Son," the canneryman said, "you talk just like certain lazy, inefficient farmers I know, who fail at farming and blame the Japanese. I've had dealings with hundreds of Japanese. I like them.

"People who spend all they make on clothes and automobiles and fancy houses criticize the Japanese for living simply. Suppose they do? Their land, after all, is the fundamental thing. You'll usually find that it represents more care, more fertilizer, more cultivation—in fact, it represents more cash value in labor and material—than a fine home on less carefully tended land. Japanese are patient people. They'll have their homes someday.

"People who always have time to kill will criticize the Japanese for preferring to work all the time. But the Japanese likes to work. He'd rather work than do anything else.

"People who never pay their bills, and who are always in debt, will criticize the Japanese for being thrifty. Yet our country was founded on the thrift of the New England farmers—and that isn't criticized.

"People with few or no children will criticize the large Japanese families. Is it the fault of the Japanese that our own birth rate is falling so fast?

"People whose kids are always on the loose, learning to smoke, to loaf, to play cards, to hang around the pool halls, criticize the Japanese parents for teaching their children how to work. Yet the finest thing my father ever did for me was to teach me what fun there is in working.

"Yes, they criticize the industrious, thrifty little Jap for all sorts of things. But what they really mean, and rarely say, is that as a *competitor*, he's just too tough for us to take."

"But," I said, defending my own chauvinism with the only valid criticism he had not touched upon, "they make their money here and then take it back to Japan. They never become Americans."

"Because we don't let them. We call them 'dirty little yellow-bellies' and 'God damn Japs.' We treat them as inferiors. Perhaps they are, but not for the reasons we treat them so. We aim laws at them and make it tough for them in many ways. That's not a basis for making good Americans.

"Actually, the Japanese could teach us so much, if only we'd let them! If only we'd learn it now, before we have to learn it the way the Russians did! The deal's pretty one-sided right now; we're suckers. The Japanese are learning a helluva lot from us about the things we know more of than they do—but *we're learning nothing whatever from them!*"

In the years that followed I have often recalled the remark of the kindly canneryman who gave me a lift that rainy day: "The Japs are learning from us; we are not learning from them." When I boarded the Yokohama-bound *Heian Maru* in 1934 I thought of the man again and wondered if I at last was about to learn something from Japan. I guess I did.

For as the white Packard turned from the highway toward a large group of cannery buildings, I had alighted in the rain and had tramped on down the road again, thinking. When a fellow's young, as I was then, and as impressed by a fine-looking man who owned canneries and drove a white Packard, the man's words are examined and treasured to a degree quite out of proportion to the casualness with which they may have been uttered to a hitchhiking kid who'd cussed out the Japs.

But anyhow, I thought again of a tenant farmer in Snohomish, from whom I'd bought grain sacks. He was a little guy—as small as a Japanese. He always wore patched clothes and a funny little old brimless hat. His wife and children dressed no better. They lived in a two-room shiplap-and-tarpaper shanty at the muddy foot of The Hill on the river road.

I'd never seen the little guy when he wasn't hard at work, milking cows, cutting hay, filling a silo, fixing something, or hauling produce to town in his old wagon. I never saw him sitting down except at mealtimes. At times I had driven past his house before dawn, and

again long after dark. I had driven by in summer and in winter, in rain and in snow. Always, in his quick, nervous way, the little guy was at work. He reminded me of a Jap, and I used to feel sorry for him and for his ill-clad, ill-housed family who worked almost as hard as he did. I often wondered if they got enough to eat.

My compassion for the family who labored so hard and apparently "got nowhere" was heightened by the nearness of the big house on The Hill. The little guy's nearest neighbor was his landlord, an old-timer whose father had homesteaded, then bought other homesteads, until now the son was a gray-haired, pleasant man who owned vast and fertile acres that stretched far out toward the river, away beyond the shiplap shanty of the little guy. The big house on The Hill had gables and cement walks. It was always freshly painted, with curtained windows, a rose arbor, and a lawn. That contrast, perhaps, should have turned me radical.

For nobody at the big house seemed ever to work very hard. People did their work for them, or they had machines. The son of the owner was a handsome boy and well liked in our town. He drove a good car when cars were few. He went to college for a time, to become a veterinarian, but returned to speak shudderingly of some of the dirty things veterinarians had to do. He married a belle of the town.

Thus it had been with the occupants of the big house on The Hill and the shiplap shanty in the hollow when I left my home town to make my first hobo jaunt across the United States. I was gone for years, roaming through every state, and when I returned for the first time and drove out the river road again, the shiplap shanty was gone. I wondered whose tenant farmer the little guy was now. But at the top of The Hill I saw him again.

He still wore patched clothes and the same funny brimless hat I had always known. But he was mowing the lawn of the big house.

"Yeah, I finally got tired o' payin' rent," said the little guy, grinning up at me. "Bought the whole shebang."

I remembered again what the canneryman had said. I reflected that every criticism leveled at the Japanese could have been applied to the little guy—but more so. And yet, when he lived in the shiplap shanty in the muddy hollow below The Hill, when his family dressed in rags (he still did; they wore them no longer), nobody had said

bitter things. They were just sorry, as I had been, for him and his family.

Now, when the little guy lived in the big house on The Hill and owned the best farm on the river road, nobody seemed envious. His neighbors said: "By God, the little guy deserves it. If anybody ever earned a good farm, he earned it."

But have we, after all, many such little guys who'll live and work on shiplap shanties in muddy hollows until they've earned enough to buy a big house on The Hill? In Japan they are legion—a whole nation of frugal, industrious little guys, wasting nothing, dreaming, in their little mud-and-wood-and-paper villages, of their day of empire.

Dreams of empire! Japan's fecundity might have made them possible. But, one by one, in the lands of the Pacific, barriers rose against her immigrants. Japanese manufacturing and commerce came nearer to achieving empire. But no people can make and sell enough toys, and silk, and little American flags, and light bulbs, and Christmas-tree ornaments, and novelties to buy an empire. No matter how hard the Japanese worked, no matter how frugally they lived, no matter how much they saved, they could not buy an empire. They could not buy even a potential empire, as we did when our own land was young.

But they could work harder than other peoples; they could live more frugally than other peoples; they could save more than other peoples. Then, with what they saved, they could buy machine tools, oil, rubber, and scrap metal, and from them build machines to try to *take* an empire. That is the course they took, just as Homer Lea predicted when he contrasted the power of a frugal and warlike people with the power of a people rich, and vain, and arrogant.

Already Japan has taken for herself an empire.

It is our job to get it back and then be just in our peace. But the job may be a little easier if we understand the Japanese and how they think and work—if, at long last, we start learning a little from them.

II

Wanderlust for the Orient

IN THE YEARS when everybody, including me, was making money, I might easily have managed a trip to the Orient. I had taken a South American cruise—first-class—on the *Empress of Australia*, the ship which later brought the King of England to America in what could have been little more luxury than we experienced so many years before.

Those weeks of cruising, with their gala shipboard dancing, their fabulous menus of breast of guinea hen, caviar d'Astrakhan, roast young grouse, and English plum puddings on Christmas at the equator; the port-by-port shore excursions to places of fabled romance; the return each night to the gaiety and comfort of the great white, brilliantly lighted vessel—all this has only an indirect bearing, for contrast, on this story.

My thinking about travel to the Orient was somewhat typical, I suppose: "If I had a thousand dollars to spare, and was a little better caught up with my work and bills, I'd go for a few months."

I fancied myself gliding along in a ricksha between rows of blossoming cherry trees, with a beautiful English-speaking geisha accompanying me. Or I saw myself sitting in a shady island pagoda, sipping fine coffee, watching the sampans with their gaily colored sails drift across the blue water. Or I would be riding with a charming fellow American along the road of the Ming Tombs to the music of camel bells. It was all a dream of romance and beauty, in which I was always an altogether superior kind of being—rather like one of Kipling's nobler characters, or a bit of Yankee Marco Polo, tasting the glamour of the Orient. If I saw anything that wasn't romantic and beautiful, I wouldn't think about it, merely reflecting carelessly on Tennyson's "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," and feeling superior because I could recall the line.

But I never seemed to have a thousand dollars and several months to spare simultaneously, though I did buy new automobiles, well-

tailored clothes, theater tickets, and innumerable fifteen-cent cigars each day.

Then came '29. I was one of its casualties. Depression deepened year by year; money got harder and harder to earn. By 1933 I was a roving specialty salesman who could still with considerable effort maintain a reasonable facsimile of my old standard of living. Yet by working hard all day I could not do much more than that. No longer could I buy new cars. As my \$75 suits wore out, I had difficulty replacing them with ready-mades at \$19.50.

It cost about \$15 a week to keep my old car in repair and drive it from town to town. I spent maybe \$5.00 a week for incidentals, and another \$20—with strict economy and considerable shopping—on hotel rooms, meals, and laundry. Thus I had to earn \$40 a week gross merely to stay on the road, and \$40 was hard to earn during the depths of the depression.

Japan and the Orient seemed out of the question now. I used to scold myself for not having bought more memories of distant lands instead of several thousand fifteen-cent cigars. I took to smoking a pipe.

I could see no possible way to save enough for the trip. However, as I traveled, I frequented libraries, reading constantly about Japan. The more I read, the deeper I went below the tourist books, the more I began to realize that while traveling first-class in Japan, staying in foreign hotels, and eating my accustomed food might be expensive, it would be incredibly cheap if only I could live and travel as the Japanese did, sleeping on the floor, eating rice and fish, crowding into third-class trains, sleeping on the decks on interisland boats.

Lafcadio Hearn had written: "The Japanese are the greatest travelers in the world, in their own country."

If, on wages of a few cents a day, the Japanese could travel so freely, why could I not go as they did? Certainly that would help me to see and to understand the real Japan, just as I was coming to know my own America, if I could endure the alien ways. But would not the hardships take away the pleasure and spoil the trip?

Here I was, an average soft American, sleeping on good mattresses, eating rich American food, driving a car everywhere. How could I live as the Japanese lived and enjoy myself? Yet during my hobo days as a kid, I had more than once slept on the floors of boxcars. I had

even built and huddled over fires of shavings I had built on boxcar floors and kept moving to avoid scorching the floor. Could a charcoal brazier be worse? I had gone hungry; could rice and raw fish be worse? When no rides were available, I had walked until it seemed I could walk no longer.

That was it. That was the answer. Suppose I started "going Japanese" right now—sleeping in my car, eating cheap food, walking most of the time instead of riding. Could I not, in desperation, save \$20 a week toward the trip? I thought I could.

One week end I made a clean break with comfort, and this ordeal proved afterwards to have been the very best kind of preparation for the journey I eventually made.

I took to sleeping curled up in the front seat of my car to save hotel bills. I parked on streets, in alleys, vacant lots, or side roads in the country. Often I was picked up by the police, taken to the station for a time, fingerprinted, and released. To avoid curious early-rising passers-by, I awoke at dawn, fully clothed in old corduroy trousers and a shirt too soiled to wear while working as a salesman.

I changed and shaved quickly in the washrooms of service stations where I bought gasoline. Sometimes I took quick sponge baths there with a washcloth; sometimes I managed them on side roads with warm water from the car radiator. Sometimes I bathed in lakes or rivers or creeks. For three months I paid no hotel bills whatever, saving about \$45 a month, or \$135 on this item alone.

In those years a good-sized can of pink salmon cost ten cents, and bread cost seven or eight cents. This I considered equivalent to the Japanese staples of rice and fish. I obtained one hot meal each day by heating a can of salmon on the exhaust manifold of the car engine, or beside a little fire of twigs. A can of salmon provides almost a tea-cupful of rich juice; it will make, with a loaf of bread, about eight or nine thick sandwiches—enough for all day. Sometimes for variety I ate nickel cans of beans, which approximated the bean curd so common in Japan, though the soya beans the Japanese use are richer, I think, in fats and protein. Each morning, after I shaved, I would eat two salmon sandwiches left over from the day before. Then I would find a small restaurant where I could buy my day's cup of coffee for a nickel and read the "house paper" for a few minutes. That was what I was to miss most in Japan—a newspaper and coffee. But my

food thus cost twenty-five cents a day—never more than \$1.75 a week—and thereby I saved \$30 a month over the cost of restaurant meals, or another \$90.

I washed my own laundry in roadside creeks or ponds on Sundays, and force-dried it, piece by piece, under the hood of the car if the day were damp, or in the sun on the top of the hot car hood if the day were warm and dry. I found an old flatiron. I would heat it on the exhaust manifold of the car, and using the running board and a towel for an ironing board, I ironed just the parts of my shirts that showed—the collars and the cuffs. I pressed my pants that way. I shined my shoes. This saved me another \$5.00 a month, or \$15.

It had been a dozen easy-living years since my youthful hobo days, and the transition to discomfort after so long was exceedingly hard to bear. It grew tiresome, but each day I carefully put away the savings it made possible, and each day saw me a little nearer to the Orient. For in some three months these savings added up to just \$240. But I earned \$135 more than that, simply by working evenings as well as days. Total savings were \$375.

Never had I lived so cheaply. Never again do I want to, whatever the objective. But those three months were of immeasurable value when I reached the Orient, where it was so easy then to travel as the Japanese did.

My recreation in those months was reading and more reading—reading everything I could find about the Orient. I bought a little conversation dictionary by Arthur Rose-Innes and studied simple phrases I should need when I left the tourist lanes. One can get books from libraries where he is a stranger simply by leaving a deposit on them. This I did, and I rigged up in my car a little light which threw its beams only on the pages of my book.

Much of what had been written in English about Japan, I was to learn, is propaganda and does not present a true picture of the country. The Japanese for years subsidized trips for groups of students, teachers, college professors, newspapermen, and businessmen who returned home grateful, and made speeches, or wrote articles and books to “interpret” Japan.

Lafcadio Hearn continued to be extremely helpful to me. True, what he wrote was colored by his high regard for the land of his adoption, where he took a wife and raised a Eurasian family. But he

was an old newspaperman, a careful observer, and though he was at great pains to say nothing to offend the Japanese, he was always accurate as far as he went.

Constantly, as I traveled, I would hunt up people who had been there, like my friend Dean Eric Allen of the School of Journalism at the University of Oregon, and get them to tell me what I would find.

"Japan," Allen said, "has been running for 2,600 years, and it has a culture much older than ours. The Japanese know it, and for all their politeness, they never forget it. You will find that all educated Japanese have studied a little English in the Middle Schools, as they call them, and by speaking slowly and distinctly in third- or fourth-reader English, you can carry on some kind of conversation almost anywhere."

I talked to Japanese who'd been in Japan. I asked questions. All this I weighed against my reading. Later I was astonished to find how much I knew about Japan. It was as if I had a picture painted most accurately, but in the wrong colors. The trip let me correct the colors and add details.

For the day came at last when, having worked my way across the United States by slow stages, I walked down Fourth Avenue in Seattle past the steamship offices and paused before the windows of Nippon Yusen Kaisha, where there was a sign: "Round Trip, Seattle to Yokohama, tourist class, \$195." In letters very small were added the words "Off Season." That meant "as hot and muggy as Washington, D.C., at its worst." But N.Y.K. didn't say so.

From a roll of bills I peeled off the money, plus government tax. I walked out with a ticket. I spent another \$10 for a passport, and I had \$165 left. In the two days before the sailing of the *Heian Maru*, I had a money belt fixed. I bought a cheap old bag with fine bronze hardware, planning to have it rebuilt of Japanese leather. I had large, tight-fitting buttons put on the flaps of my hip pockets, got a nickel shine, a ten-cent haircut at a barber college, and had two suits cleaned. I knew that barber and tailor services were costly on ships.

The *Heian Maru* berthed some distance from downtown Seattle, and from my flophouse on the Seattle water front, where I stayed for twenty-five cents a night, I boarded a streetcar with my two heavy old bags and my typewriter, walking several blocks from the car line to the ship.

As the brand-new vessel sailed westward through the Strait of Juan de Fuca on a bright June afternoon, I'm sure none of the gay, well-dressed passengers who crowded the rail realized I'd been sleeping in my clothes for three months, and I knew that none planned a trip like mine.

III

Aboard the Heian Maru

ON THE HEIAN MARU, as she sailed from Seattle for Yokohama, I again remembered what the canneryman had said to me fifteen years before: "The Japanese are learning a helluva lot from us . . . we're learning nothing whatever from them!"

They had learned from the Western world, for instance, how to build the *Heian Maru*. She was a new boat, on her fourth voyage, I think. Her officers were so proud of her that there was almost no restriction; we might roam throughout the ship.

I had become acquainted with a young Japanese engineer returning to Japan after many years of study in the States. How familiar *that* was! And who ever heard of a young American going to Japan for an education?

This engineer, Tayama, had been born in Japan, but had attended both high school and college in America, though he had often revisited Japan in the summers. He must have been a brilliant student; he had several degrees. He was now returning to a well-paid engineering job in Japan. He liked the United States and he liked Americans. Today he must be gravely disturbed by the war—not only because he was internationally minded and loved peace, but also because men such as he can best understand the potential power that is America's in a war of machines.

Tayama wandered with me all over the *Heian Maru*. He spent hours explaining things technical. I'm not an engineer, but it did not take an engineer to realize that here was a top-notch boat, mechanically, in every way. Engine rooms on ships are always neat and well cared for and efficient-looking. But this was super. The *Heian Maru*

was to the world of ships—taking them as a whole—what the American motorcar of the newest model was to the world of wheeled vehicles.

Two things impressed me more than anything else on the vessel. One was the thoroughgoing economy of space in the engine room. The other was something in the pilothouse, where the captain had no objection to passengers' visits.

Imagine pilothouse windows for a moment as if they were parts of an automobile windshield. Then think of how rain and snow and spindrift have obscured helmsmen's vision since the days they stood blinking in oilskins, lashed to the wheel against sou'westers.

Here, the pilothouse windows were of what seemed to be inch-thick glass, with a trace of that greenish tinge associated with bank tellers' windows and the glass of armored trucks. "Bulletproof," I thought, at once.

Into a couple of the largest panes were cut perfect circles two feet or so in diameter. Into each, the disk of glass cut from it had been refitted so cleverly that, although there was not gap enough to slide a calling card, it would revolve freely and loosely. This disk of inch-thick, bulletproof glass was actually a revolving glass wheel, fastened to an axle running absolutely true in heavy roller bearings. At the inward end of the axle a powerful electric motor, running soundlessly, whirled the disk that was a part of the "windshield" of the pilothouse.

The purpose?

Every trace of salt spray, every drop of rain, every snowflake, every molecule of mist—such as this ship would encounter off Alaska—would be thrown off that disk by centrifugal force the instant it landed. No matter what the weather—and I was often in the pilothouse—that spinning disk remained crystal clear. It also remained bulletproof.

Mechanically, the entire ship was like that.

Today the *Heian Maru* is a transport—perhaps one of those that landed Japanese on the westernmost Aleutians. As a passenger vessel she carried on the voyage around thirty-five first-class passengers, perhaps seventy-five of us in tourist, and maybe two hundred in crowded third class. Nippon Yusen Kaisha in Seattle had assured me with

cold finality, when I sought to buy it, that "third-class passage is strictly for Orientals."

For all the competitive spaciousness of first- and tourist-class cabins on the *Heian Maru*, third class was crowded, by our standards. But compared with the crew's quarters it was as the great outdoors. For all the modernity of this well-engineered new and modern vessel, the crew occupied only a fraction of the space per man reserved for American seamen in the fo'c'sles of our oldest freighters.

The *Heian Maru*, converted to transport, may now be carrying perhaps 10,000 men in addition to her crew. And she is not a large vessel. Besides that, all her commodious cargo space made possible by the compactness of engine room, crew quarters, and crowded third, is being used to carry war materials—to take guns and munitions to the East Indies, and bring back to Japan every scrap of metal that systematic looting can produce in the conquered islands that were so rich. Perhaps Hong Kong's bronze lions found their way into the hold of that vessel.

It is no wonder that Japan built so many passenger liners, even if they had to be operated at a loss, even if they had to be used, as so many were, to provide free transportation to American groups being conducted on propaganda tours of Japan.

But more important than this is the fact that the Japanese soldier and sailor has been crowded during his entire lifetime. His quarters have been cramped since his buggyless babyhood when he rode papoose-fashion, strapped to his mother's back. His playgrounds were small; his streets incredibly narrow; his classrooms were crowded; at home he slept with four or five other children in one small room where the floor was his bed.

Thus it is that a Japanese transport, ton for ton, can carry two or three times as many fully equipped troops as American vessels can, without reaching the saturation point where morale is wrecked. Verily, I believe the Japanese would have survived the Black Hole of Calcutta. This ability to withstand crowding and hardship, of which I shall have more to write, has been an important and sometimes overlooked factor in the rapid Japanese conquests in the South Pacific, when there never seemed to be an end to the Japanese reinforcements. It also has a bearing in the heavy Japanese loss of life when transports are sunk.

Before I boarded the *Heian Maru* in Seattle, I had looked forward to sleeping in a bed again. I was very tired. Whether my cabin was really comfortable according to American standards, I cannot say. It seemed so then, for I slept well in it. It was much better than sleeping curled up in the front seat of an old car. But I think I found it comfortable more because of this contrast than for any other reason. Other passengers complained of the mattresses.

N.Y.K. steamship folders had boasted of the "superb American cuisine encountered on our vessels."

Their Japanese food was good, and I came to like it. But the American dishes were utterly atrocious. What few American canned goods there were appeared to be the cheapest varieties obtainable—something from wholesalers' bargain close-outs. Yet I suppose the large, coarse, bad-flavored peas taken aboard at Seattle had seemed like good American food to the Japanese purchasing agent who bought them. The meat, too, had been just meat to him. I know that he did not personally care for coffee, because the worst of America's stalest, chicory-adulterated restaurant coffee is superior to what was served on that ship. Eggs and fish were "cold storage," brought from Japan. Many other items of "American food" had apparently been produced in Japan under contract for the steamship company by men who neither understood nor cared about the American palate.

It seemed as if the Japanese had said to themselves: "These Americans can teach us how to build machinery, airplanes, and ships—how to build dynamos and machine tools. And we can listen and learn until we can build them as good—or better. But American food? Phooey! What have they to teach us about living? We've nothing to learn about food. American dishes on our ships? Anything will do."

Japanese thinking about all the Western ways that are the ways of peace was apt to be rather like that. Many of our customs and conveniences have been adopted to a degree, but always badly, crudely, and inefficiently. Rarely has a food product, an item of wearing apparel, a confection, a household gadget, a custom or a folkway of ours been used by the Japanese in a form that even begins to approximate the quality of the original. The conspicuous exception to that general rule has been in the field of shipping, aircraft, and machines to make the machines of war.

Thus it is that in Japan the quality of war equipment used today

is so superior to anything else adopted from the West that, to many thoughtful Japanese who had never seen America, we were beginning to seem to be a sorry, inferior people, without taste or judgment, whose skills were largely devoted to making money, concocting tasteless dishes, living riotous, screwy, Hollywood lives—but with diabolical ingenuity devoting our best talents for war against Japan.

A foreign vessel is of course a sovereign part of the country whose flag she flies. And it seemed that for every nautical mile the *Heian Maru* cruised toward the Orient, she became that much more Japanese.

Fresh American vegetables and fruit taken aboard in Seattle were soon gone. Conversations between bilinguals came to be more and more in Japanese. The Japanese families in tourist class who had boarded the ship wearing Western clothes appeared often in kimonos and slowly formed a group who were again in their homeland and to whom we were the aliens. I felt it most when two little Japanese children, with whom I had played for the first few days, became somewhat aloof—as if they had been told by their parents that, after all, we were “foreign devils,” which is a good Japanese simile for what are known more politely as “Europeans.”

There was never an end to politeness, and while a few Japanese—the ship’s captain was one, Tayama was another—seemed really to feel friendly in their hearts, others were polite in the sense that an old-time waiter is polite to a patron to whom he feels superior.

But I was not disturbed, for I was learning about the Japanese. And I found the humblest crew members the friendliest of all, just as I found the Japanese peasants friendly, just as I have found, all over the world, that the simplest and poorest people are the least chauvinistic until they have been swayed away from friendliness by propaganda. Show a ship’s steward that you like him, and that because you have tried to get a job as a ship’s steward yourself you do not feel superior, and he will become your friend. Seldom does he think of how the Government of your country may be an obstacle to the plans of the Government of his country to expand an empire.

It was the crew, therefore, who helped me most with my conversation dictionary. It is much harder to use a pocket Japanese dictionary than it is to use a Finnish or a Hungarian dictionary, for example. For it can be used practically in but one direction, from English to

Japanese, since Japanese words are written with ideographs. I could not hear a Japanese word and then, recognizing its ideograph, hunt up the ideograph in the dictionary. For where would I find it?

But I could look up our word "bath," say, and find the Chinese ideograph that represents the idea of a bath. Though Japanese speak a tongue very different from any of those of the Chinese, they learned from the Chinese to write. A Japanese, therefore, can read a Chinese newspaper but cannot converse with a Chinese in any dialect, because the written and the spoken languages are not the same.

My dictionary, next, would reduce the Chinese sign for "bath" to the sound of the spoken Japanese word for "bath." This would differ radically from the ideograph, because the Japanese language is reduced to a kind of shorthand wherein each syllabic sound is represented by a simple character. These sounds, then, meaningful to a Japanese, were translated into a euphonic English and were finally written: "*fu-ro*."

I could hand my dictionary to a Japanese who had been sitting patient and amused and point to the ideograph or to the Japanese characters, then have a try at pronouncing "*fu-ro*." The Japanese would laugh gaily and easily as Japanese do; he would correct my accent, and I would have another useful word for my growing vocabulary.

It was 90 per cent of the usefulness of that word to know simply how to say just "bath." I might have learned such phrases as, "Do I have your gracious permission to take an honorable bath?" or "Where is the bath?" or "I shall have had my bath," or the equivalents of "I should have liked" or "would have liked" and all the rest of them.

But I needed the word only to use in obtaining a bath, not to discuss it. And since Orientals are accustomed to reading symbols that represent ideas (which is what "ideograph" means) rather than symbols like ours that represent grammar, the Japanese I was to meet could instantaneously and habitually judge, by circumstance, by the time of day, by my appearance, and by my gestures, just what I meant when I said "*o fu-ro*." The prefix "*o*" means "honorable," and it is much nicer to say "honorable bath" than it is to say just "bath." The constant translation of this simple, easily uttered vowel sound into the word "honorable" has made the Japanese way of talking seem unusually cumbersome and ridiculous in America.

Japanese is a simple, usable language, and it was almost uncanny,

when I later traveled for weeks in Japan, far off the tourist lanes, where almost nobody understood any English, what I could accomplish with 100 Japanese words—and pantomime.

On the ship, with Tayama, the engineer, I learned at once to eat with chopsticks and did not thereafter use anything else until I returned. You get chopsticks in restaurants all over Japan in sealed glassine bags. When they are manufactured, they are left joined in one small place like Siamese twins and are never completely split apart. The diner always finishes splitting them himself, and thus he knows they are virgin.

"For you who have the hang of these things," I said, "they seem a helluva lot more efficient than forks."

Tayama grinned. "You may come to look on chopsticks as symbol. Symbol of difference between things Japanese and things American."

"Because you've gotta be clever to work 'em?"

"No. Japanese are not clever people. Japanese kids learn chopsticks quicker than American kids learn forks. Nobody ever learns forks. Nobody eat gracefully with fork or spoon."

To illustrate, he picked up my unused fork and scooted a couple of tough peas about his plate without any luck until, after two tries, he had to spear one. The other he picked up with his chopsticks as deftly as the best of us whisk a sugar lump from a bowl with sugar tongs.

"You can clean plates easier with chopsticks," Tayama said, "and in Japan there is no food to waste. Much food wasted in America, but in Japan you never see one rice grain left in dish after Japanese has eaten. Rich or poor—no difference. For soup—you not waste drop of soup with chopsticks——"

"Soup? You can't eat soup with chopsticks!"

"But yes. You will learn eating of Japanese dishes in Japanese way. Soup is good start." He ordered some.

Then we discussed again the symbolism of chopsticks. They are easily and quickly made, used once and thrown away, like toothpicks or soda straws or paper bags in the States. They compare to our silverware as our houses to Japanese houses of paper, wood, and mud. They compare as Japanese woodblock clogs, held to the toes with a thong, compare to our expensive shoes. They compare as straw matting compares with linoleum. Things the Japanese use in their daily

lives are made cheaply and easily and quickly of materials at hand; their destruction by flood or fire or earthquake is relatively not the loss the destruction of American homes might be.

When our soup was served, it came in thin, red-lacquered hardwood bowls. The soup seemed to be a clear broth, with bits of vegetables and sea food floating in it.

Tayama quickly picked from his soup every scrap of solid, and I did likewise, more slowly. Then he raised the bowl to his lips and drank the clear broth. Finished, he put the bowl down again for a moment, then lifted it once more and drained the last few drops. In a short time the heat of the bowl had dried it. It looked as if it were a clean bowl.

"You see?" Tayama said. "Every drop."

"How about cream soups?"

"No eat!" Tayama talked very American at times!

"No like?"

"No try. Most Japanese wouldn't know."

"Why not?"

"Cream soup stick always to sides of bowl," Tayama said. "You never can eat *all* your cream of tomato soup, not even if you scrape bowl with your spoon."

"But the trifle you leave doesn't amount to anything," I said.

"To you; to me—no. But to average Japanese with many children to feed, never quite enough food, it would count for something in one year. Japanese never throw away food with dishwater. Could be enough food one year to feed one child maybe two weeks. This most incredible, like American throwing away unused postage stamp."

My friend next ordered a meat dish. The meat, when it came, had been cut into little pieces—each a mouthful.

"When Japanese eat all meat with chopsticks," Tayama said, "we cannot cut meat at table. So meat cut in kitchen."

He smiled at me reflectively, then said:

"In your States, this meat would be steak, or roast. On finished plate would be bones, fat, gristle—no good for use. In Japan, only meat served is meat you must eat. Then, in kitchen, bones are boiled for soup broth—then saved for industrial use. Gristle is ground or chopped up and eaten. Fat is also used. All fat is used. In the States, this go to dog or garbage can. Cooking fat bought in cans; house

woman buys big soupbone. You can afford; plenty of food in the States."

"But not in Japan? Aren't Japanese the best truck gardeners in the world?"

"Maybe. If Japanese are best, it is because Japanese have to be best. We are 70,000,000 Japanese in rocky, volcanic islands smaller than California. More good, level farmland in California than in Japan; seven-eighths Japanese land no good for farms. Japanese must be good farmer. Every bit Japan ground must produce, or Japanese not have enough to eat."

"But you *do* have enough?"

We had left the table and were walking on deck.

"We do. I guess Japanese all eat, anyhow. Depending how you look at it. We eat much rice, not bread. We can grow rice, and wheat very difficult to grow. Japan has plenty rain to flood rice fields—too much rain for good wheat. So rice is bread of Japan. Japanese like meat, but meat is luxury. In United States, no luxury. In your Middle West states you raise corn for feeding pigs. Several pounds cheap corn make one pound pork. So long pork worth more than corn required to produce pork, is it not profitable to raise pork?"

That seemed elementary to me. I said yes.

"Amount of land required is no importance?"

"No."

"Japan very different. Different point of view. We cannot think as you. We raise grain; we must eat grain ourselves, because we feed more Japanese from one acre grain than we feed Japanese from pigs raised one acre grain. You see?"

I shook my head.

"Very simple Japanese point of view. I explain. Suppose Japanese farmer has one half-acre land; half-acre good farm in Japan. Suppose he raise only corn for pigs, or hay and grain for cattle. On one half-acre impossible raise enough meat or dairy products even for feeding family. Nothing to sell to get money. So? So, Japanese will not raise ten pounds animal feed for producing one pound meat. Instead, he raise five pounds food for Japanese eating. Some animals in Japan. But most fed waste vegetation—leaves, stalks, straw—by-product production food for Japanese people."

"But I thought," I said, "Japanese prefer fish to meat."

"Who say what Japanese *prefer*? Japanese always fishermen. Japanese greatest fishing nation in world. But why? We catch fish not because Japanese like fish instead of meat. No. Because Japanese hungry without fish. Not so enough land; plenty ocean. So Japanese boats go thousands of miles for fish. You watch from ship—two or three days from Yokohama you see first Japanese deep-sea fishing boats. Take away fish from Japanese, and Japan need hundred thousand extra farms. And no extra farms in Japan."

I asked whether the farms were getting worked out—impoverished from too much intensive cultivation.

"No," was Tayama's answer. "United States have so much land—so rich land that fertilizers not important in beginning—until land too much used. Then you use fertilizer, or let one field be abandoned for a year, then plow under. Or you rotate crops. Very easy with plenty land. Fertility not problem. American farmers use animal manure, but best manure wasted. In United States sewage is poured into rivers, into ocean, into septic tanks. Farms sewage buried deep. But sewage more richer fertilizer than animal manure. In Japan all fertilizer saved and returned to soil."

I frowned a little at the subject.

"Sure. I know," Tayama said. "I hear Americans criticize Japanese often. Americans cannot understand fertility problem of Japanese. Once I read story of 'Japanese gardener who put unmentionable stuff on radishes.' You hear much in Japan. Tourists say you must eat no vegetables—especially raw vegetables. But it is bunk, because Japanese gardener knows enough not to use sewage for radishes and carrots. Farmer use along bean rows, maybe. But he must use, or prepare for hunger. You think Japanese *like* dirty, smelly work collecting and spreading human manure? Never likes. Maybe get used to it after long time. But no choice. Japanese all must return to land everything possible to replace fertility. But much lost by rainfall; much lost in smoke—think of tobacco and fuel. In centuries land no good unless more fertilizer comes. So another reason for fish. Japanese clean fish, put fish waste on land. Japanese eat fish, convert to fertilizer, put on land. So land in Japan still good for producing food. Always good. Everything is old custom in Japan—Japan is very old country."

We walked the deck in silence for several minutes. Then I asked:

"Doesn't the contrast between the wealth of the United States and Japan make the Japanese a little jealous of us?"

"Jealous? Yes, I guess *some* Japanese are jealous," Tayama said.

"Will that jealousy ever lead to war against us, do you think?"

"If so, not because America rich and Japan poor. Because everywhere doors are being shut against Japanese people. One time Japanese could emigrate to the States freely, as I went because I was student. But now, where can Japanese people go? Not to United States. Not to Canada. Not to Australia. Not to South America. Not to Hawaii. Not to Philippines. And all time Japanese learn about medicine—vaccines, sanitation, obstetrics, and infant mortality. Population in Japan increase very much since closing of doors. Sure, someday will be war. Someday will always be war. Maybe not for you and me, maybe yes. Maybe you one side, me another. Who knows? I hope not."

"But if there were a war," I persisted, seeking his point of view, "it would be our fault for not allowing Japanese immigrants so as to relieve the economic pressure in Japan?"

"No. Nobody's fault when books balanced. Maybe some Japan's fault; maybe some your fault for not letting Japan sell goods; maybe Japan's fault because Japan not smart enough to sell goods anyhow."

"But our point of view," I said, "is that Japanese competition is too tough to take. Your goods are so cheap—"

"Japanese goods must be cheap. Japan has nothing to export that other nations do not have—except labor. And silk is good example. Why does Japan produce silk? United States could produce silk. Mexico could produce silk. Japanese climate not especially good for silk—but Japanese people industrious, Japanese people patient, Japanese people willing because must eat, to take time for raising silkworms. Much time, much work, very little money. So Japan exports silk to America, where silk easy to produce if desired."

I said I'd never heard of sericulture in America.

"Feasible. But work. So no production. Instead, America cuts down Japanese imports by producing artificial silk—rayon. Rayon less work. So United States buys less silk from Japan. What remains for Japan to export? Food? Not enough for Japan—but we send America fancy packs crabmeat, baby clams. Machinery? We have no metals to spare. So we sell Mikimoto pearls, bamboo, cheap things of glass, paper,

wood, or pottery. Cheap things—always cheap things—to sell in dime stores after paying tariff. Cheap things that require much labor and little metal. America has much raw material; Japan has very little. If no tariffs, if free trade everywhere, Japan could buy raw materials in America, haul them seven thousand miles, make things from them, haul them back to you, and sell them to you for enough to make Japanese prosperous. Relatively prosperous, I mean.”

“But if we abolished tariffs, what would our factories do?”

“Tighten belts. Work for less. Pay less wages. Compete with us. Of course. Of course impossible. Impossible to abolish tariff in Japan. Japanese have high tariffs on American goods for protection Japanese factories. Men too much thinking economics to abolish tariffs. But perhaps if Japanese could emigrate, or if Japan could sell Japanese goods for enough to live more as other nations, so Japanese able to buy fine American-made goods, less reason for jealousy in Japanese minds. But impossible. Therefore, jealousy.”

“You’re a fair-minded guy, Tayama,” I said, “trying to see both sides. I’m an alien on a Japanese boat. I’ve never been in Japan. But you know Japan and you know the United States. You’ve told me what we are doing that Japanese don’t like. Now could you give me the other side? Where is Japan at fault?”

“You know answer to that,” Tayama said, “same as I. Japanese people poor only partly because living on a few little islands without raw materials. Many smart men in Japan, but very many more Japanese very stupid. Smart men in Japan not working in laboratories to produce machines for making better life and more abundance in Japan. Smart men in Japan working for army and navy. In United States, very small percentage of money used for warships and big army, very small percentage American engineers working for navy. In America, very small taxes; very much money left for automobiles, commercial fertilizer, meat, color pictures, refrigerators. In Japan, very big taxes; very little money left for Japanese people. Everything for army and navy. So Japanese become poorer people; Americans become richer people for Japanese envy. So! Very stupid thing.”

Tayama said nobody would attack America, because of our oceans; that nobody would attack Japan, because Japan had nothing anybody wanted. I asked him about China.

“Japanese think about China same way Americans think about

South America since Monroe Doctrine. Americas are for Americans? Well, why not Asia for Asiatics? And if Asia not for Asiatics, why Americas for Americans? Why not Japanese Brazil—like British India? Why not Japanese West Indies as Dutch East Indies? Why not Japanese base at tip of Baja California—like Hong Kong? Why not Japanese Galápagos Islands as American Samoa? Why not Japanese extraterritoriality in Mexico as European extraterritoriality in China? Why not?"

The Japanese laughed at me. "You think—'ridiculous.' I know. Americans never see Japanese side. But you ask what Japanese people think. Japanese read history. They know how United States Marines subjugate Nicaragua, how United States co-operates in financial system of Cuba, how United States sent expeditions into Mexico like Japanese expeditions to China——"

"But," I said, "there were bandits in Mexico. Villa, for instance. There were revolutions. Mexico wasn't safe for Americans."

"So? Bandits in China, too. Revolutions in China, too. China not safe for Japanese who want peaceful business with China. Japan can do much good in China. Make orderly, make clean, make safe—like Japan. But not such big navy required!"

He left me, standing by the rail. He left me as if he'd realized he'd been talking too much. But he returned for a moment with a final word.

"Perhaps most important cause for war is something difficult explain. Difficult explain to you because not apply to you. Reason I talk so much to you is because does not apply to you. You know American people think Japanese inferior people. Russians thought Japanese people inferior—until Port Arthur. Perhaps war is only way Japan get world respect. I think other ways get respect. But some Japanese very sensitive; think war only way!"

As I turned in that night, I lay long awake, taking notes reflectively on what the young Japanese had said. I wondered whether in Japan I'd find more men who would speak as freely as he did. I hoped I should. I wanted to understand Japan. I wanted the Japanese point of view. Wherein that point of view was sounder than mine, I wanted to correct my own.

Eight years have passed since that June night when I snapped a rubber band around my notebook and was rocked to sleep by the

rolling of that Japanese boat. Some of the paragraphs I have just written sound almost treasonable for me to set down in June of 1942, after six months of war with Japan. But I cannot help believing we can fight a more successful war and make a more lasting peace if we know what the other side thinks it is fighting for.

IV

Fishing Boats off the Aleutians

WE WERE more than a week out of Seattle—days of beeline sailing toward Yokohama. In June, the mid-Pacific air was much colder than I had imagined it would be.

I stood on the bridge, talking to some of the ship's officers. It seemed that we must be at least opposite Hawaii, and I asked how far south Hawaii was.

For reply, the first officer pointed toward a fog bank on the northern horizon and handed me his glasses.

"Aleutian Islands," he said.

I was incredulous and astonished as I looked northward, scanning that fog bank. Then the officer explained what I should have known—that his ship was taking the shortest possible route from Seattle to Yokohama. That did not lie directly across the Pacific; it followed the Great Circle, swinging far to the north to take advantage of the diminishing circumference of the earth nearer the pole.

Actually, we did not quite follow the Great Circle, for, as the captain explained to me: "Aleutians in way of Great Circle. Follow that, we go many miles north, cross back again another day. Not good pass between islands two times."

All afternoon I was eager for a glimpse of Alaska and often returned to the bridge for another look through the glasses. At last the weather cleared a little. We had approached fairly close. I could see the forbidding masses of rock that thrust themselves upward from a semicircular chain of prehistoric, submerged volcanoes.

I could see the surf breaking on the rocky coast that rose immediately, without a littoral, into steep and bold mountains. I thought

that on one island I saw animals grazing. They might have been reindeer. But there was no other sign of life. I saw no fishing boats, no houses, nothing that indicated the presence of man in this desolate region.

That night in the ship's library I read a little about the Aleutians. Before the days of the Russians in Alaska there were perhaps 25,000 Aleuts on the archipelago. Today there are only about 1,000. In 1741 Russia had sent, on a voyage of exploration, Vitus Bering, a Dane, and Alexei Chirikov, a Russian, in two ships, the *St. Peter* and the *St. Paul*. Bering's vessel was wrecked, and he was killed. Survivors finally reached Kamchatka in a smaller boat they had built from the wreckage. It was finally from the Commander Islands, at the tip of the Aleutians, that the Russians moved ever inland until they eventually held all of Alaska.

It seems difficult and dangerous indeed that in 1942 the Japanese could establish bases on that barren, inhospitable coast, though I can well imagine their fishermen knew those shores, and I realize fully what hardships the Japanese are capable of enduring. And I can see how it might be worth terrific effort and great cost to them to try, especially when I remember that these islands lie on the very shortest line that can be drawn on a globe from the great Boeing plants in Seattle or from the Puget Sound Navy Yard. Or, to put it in another way, half the distance in a direct line from Tokyo to Seattle. Perhaps I am too repetitious, but the importance of Alaska in a war with Japan cannot be overemphasized.

Aboard ship I was much interested in my fellow passengers' reasons for visiting the Orient. Many of the first-class passengers were wealthy people who traveled constantly; there were a number of diplomats and Japanese government officials. Folk in tourist class were a little more workaday. A number of American young women school-teachers had their complete four-week Japanese itinerary mapped out for them by the Japan Tourist Bureau, a trip that was to take them to most of the show places of Japan. They showed it to me. It included rooms and meals in fine European hotels where, they said, "water will be safe and we won't have to worry about the vegetables." From the way they talked, I knew they'd miss the real Japan.

There was an affable man who said he was "in the theatrical profession in the States" but did not elaborate. He was fond of saying

to a group of seven or eight Americans who became his cronies: "We're all a little smarter than average—that's why we can take vacations like this when the ordinary guy can only afford to drive a couple thousand miles, see a park or two, and maybe fish a little."

Once he said to me: "Did you ever stop to realize that almost every American on this ship is taking a *vacation*, and that every one of these Japs seems to be traveling on *business*? Why aren't they as smart as we are? Why aren't they better businessmen—so they can afford vacations, and not have to work all the time?"

I learned later that this theatrical man was the proprietor of "Toby's Country Store," an entertainment feature for which he solicited merchandise from small-town stores to give away with appropriate baloney speeches in rural theaters. Japan could scarcely have supported him.

Most of the Japanese, as I have said, did not mix much with the rest of us, and these answered my questions with some reluctance. But one man grew friendly after a few drinks of sake, as Japanese will, and took me to his cabin. There he showed me trunks full of American dime-store specialties—dishes, trinkets, and novelties. "We study all time what 'Merican people like best buy. Then we make. We sell very cheap." He held up a brush. "Woolworth sell brush ten cents each. Cost maybe ten dollar one gross, maybe more. We make jus' same like this one for maybe six yen—'bout two dollar gross. Jus' same good. We sell plenty brush Unin' States."

He told me he operated no factory himself, but was commissioned by "many Japanese factory" to see what sold best in America, buy samples, bring them to Japan. On his return trips he would bring back to the States samples of Japanese imitations of the goods and take orders for them.

Proudly he showed me a few examples of finds he had made, and the Japanese imitations thereof, things he had found very salable in the States. There were pipes, cigar lighters, pouches, pencils, zippers, rubber dating stamps, toothbrushes, can openers, combs, toys. "Jus' same alike," the Japanese would say—and I believe he thought they were. But they never seemed in all their fine points to equal American quality, though the American-made products were certainly cheaply made. The difference seemed to be that whereas the American articles appeared to have been made on fully automatic machines,

the Japanese items had a look of containing considerable handwork. Later I was able to observe the kind of factories this man represented in Japan.

And so it went on that ship. The Americans were pleasure bent—the Japanese had work to do. And I found my fellow Americans singularly unread about Japan; the Japanese knew infinitely more about us.

The single exception to the rule was an earnest young woman from New York. She had a face strangely like Mona Lisa's. Her destination was Keijo, Chosen, as the Japanese call it, but she referred to it invariably as "Seoul, Korea." She was a graduate of Columbia, had taught for many years in a New York school where the newest ideas in education were tried out and where children learned by doing. This training she planned to use in teaching the Koreans.

She was one of those wholehearted altruists among teachers who must always leave people wiser and better than she found them, and who seem to feel a personal responsibility for human misery and immorality and general benightedness. For a cabin mate she had drawn a Canadian beauty operator who ordinarily worked on Canadian vessels and planned to rejoin one of them at Shanghai. One morning the teacher came to my cabin, red-eyed with weeping.

"Oh, the poor thing! She didn't sleep in her bed last night. I thought she'd fallen overboard when I woke up and didn't see her. But she came in just as I finished rapidly dressing. She told me she'd had too much to drink last night, and that one of the men had put her to bed in—his—cabin!"

Then she burst out crying again, as if she'd been remiss in not having been a better influence upon her chance shipboard associate. And she was going to Korea!

In the evenings she seemed to feel it her duty to provide wholesome entertainment for us, to offset the temptations that lay in our paths to do things not so innocent. She would organize old-fashioned songfests around a little piano in the recreation salon. She was a good singer, and she drew a crowd.

For hours on end I would talk to her about Korea, and she made me very interested in that country. When she reached Seoul, she planned there to marry "a missionary," whose name she did not mention. Together they would set up housekeeping and a mission school

with the four tons of furniture and educational equipment she had crated in the ship's hold.

Somehow, I had read too little of Korea. I had thought it pretty much a part of Japan, which is just what the Japanese wanted me to think. I asked her why she picked Korea to go a-missionarying in, and the answer she gave me was only part of her reason. I learned the rest of it months later, when I myself reached Seoul.

She told me much of Korean history. In the sixteenth century, she said, Korea was one of the most powerful nations of the East. A much older country than Japan, its recorded history went back to around 2000 B.C., while the Japanese historians began their writings some 2,800 years later, for all their reckoning of the twenty-six centuries since the first emperor, Jimmu Tenno, climbed down from heaven over a bridge which then fell into the sea at Amanohashidate and became a pretty peninsula.

The "Bridge of Heaven" is shown pridefully to all comers at Amanohashidate in Japan, and the visitor is asked to believe that once it did reach into the sky instead of into the sea. But in Korea they will show you an illustrated standard of land measurement—a sort of equivalent to the master measuring sticks at our own Bureau of Standards in Washington—which was cut into the rocks above the Phông-yang River in 1124 B.C.

I had always thought the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* were the first ironclads, and that perhaps these ships were responsible for the large Japanese navy of today. But in an old book the teacher lent me, there was a picture of what was termed "the first ironclad war vessel," a turtle-shaped boat invented by Yi Soon Sin, a Korean, in the sixteenth century. The ship was covered with iron plates, like scales; it was propelled by oars; it bristled with guns near the water line. For a figurehead it had the great neck, head, and beak of a fearsome whiskered dragon, ingeniously contrived to belch forth smoke when it went into battle.

I doubt if the Japanese at that time had the iron to build such a ship to send against the tortoise boat of the Koreans. For I have seen feudal castles of this period in Japan, when iron was so rare and precious that the castle contained none of it—except the spikes in the big front door behind the drawbridge across the moat.

It was in the year 1592, just one hundred years after Columbus, that

he Japanese soldier and regent Hideyoshi (there is always a regent in Japan to handle earthly things for the Son of Heaven) invaded Korea with 300,000 men, fought a bitter war for six years against the Koreans and their Chinese allies, and used firearms for the first time against a foreign foe. Korea was defeated, never regained her power, became a vassal of Japan in the end. But since that war, the Koreans have roundly hated the Japanese. But battles were won in that lost war, and one great victory was achieved by Yi Soon Sin's ironclad—victory which Japan has never forgotten.

The teacher-missionary was very careful—because she planned to live the rest of her life under its suzerainty—not to criticize Japan so much. But she told me a little about the poverty of the Koreans, the sorry lot of their women, the restrictions on education in the Korean tongue, the growth of a kind of caste system wherein the Koreans became inferior, more and more and year by year, to their Japanese rulers. She had a deep sympathy for these people of whom America knows so little, and it was partly because of my talks with her that I went later to Korea to see for myself what it means in the end to be an alien people under the flag of the Rising Sun.

As the *Heian Maru* left the Aleutians and swung southward along its route to Yokohama, we began to see fishing boats, just as my friend the engineer had predicted we should. They were far out in the open ocean, hundreds of miles from even the nearest inhospitable coast, and they were *fishing*. No doubt about that. I often read today such sentences as this: "Japanese 'fishermen'—actually naval officers in that guise—have explored these waters thoroughly; they know every cove and every rock and reef." I expect they do. But they were really fishermen—without quotation marks—whatever their status as naval reserve officers may have been in a country where conscription, universal and loyalty to country and emperor the highest virtue. My only point is that they were fishermen—whatever else they are.

The weather grew warmer, much warmer, as we approached Japan, and the fishing boats more numerous. We were over the Tuscarora Deep, that great ocean chasm named for one of Perry's vessels. No reefs here, no half-hidden rocks. Here a sunken ship will lie on an ocean bottom deeper than the Himalayas are high. I hope that this will be the scene of the sinking of many a Japanese warship, for it can never be salvaged. What a place to depth-bomb a submarine!

As the *Heian Maru* skirted the coast of Japan, all of us passengers were given long forms to fill out, forms which I suspect became the basis for our dossiers in the files of the Japanese Secret Service. There were several dozen questions, ranging from requests for a detailed personal description, through religious preferences, family background, and education. One question I remember especially and painfully. It was: "What is your object in coming to Japan?"

Somehow or other I received two blanks, stuck together. My own I filled out with meticulous accuracy, and then I got a sudden black-guardish temptation. In retrospection, I am utterly ashamed of myself. The other blank I filled out in what I thought was lighthearted jest, in behalf of the young teacher-missionary. I put down only her first and last names correctly—nothing more. I gave her the middle name of Homophobia. Every blank space, when I had finished, had an utterly ridiculous answer to the question that preceded it. She was actually about thirty, with light brown hair and blue eyes; she weighed around 120 pounds and stood maybe 5 feet 4 inches or so. But when I got through with her questionnaire, she was "62 years old." Her hair was "white, dyed chestnut maroon." Her eyes were "tiger yellow." She stood "6 feet 2 inches" but weighed only "81½ pounds." Her father's given names were "Mohammed Abdullah," and her mother's, "Carrie Nation." She was born, according to this record, in a circus tent on the Bowery, where her father had been a sword swallower and her mother the bearded lady.

Her religion was "fire worshiper," and her education was the product of "Sing Sing Women's College" and the "Keeley Institute." By profession she was a "medicine-show torch singer." She had been married to Tommy Manville, Harry K. Thaw, and Al Capone, and she had thirteen children traveling with her.

So far, had I turned in this ridiculous questionnaire, I can see now there might have been a little confusion, with the sober-minded Japanese officials trying to figure out which questionnaire to file, or hunting for another lady with a somewhat similar name.

But when I came to the last question: "What is your object in coming to Japan?" I had answered it by writing blithely: "To assassinate the Mikado."

A day went by, and I heard nothing about the questionnaire. We passed the island of Oshima, entered the Sagami Bay, and passed

between the narrow fortified portals that guard Tokyo Bay. Then we anchored at Quarantine, and Japanese officials came aboard in a launch. We were all questioned, inspected for a dozen diseases, and our passports were carefully scrutinized.

I didn't, however, see my "medicine-show torch singer" in the line-up, and began to be alarmed.

At last I was summoned to the captain's quarters, and there sat the young woman, badly frightened, surrounded by as imposing an array of stony-faced Japanese officials as I've seen before or since. It developed that a couple of extra special secret service officials had been summoned by radio to take care of the dangerous situation that had developed.

There, on a table, lay the phony questionnaire, with my own and hers beside it.

"Handwriting very similar," an official said to me.

"Sure," I replied promptly, "I wrote 'em both!"

They hadn't expected such a quick confession. There was a stiffening of backs, a slight hissing of indrawn breath, very different from the happy and polite form of hissing that accompanies social introductions.

"So-oo-o! You come Japan for assassinate Emperor!" The cold bitter anger of the words proved beyond doubt that the Japanese regarded the matter with grim earnestness.

I had a sinking feeling and a vision of firing squads. I could not understand why I had possibly thought I could be funny.

But I said, "No, sir. I just try to make a joke for the lady."

"What is joke?"

"Something ridiculous—like this. In America we joke about everything. *All* these answers are jokes. See? This is joke, that one is joke."

"It is not joke to assassinate Emperor."

"Of course not, but I wouldn't do it. I *like* the Emperor very much. We are all very fond of him."

"Then why you write 'assassinate'?"

"For fun. I wrote everything for fun. I meant no harm. But I see now I ought to have had better sense."

"It is fun to think of assassinate Emperor?"

"Emperor?" I said, with a sudden flash of inspiration. "I didn't

write 'Emperor.' I wrote 'Mikado.' Is 'Mikado' the same as 'Emperor'?"

"It is same."

Then I said that when I wrote "Mikado," I had no idea it meant Emperor. I was thinking about Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, I said, and recited some lines from it. I said I didn't think Japan had any mikados any more. And anyway, if anybody planned to assassinate anybody, would he *write* it on a government questionnaire? But anyhow, it was all in jest, and the girl had nothing to do with it. I said I had thought that in years to come she might recall the episode with amusement. But as I looked at her, I realized that that day lay far ahead.

They kept us for a long time, asking questions. The incident was apparently without parallel in the experience of these officials. At no time did any of them refer to any other of the screwy answers, for none other seemed to matter. Nobody could see any humor whatever in any of it—which wasn't astonishing, because I couldn't, either, by then.

I think at last I convinced the more important of the officials that I was a misguided moron who meant no harm to anyone. But they did not release me from custody until I had explained everything again to a still higher official who came aboard later. I have no idea who he was, but he had lived for years in the United States, spoke English as well as I, and seemed to understand American idiom and point of view.

Finally he said: "I knew of course that you meant only to be silly after I had read that paper. But the others do not know Americans. I have explained to them the strange mentality that prompts some of you to do thoughtless things and call them practical jokes. We have decided you have no harmful intent. But you must never refer again to the Emperor in any such manner. Even to think of his death by violence is something we cannot contemplate."

They let me go. I'd been very stupid. But it was all part of my Japanese education. The Emperor is a symbol for which we in America have no tangible counterpart, for whom a Japanese fights with inferior equipment until he dies, for whom he endures all hardship.

Neither Englishmen nor Americans ever fight for exactly the same thing in the sense that the Japanese do. The Japanese goes to war rather more by instinct than we do, without really having to think of what Japan means to him. For it's all been summed up for him, since time began in Japan, in that single word: "Emperor." Nothing else can matter, really. If the Japanese have a secret weapon, it is their fanatical reverence for the Emperor. Dictators, copying the Japanese, try to achieve it for themselves. Democracies cannot, ever.

v

Yokohama—and Yozo Nomura

WITH the Japanese officials who had boarded the *Heian Maru* at Quarantine was a chunky, middle-aged civilian with a benign and constant smile. He strolled about the deck happily, as if meeting ships were his hobby. He spoke to everybody. He seemed to know all the ship's personnel, as well as those of the passengers who had been in Japan before. He was so affable and genial that soon most of the other Americans were talking to him. He was useful to them, too, for they asked many questions, and he seemed to know the answer to them all.

When I approached him, he seemed especially pleased, as if he knew all about the questionnaire I had filled out and as if he differed from the rest in his opinion of it—thinking it a great joke. Though he never directly referred to it, I had the feeling that they had told him about it.

"I have three letters of introduction I picked up in the States," I said. "This one is in English, but these others are in Japanese. Could you tell me where to find these people?"

The Japanese looked at my letters.

"Letters all addressed to same man—to Yozo Nomura," he said, chuckling like Mr. Moto at his gleefullest. "Yozo Nomura is humble man of no importance. . . . I am Yozo Nomura. Come to store, Samurai Shokei, on Benten-dori; we will help you all we can. Make yourself welcome like other Americans at our place. Meanwhile,

show this card to customs officials; they may look lightly at your luggage. We are friends of customs officials."

He wrote a few Japanese characters on the back of one of his cards. "This explains," he said, "you are friend of Samurai Shokei and must be assisted to like Japan."

I carried my own baggage through the customs, though coolies had offered to do it for a yen. But since I knew that many Japanese workmen earned but two yen a day, and since I was determined to travel like the Japanese, it did not seem logical to pay half a day's wages to have my bags carried a single block, even in the moist and oppressive heat that made this the "off season" for tourists, and the Yokohama water front as uncomfortable as that of Panama.

Nomura was correct about the customs officials. They glanced at his card, read his note, kept the card, and passed me through with scarcely a glance at my luggage. I thought that strange. There are heavy duties on the importation of certain articles into Japan—American tobacco, for example, or watches or cameras, which the Japanese make so badly that high duties are absolutely necessary to protect the market against the American, German, or Swiss models that are so highly cherished. Also, there are many books printed abroad—those advocating communism, for example—which are strictly banned in Japan. To possess others, which criticize and cartoon the Emperor, would be almost a capital crime. And for all the customs officials knew, my luggage might have been filled with such contraband.

But that night in my hotel room I was to discover that my baggage had been already completely examined—before I left the ship, probably by special men assigned to the task during the dinner hours.

I knew it because I'd swiped an ashtray. Aboard ship a few days before landing, I had taken a fancy to a pretty brass ashtray inscribed with the trade-mark of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamship line. It was thin and small, and of slight value to anyone, but I wanted it for a souvenir. I had therefore taken it, polished it carefully with tooth paste, and hidden it within the folds of a carefully laundered shirt which I stowed away at the very bottom of one of my bags. No one could possibly have discovered it without removing everything from that bag. Yet the ashtray was gone, and everything in the bag had been replaced in exactly the position I had left it.

I am certain now that there must have been some extremely clever and well-trained Japanese among the ship's crew whose job it was to examine luggage before passengers landed. Had I been in possession of any other contraband, any forbidden publications, too much film, or anything else that might have interested the Secret Service, customs officials and the police would certainly have been advised.

But under the circumstances of a mere token opening of luggage by the customs officials, all of us passengers had the feeling: "Gosh, these customs men are nice guys—no trouble—they just take our word for everything." One woman compared them favorably with Canadian customs officials who try so hard to make Americans feel like welcome visitors and not like suspected absconders. I learned later that Nomura had given cards to other passengers like the one he gave me, and that some of the passengers credited his influence as responsible for the easy time they had.

I was sure by then that Nomura had known about me even before I gave him the letters of introduction which I had picked up in the States from others who'd gone to Japan via Yokohama. And I know now that he was in the employ of the Japanese Government, even though some aspects of his work are puzzling to me still.

Yozo Nomura was unusually nice to me. And there was no real reason for it. My letters to him had come from his acquaintances, not his friends. And it took only two minutes to become his acquaintance. So that was as nothing. And he knew that I had so little money that I could never be a customer at his store, which sold jewelry and oriental art. But many years later, when I had a *Geographic* job in Washington, Nomura came to me with a strange request that I could not grant. It was only then that I realized fully that this kindly disposed little Japanese was not wholly the altruist he had seemed to be, but a farsighted and clever government man whose job it had been to know and investigate every possible American he could among those who landed in Yokohama and to catalogue them for future watching or use.

But I see something of a parallel between Yozo Nomura and his namesake, Ambassador Nomura, who with his fellow envoy Kurusu talked peace right up to the hour of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

It is hard to believe that either of these diplomats knew in advance the plans for Pearl Harbor treachery. I don't believe the Japanese War Office took such men into its confidence. I like to think that they themselves were chosen for their jobs because they were kindly and peaceful men, who thought Japan's destiny could be achieved without bloodshed, and who were tricked just as we were tricked by those who planned the war. The conservative, matter-of-fact *Encyclopaedia Britannica* says that "the Japanese will not sacrifice expediency on the altar of truth."

The *Britannica* knows its Japanese. It said that a long time ago, and all of us might have studied its articles on Japan with profit before Pearl Harbor. Yet not alone are foreigners tricked by the Japanese. It is an old custom in the land of the Rising Sun to make each other the victims of clever skulduggery, quite as crooked Americans do not draw the line at skinning their own countrymen.

But I'm still puzzled about Nomura. He called his place "Samurai Shokei," which can be freely translated as "The Store of the Knightly Warrior," on one of the principal commercial streets of Yokohama. He sold silks and porcelains and lacquers, jade, cloisonné, Satsuma ware, and damascene—and lots of his stuff did not turn out to be as good, when Americans got it home, as his clerks said it was.

The store was not large. It did not seem to sell a great deal of goods, for the two clerks were never too busy to leave their work and show people around Yokohama. Yet its large and well-equipped office was always busy. It was fully equipped with fireproof filing cabinets and safes and ledgers and accountants.

After I had been for some time in Yokohama and felt indeed at home in Samurai Shokei, I asked Nomura if his store were not "topheavy with office."

He beamed at me in that moonfaced way of his and led the way to a five-gallon bottle cooler that dispensed iced tea for employees and visitors. Then he said, disarmingly:

"Before earthquake, Samurai Shokei much larger—much finer store. People call it 'Tiffany's of the Orient.' My family escaped fire and earthquake, not injured. But we return to Yokohama. Nothing left of my store or stock; thieves take everything. Thieves comb ruins for melted gold and silver and bronze. My records kept in fireproof

vault. So this office same size for old business, not for new business. But we build up again. Slowly. We built before. Much mail-order business. We export all over world."

Perhaps it was so. And yet I cannot help thinking that the store was a side line; that Nomura's chief job was to know unofficially every American he could, and to build up what appeared to be records of prospective customers with whom he kept in touch by sending fine Japanese prints each Christmas thereafter. But actually those records may have been meticulously detailed files that became part of our official dossiers. Americans who might have been extremely suspicious of favors at the hands of government officials, who might have been resentful of the watchful guidance of police, would feel only honored at this same treatment by a delightful Japanese merchant whose store was once known as the Tiffany's of the Orient, who was devoted to his family, his Buddhist faith, his customers, and his international friends.

But at the time of my visit, Nomura seemed to me nothing but a world-minded businessman who believed in helping his fellow man, whatever the alien race of that man might be. He seemed one of the great fraternity of men in Japan, England, Germany, America, Italy, and every other country on the planet, who believed in peace and good fellowship. There is no question that Yozo Nomura was far more kindly than most Japanese. He proved that many times, and perhaps that is why he was picked for his job.

But there is a kind of fanatical patriotism inherent in all Japanese that helps to make them such dangerous enemies. And Nomura was as loyal to Japan as any other inhabitant of that so closely knit archipelago. Perhaps today he is saying to himself: "Japan! May she always be right! But right or wrong—*Banzai!*"

He was a member of the Zen Buddhist sect, and his wife was a Christian. He had established in Yokohama the first chapter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in all Japan, but admitted to me: "Very hard to establish. I have much trouble." Thus was Nomura's Buddhist faith in conflict with the cruel beliefs of Shintoism—a religion as primitive and as savage in some ways as that of our Apache Indians. Buddhists are the weak sisters to militarily minded Shinto Japanese. And there is less difference than many people suppose between the concepts of the most humanitarian of the

Buddhists and the best of the Christians. When I told Nomura I was academically interested in his faith, he gave me a copy of an English translation of his favorite book, *The Training of a Zen Buddhist*, which explained his own personal concept of the Golden Rule and his own asceticism.

For he was certainly an ascetic. One night he took me to dinner—he or his employees were always taking me somewhere—in a fine Japanese restaurant. He ordered most elaborately for me of things like *tempura*—shrimp dipped in batter and fried in deep fat—and the very best *sukiyaki*, cooked over charcoal right on the table. But for himself, a dish of plain rice and cold tea was enough. His working hours were twelve or fourteen daily, with his little spare time devoted to his family.

He was still hale and hearty and able to walk long distances. His wife was younger than he, and a very handsome woman. But one day in discussing some aspects of Japanese sex life, he said to me in a matter-of-fact way that not alone was he an ascetic in things like food—he had long ago given up sexual relations with his wife. Though of course, he hastened to add, he still loved her.

"When I was young, then yes," he said. "But now, never. A few moments of pleasure, then a man is a little more weary than before. He wishes relaxation, sleep, perhaps. He does not so much wish to remain awake to think answers to problems. And I have much work, much people I must see. So is why for many years my wife is only dear friend."

I believe he spoke the truth. And it would take an ascetically minded man to let her alone. She was very pretty. I saw her often in the store. She was very active in such community affairs of Yokohama as permitted the participation of women. I wondered what she'd had to say about her husband's high resolve.

This appears to be one of the strengths of the Japanese who run things in Japan—that ability I was to encounter so often, to become fanatical about something they believe in, whatever it is. For, like Nomura believing he should eat the plainest food and refrain from love-making, another Japanese is exercising so rigorously that his entire body is a mass of hardwood knots of muscle. One Japanese will believe that he must devote his every waking hour to only those things that will lead to Japanese supremacy over all the world. Still

another will pay for a single inconsequential shame by committing that horrible act of self-disembowelment, hara-kiri.

Of course not every Japanese is a fanatic. As a people they differ one from another, though they differ far less than the peoples of most other nations, especially the Americans. And by education, tradition, and religion, they are a nation with far more than the usual supply of fanatics. And their leaders are fanatics, too.

The strength of this fanaticism is such that it succumbs to no ordinary buffeting that will discourage the reasonable man. Fanatic strength fails in no ordinary crisis and in no ordinary war. Many a predicted Japanese defeat has been turned, and will be turned again, into victory because of this fanaticism.

What has happened to the morale of the Italians, even though reports of it be wishfully exaggerated, cannot possibly happen to the Japanese, and it may be a fatal mistake to us to think it can. Hard ship, cold, hunger, even disaster may not move the Japanese—only something that affects his spirit can. And how little we understand, even those of us who have lived among them, what goes on in the hearts and minds of the Japanese! Had we understood it, we might have averted war. Did we understand it now, victory might come the sooner.

Nomura continued to take a great deal more time with me than my economic status merited. I protested that I did not deserve so much attention. "I have such little money," I said, "that I cannot possibly become a customer of Samurai Shokei. You are too kind to me; I shall be more indebted than I can possibly repay."

But Nomura continued to help me. When he could not go himself, he sent his man, "Just-call-me-George" Tsuboi, to be my guide. George had lived many years in San Francisco.

It was suggested that I leave my baggage in Nomura's godown, or warehouse, when I went traveling lightly about the country. This offer I accepted, because there was plenty of room. And the great safe in Nomura's office gave me confidence enough to ask him if he would keep part of my slim funds there for me. He did. And he told me to wire him from anywhere in Japan if I got into trouble—collect, if necessary.

"But keep money in *very* inside pocket," said he, smiling. "Japanese pickpocket *very* clever!"

My first day in Japan I spent walking popeyed about Yokohama, until my tired feet would take me no farther. I watched stevedores clad only in G-strings, unloading ships. Hard-sinewed men they were, lifting incredibly heavy freight, hour after hour. These men did not use carts or wheelbarrows, though the ships' booms lifted cargo for them from the holds. Had such stevedores been available in American ports, I felt that perhaps the ships would not have been equipped with cranes at all—for men's time is still cheaper than machinery in Japan. That is one of the biggest differences between Japanese industry and our own.

But I think of these stevedores now, in the Japanese Army, assigned to tough field work in the East Indies, bringing up guns, ammunition cases, and all manner of heavy things on incredibly scant rations. It is no wonder to me that in the Far East, under conditions of the bitterest, hardest campaigning, the Japanese have been generally victorious. Man for man on their home ground, picked Japanese are more effective infantrymen and field artillerymen than we are, simply because they can do more work and take more punishment. I have had many an argument about that for years with Americans, some of whom still think "a good Yank is equal to six Japs." He is—but only as he possesses superior fighting equipment. The weakness of the Japanese will appear only when they face war machines more numerous and, especially, better than their own, against which their wiry strength, their elusiveness, their ability to live on little, to sleep anywhere, to take physical punishment, avail them nothing.

If, on my first day in Japan, I had been asked to choose a single complimentary word to describe the characteristic I found most startling by comparison with what I had left behind in the United States, that word would not be "cleanliness," for in many ways Japan is dirty. It would not be "busy," for in all its ramifications American life is busier, and there is more noise and bustle here. It would not be "intelligence"—not at all; for all the Japanese reputation for cleverness, I found far more stupidity than I expected to find. It could not be "beauty," because, except for some of its parks, Yokohama was far more stark and ugly than I had pictured it.

That single word would be "industrious."

Everybody had a job to do; everybody was doing something;

everybody on the streets was going somewhere—usually with a load. And this applied both to children and to the aged, without the twin curbs on their industry of child-labor laws and old-age pensions. The money Japan might have used for such luxuries went instead for machines of war. But especially was industry a characteristic of the women of Japan by contrast to those at home.

Women clerked in the stores; women carried big loads home from markets that did *not* deliver; women were conductors on busses. Often they worked at hard physical labor, sometimes carrying thirty or forty pounds of bundles, with babies a year or more old strapped on their backs besides. True, I sometimes saw them resting in the parks. But usually they nursed babies as they sat—it is not considered at all immodest for a Japanese woman to bare her breast and nurse a baby in public. But when their infants were fed, they'd call the other children and go home. It appeared as if many of them used nursing time to take their littlest children to the parks, since no other space was available in their incredibly busy days.

But I did not see one woman—not one—with a poodle dog, in all Japan.

With nightfall of that first day in Japan, I hunted lodgings in Yokohama, having eluded George Tsuboi, who would have thought it strange that I did not stay in the big foreign hotel. I wanted an inn.

Hotels in Japan are of two kinds, called *hoteru* and *yadoya*. *Hoteru* is the Japanese equivalent of our word "hotel," and describes an institution quite unknown to Japan until it was imported *in toto*. Thus they had no word for it and used ours, just as we imported the name with the kimono. But since the sound of "l" does not exist in the Japanese language, and is difficult for a Japanese to pronounce, the "l" becomes "r." And since Japanese words almost always end in vowels, "u" is added. My name, for example, was pronounced by the Japanese "Pah-tah-ree-ku," as if they could not end it as abruptly as I did, but must coast out of it on a vowel. An alert intelligence man can always catch a Japanese who tries to masquerade as Chinese, because of pronunciation differences. The sound of "l" is easy for a man of China.

Hoteru are built, furnished, and operated much like hotels the world over, whether they be in England or Hungary or Venezuela. They cater to international travelers whose living habits are fixed,

and who do not like to adapt themselves to native ways. In Japanese *hoteru*, which are often patronized by wealthier Japanese, the guests sleep in beds, sit in chairs, take shower baths, wear their shoes, and eat most of the usual standard international dishes.

There was in Yokohama a large and well-built, fireproof *hoteru* facing a small water-front park, and those of my fellow Americans who did not go at once to Tokyo from the ship became guests of this hostelry. I used to see them sitting on the veranda, with plenty of tall cold drinks to fight off the humid heat. Had I planned, as most of them did, to stay only a month in Japan, I could easily have afforded this hotel. Rooms were perhaps five yen—about a dollar and a half. But I wanted to go to a native inn—and the first time I wanted to go there in a ricksha.

There are still a few rickshas in Japan, but they are vanishing. Such of these decrepit anachronisms as remain in service are pulled mostly by old men, just as old men drive the last hansom cabs that survive in cities like New York and Montreal. Younger men drove the constantly cruising taxis, myriads of them—mostly Fords, Chevrolets, and Plymouths. It was significant of Japan's vast man power that there were always two young men to a taxi. I could never understand, with fares so extremely low and gasoline relatively dear, how two men could profitably operate a taxicab, except that perhaps four eyes were better than two to spot a prospect along crowded streets, and two pair of lungs were more effective in persuading a prospect to become a fare.

Or it may have been as I found it in China. There this Japanese-named conveyance, *jin-ricki-sha*, or, literally, man-pulling-carriage, has not been outmoded. Owning one was often beyond the financial abilities of a man without a partner. Or it may have been that the Japanese Government encouraged taxi operations to acquaint young Japanese with modern motorcars, to finance the development of gasoline storage and marketing facilities—all against the day of mechanized, internal-combustion-engine-powered war with the United States.

But whyever, there were few rickshas in Yokohama, and motor taxis everywhere. Most of the old ricksha men spotted their weather-beaten vehicles near the big *hoteru*, near the docks, or near the railway station, where the bulk of their clientele seemed to originate.

For while foreigners, especially Americans, and more particularly American sailors, seemed to delight in being pulled about by the leathery-skinned, tough-sinewed, gray-haired old ricksha "boys," I hardly ever saw a Japanese ride a ricksha. And when they did, these passengers were usually elderly and in conservative dress—representatives of the old Japan that was vanishing before their regretful eyes.

Yet every visitor, including me, seemed to be startled by the large number of taxis and the fewness of the rickshas. This indicated a dangerous lack of information about a highly significant thing in modern Japan. I attribute it to photographers and writers, both amateur and professional. Because every travel picture, every travel story, every American home movie or travel album seems to have had one *must* when it was prepared. That was: "Get a ricksha in it somewhere prominently, as something exotically symbolic—like geisha girls and blossom festivals—of a strange oriental land."

There would be little point in photographing prosaic American taxicabs, modern department stores, or a typical reinforced-concrete bridge built by engineers who had studied in America. By all means, no! Those things are not interesting. We have them at home. Photograph instead rickshas, pagodas, torii, geisha, cormorant fishing, teahouses, dwarf trees, and red lacquer bridges! The net result has been to give eye-minded American armchair travelers a wholly false impression of a "colorful Japan," an impression pretty general in America, an impression that was responsible for the commonly held opinion right after Pearl Harbor that the United States would defeat Japan in three months.

My only ricksha ride in Japan was on that first evening when I sought a room in a yadoya. I approached a seventy-year-old man and told him what I wanted. The old man understood, I know, but he was incredulous. He pointed down the street toward the *hoteru*, its windows glistening in the torrid sunset.

I told him, "No." I said, "*Hoteru? I-i-e! Yadoya. Ne-ma. Ichi yen.*" I meant I didn't want a hotel—I wanted an inn where I could get a sleeping room for one yen.

That word "no," in Japanese, sounds a bit like an American slang affirmative. It is written euphonically "iie," but not as a triphthong, in Arthur Rose-Innes' conversation dictionary. It is pronounced a little like "yeah," and is usually accompanied by a wave of the hand,

palm sidewise, in front of the face. The tempo of the waving, as well as the inflection of the word, is what gives it emphasis. A Japanese girl whose "iie" can be taken with some persuasion to mean "yes" might flutter her hand daintily and fanlike a little; a man confronted by a persistent peddler will strike out with his hand as if trying to stun a fly on the wing.

When I said no, I didn't want a *hoteru*, and put emphasis behind my "no," the Japanese looked startled, then trotted off down Bentendori and turned presently into a narrower side street, halting at a little inn just where the retail district ended and a neighborhood of small factories began. There is really no high-class hotel and shopping district in Yokohama as such districts exist in American or European cities—simply because there isn't money enough to support one. And *yadoya*, by their nature, are rarely large.

Actually, the *yadoya* chosen for me by the ricksha man was a fairly good one by Japanese standards. This was a seaport city, where everything was a little higher-priced than elsewhere. So a room here cost a yen and a half, or 42 cents, as against the one yen, or 28 cents, I was customarily to pay each night after I left Yokohama and Tokyo.

At the door I dismissed the ricksha, but the man stood about interestedly to watch and listen to my negotiations.

There was no "hotel lobby" whatever, in our sense. There was just a small entranceway, rather dirty, paved with rough tile, big enough for perhaps a dozen people to stand—people still wearing their shoes. Around this area on three sides was a polished wooden platform, raised about a foot from the rough floor, where shoes were *not* worn, ever. At one end was a rack filled with perhaps thirty pair of shoes and clogs belonging to people then in the hotel, ready for them to pick up when again their fancy took them out of doors. There was a low desk, so low that it came to my waist. And a Japanese sat on the floor behind it.

I made a deal with him without difficulty for a room—he spoke a little English. I later learned that his *yadoya* catered somewhat to frugal or hard-up Europeans accustomed to Japanese ways, but who did not like to stay at the *hoteru*-like Y.M.C.A., which was the only other alternative within modest price range.

Upon agreeing on a price for a room, it was not necessary to register immediately, for that operation took a little time. A servant was to

bring the register, later, to my room. I removed my shoes while sitting on the polished platform at the entrance, and they were placed on the rack with the others by a servant with an uncanny memory for which shoes were whose when guests went out. A servant gave me a pair of soft felt slippers a little small for me and led me down wooden corridors with floors waxed like piano tops. The slippers, in turn, I had to leave outside the door of the sleeping room, which I was told to enter in my stocking feet. That is the rule. Not even slippers are worn inside the ordinary room.

The floor was most comfortable to walk upon. It was covered with finely woven straw matting that was springy underfoot. This matting is laid over more roughly woven mats of grass and straw a couple of inches thick, which act to muffle sound and as insulation against the cold for people who sleep on the floor. And since anything that can be made of straw or wood is very cheap in Japan, these mats are within the reach of the poorest householder. The mats are uniform, and room size is described, not by dimensions, but by the number of mats on the floor.

Doors, of course, were paper, stretched over wood frames. Very light, they slid easily in their wooden sockets and required no metal hardware whatever—not even bolts or locks, for there are none in the interiors of Japanese houses or inns. Partitions slid away like doors, so that one room could be made into many smaller ones. But these light partitions are no barrier to the slightest noises, and there is a constant murmur and medley of sounds—sounds that speak of tea-time, love-making, or restrained argument—in an inn at night, for all the care guests must use to be quiet.

Outer walls were of wood, often a single thickness, with joists on the outside to permit smooth walls within—like an unfinished American shack turned inside out. Some of the better houses I saw under construction, however, were double-walled, with moist earth and waste straw tamped between them to dry out eventually like adobe. Such walls are more fire-resistant, if not fireproof, and they provide some protection against extremes of temperature.

There were in Yokohama many steel-and-concrete, completely fire-proof buildings, built after the '23 earthquake. But they were mostly office buildings, department stores, and the like and were much in the minority. Considering that Yokohama had been so completely

rebuilt, there were not nearly as many fireproof buildings as I had expected.

Certain it is that when Japanese cities are given the kind of bombings to which Cologne, Essen, and Bremen have been subjected, they will burn, and they will burn fast. Their wood and straw floors, their paper doors and partitions, their frame walls, their wooden furniture—all will feed the flames. And especially if bombers pick windy days to drop explosives and incendiaries, fires will sweep across the narrow streets and burn out the Japanese in spite of anything they can do.

But yet that will not matter as much as we like to think it will. The Japanese will flee before the flames—carrying their important possessions with them—these will not be too heavy. Beyond the fire lines they will double up with other Japanese, sleeping twenty or so to a room, and it will only be as they have so often slept before—as children when company came, in resthouses at vacation time, on the slopes of Fuji, or on the hard decks of interisland boats.

The Japanese people will be angry, will fight us the harder, and will be more likely to believe the atrocity stories that are told by the Japanese propaganda staffs about the United Nations. But their fighting ability will not be materially lessened; rather it will be increased. Bombing of Japan, to be effective as a measure toward victory, must be directed solely toward production plants and military objectives. This is true for most countries, but doubly so of Japan.

For since the country's history began to be written in the eighth century, more than two thousand major earthquakes have visited and devastated parts of Japan and accustomed the people to take disaster philosophically. On October 28, 1891, for example, an earthquake destroyed 222,501 houses; that would mean almost a million and a half Japanese made homeless.

Three decades later, on September 1, 1923, 558,000 houses were destroyed. Thousands of fires started simultaneously when charcoal-burning tubs tipped over onto straw floors as people, unheeding, dashed into the streets. There were 91,344 deaths and three million homeless. Yet the Japanese recovered very quickly. The disaster was great, but not nearly so great as these figures would indicate to us. In fact, one of the reasons why Japanese houses are so flimsily built is that they can so quickly be rebuilt; it is a kind of premiumless insurance against heavier losses.

I had experiences with earthquakes; the first came on my very first night in Japan. I had checked in at the yadoya, and I went to a neighborhood movie showing a Japanese film to several hundred people. Actually, I went for a place to sit, because my feet were tired from unaccustomed walking at the end of a long sea voyage. Midway through the show there was an earthquake. It rattled the chairs; it swayed the dim hanging lights; it jarred the projection room so that the picture on the screen wobbled discernibly. Yet the show went on, and nobody paid much attention beyond turning to his neighbor with the remark: "Another earthquake," much as we might say: "It's starting to rain." For all the audience knew, this might have been the first rumble of another major quake. Yet it was just a part of life in Japan. I was to feel many another quake in the months to come, but none was to bother the people at all.

In the United States I have experienced more moderate tremors that drove people into the streets. I have seen bits of masonry tumble off buildings and cause casualties. I've read newspaper extras and listened to talk for a time that was about nothing else except "the earthquake."

But Japan is not only used to moderate shocks; it is built to withstand them. Things aren't made so that they will be easily damaged thereby. Anything that might crack and jar loose and fall has already fallen, long ago. It takes a really major quake to cause any serious damage—just as wind and sleet storms do less harm in regions where they are commonplace. Major public buildings—such as the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo or the railway station there that survived the quake of '23—are built as nearly earthquake-proof as it is possible to build them.

Since the effects of bombings, in many ways, are not unlike the effects of an earthquake, a bomb falling in a Japanese city would of itself cause less damage, especially along the outer rim of its concussion area, than the same bomb would cause if dropped in cities in other countries. Japanese houses may not be fireproof, but in the degree that they are resistant to earthquake shocks, they are also more resistant to shocks caused by explosions.

It would be necessary to send to Japan fleets of bombers in such numbers as to compete night after night in violent destruction with the *severest* earthquakes, to have much effect upon civilian morale in

this stoic country. It is for this reason, I think, that the first bombing of Japan by Americans was inaccurately headlined: "Japanese Panic-Stricken." I don't believe they were. Alarmed, perhaps. Forced to greater protection of war plants, certainly. Driven in desperation to destroy Chinese air bases and to occupy the Aleutians step by step if they could. But panic-stricken? Not the Japanese. To say so is wishful thinking.

It was America that was panic-stricken by cries to "bomb Tokyo" into making a bomber foray before we were ready to follow it up with daily raids like it. What we did was simply to jar the Japanese into a realization that their production plants must be further protected.

But back to my *yadoya* and what it taught me:

Not only was the structural portion of this little new inn thoroughly inflammable, but the furniture was likewise of wood. None of the scrap iron we sent to Japan went to modernize the houses Japanese live in—it all went into heavy construction.

There was scant furniture, and what there was of it was diminutive. A little wooden table stood no more than eighteen inches high, with wide rails for feet so that they would not dig into the soft and delicate floor. When you sat crosslegged on the matting, the table was tall enough. For one person it was big enough, and if there were more people, they simply brought more tables. A dresser with a tiny mirror was of a design familiar in America, but it, too, was miniature—fit for a little girl's playhouse back home. The mirror was almost right for me when I sat on the floor—almost, for I am taller than the Japanese. But nothing in crowded Japan—absolutely nothing—is ever built bigger than absolutely necessary. It is truly a land of miniatures. The dresser was narrow, too, with small drawers—for the Japanese traveler, like the Japanese soldier, goes light.

There was no bedstead, of course. But in the relative luxury of this place there was a silk-covered, cotton-filled pad spread on the floor—a pad not much thicker than an American quilt. The pad was not placed for sleeping until the guest was ready to retire. At other times it was kept folded in a closet. Thus a Japanese hotel room has no sign of a sleeping place by day. And there was no unnecessary bric-a-brac or other furniture. The same thing is true of private homes—the idea of a seven-room house with three bedrooms, plus a parlor,

a dining room, and a living room, would seem distinctly absurd to the Japanese. The parlor, the dining room, and the living room would not be needed for those purposes at night. Hence they could be bedrooms, too. And in humble cottages the single living room may be the bedroom for the whole family.

Houses in city and country are often of more than one story, to conserve precious ground area. Few houses are low and rambling—even of the rich.

Japanese stoves, sinks, and bathtubs are usually also of wood. There was, for example, no central heating in this high-class *yadoya*, though Yokohama becomes cold in winter. In fact, central heating in Japan, even in those regions where snow stays on the ground for months, extends little further than theaters, modern department stores, large factories, and the like. Individual rooms are commonly heated by a charcoal fire glowing in the center of a wooden tub of sifted ashes. So little iron is used in the daily lives of the Japanese! These tubs are familiar to Americans; fish are shipped in them. Bound, not with iron hoops, but with braided bamboo, we think them pretty enough for potted plants.

Such ember fires can be moved from room to room as needed. On them the *jochu*, or servant girl, in a Japanese inn will brew tea for a newly arrived guest, just as is the custom in private homes. In summer, after the tea is served, the fire is carried away. In winter it remains to heat the room. Of course no chimney is required, and no stovepipe. This saves metal, and heat that might otherwise be wasted through the flues. It was the overturning of thousands of these fire tubs at the time of the last big earthquake which seemed to make Yokohama and Tokyo and neighboring towns burst into flames all at once. Part of Japanese civilian defense today must include stern orders to put these fires out with water at the first sign of an air raid.

Customarily there is no running water in the individual rooms of a Japanese inn. Thus the very minimum of water piping is required—just enough to run to a sink, usually built of wood, where morning ablutions, shaving, and toothbrushing are performed by everybody lined up in a row. This sink, moreover, is in or beside the kitchen—not in the unpiped toilet room, nor in the bath. The three are separate. Toilets must be, because their odor is much stronger than that of

country privies. And bathing is usually an evening, not a morning, rite, for it takes hours sometimes to heat water.

From these inns, or from the homes which they resemble, there need only be a comparatively small drain for waste water, which is carried to the nearest river or stream; and streams flow everywhere in rainy Japan. For since sewage—from the toilets called *benjo*—is saved and hauled to the country, there is never the sudden volume of waste water which accompanies toilet flushing, and thus there need be few of the four- or five-inch cast-iron drainpipes common in America.

While the better bathtubs in Japan are built of tile, especially in the public bathhouses, wooden tanks are adequate for the ordinary home or inn. Wood charcoal fires in containers that are part of such tanks are used to heat the water, or sometimes it is heated in containers in the kitchen and carried to the tank. But usually the bathroom requires no piping. One tankful of hot water is adequate for everybody, since everybody uses the same hot bath water.

There are no locks, no knobs, no catches, no hooks, no hinges, or any other hardware on the sliding bathroom doors—nor on any other doors, for that matter, within a house or an inn. Guests pay no attention whatever to other bathers. Arthur Rose-Innes, in one of the little asides that makes his *Japanese Conversation Dictionary* so delightful, says: "PRIVATE. (Privacy is so little observed in Japan that this word is difficult to translate.)" There he stops, except for offering translations of such expressions as "Keep out," which could not possibly be used without offense merely because one wished to be alone.

A Japanese will enter the bathroom, dip out a little wooden bucketful of hot water from the bathing tank, pour part of it over his head, scrub himself, rinse with the rest of it, and climb down into the tank until he is in water up to his neck. This water is extremely hot—around 116 degrees Fahrenheit. It is kept that way either by a constant fire or by the addition of boiling water to replace the merely hot water which is always being dipped out.

Bathers are scrupulously clean when they get into the tank, and never do they scrub themselves there. They just crouch a long time, motionless—as long as they can stand it. And if they can stand it too long, it means the water isn't hot enough and the bath no good. As they soak, their faces run with rivulets of perspiration. Newcomers to

the tub are careful to climb in with as little disturbance to the water as possible, since it is more endurable if it is motionless. When the bather has had enough, he emerges and cools himself. Sometimes in modern bathrooms he does it by standing under a fan; sometimes he pours cold water over himself. Then he will dry with a washcloth—not a towel—wrung out frequently. Towels as we know them are not a part of Japanese life. I didn't see a Turkish towel in all Japan.

It is my belief that this custom of bathing in water which is probably hot enough to induce mild fever may be in a measure responsible for the general good health of the Japanese. It may keep them comparatively free from colds, despite chill winters and damp climate. It may be the reason why venereal diseases are not as prevalent as the lack of sexual restraint would lead us to expect. Nature's method of cooling us is by the evaporation of perspiration. And when the human body is immersed to the neck for twenty or thirty minutes in water so hot as to cause actual physical pain, there is bound to be an increase in bodily temperature, especially near the surface, sufficient to kill many types of disease germs. And though the bath water is used over and over again, which I first looked upon as perhaps as effective in disease-spreading potentialities as an unchlorinated swimming pool, it is actually too hot for most germs.

The whole inventory of a Japanese inn or a Japanese home thus adds up to extreme simplicity, to almost complete inflammability, and to that remarkable lack of metal of which I speak and shall speak so constantly.

Instead of vacuum sweepers, for example, matting floors are swept with extremely soft and feathery brooms that will not damage the fragile straw. Wooden pegs are much used instead of nails or screws. I have already remarked about non-metallic chopsticks vs. knives and forks and spoons. And there are, despite the universal use of hydraulically produced electricity, almost none of the automatic mixers, toasters, waffle irons, radiant heaters, percolators, mechanical refrigerators, egg beaters, and other gadgets so common to the American home. Japan is a land of many old-fashioned racket stores, but of few hardware stores.

Bomb a Japanese city, burn down all the houses: all that the inhabitants will need to re-create their accustomed comfort is a few utensils of wood or pottery, a straw mat to sleep on, a small charcoal

fire to sit by, and only a little food. And the Japanese would find those things in their stride.

That is another reason why the Japanese soldier is such a good campaigner under adverse conditions, and why we should avoid meeting him under those circumstances. Tough as we think we may be, the discomforts of campaigning have been old stuff to the Japanese for a very long time.

But therein, too, lies one point of vulnerability of Japan's economic system in wartime. Her metal industries have been for years devoted so thoroughly to the production of implements of war that she has made a showing far beyond her actual industrial capacity. This is true because so little metal—so pitifully little metal—has entered into the ordinary domestic life of the people. Such structural metal as did find its way into the manufacture of things for the common man was flimsy stuff, often fabricated crudely with hand tools and hand presses, rarely to precision specifications. True, the Japanese manufactured such things as typewriters and dentists' chairs and scales and watches, but all these are wholly inferior to the foreign product. The mark of a really top-flight dentist, for example, was the ownership of American-made dental equipment, of which he spoke with great pride.

Thus, while there are so few civilian goods factories capable of conversion to war industry, civilian goods factories that may have been scattered over the length of the Empire, there is a concentration of heavy industry on the shores of the Inland Sea of Japan. There is a concentration of great plants that build ships and guns and, lately, airplanes.

Japan is mountainous; she has no great plains or level areas. Railroads and factories were built close to the coast, as they must be in a maritime country where mountains rise up directly from the sea. When the great shipyards and steel plants were built, the airplane was not a factor in war. Japan was no more farsighted than we about that. She depended on her navy for protection of her islands from invasion, just as the British have for centuries. Therefore, Japan's industrial plants engaged in war production were located well behind the protective might of the shore fortresses which occupy every single strategic coastal promontory. These fortresses could beat off attacks from the sea, and they can do so still.

But when Japan's highly concentrated industrial plants are destroyed by American bombers, they cannot be rebuilt as Japanese houses can, or as factories in America can. And there is no vast peacetime reservoir of factories built to make cash registers, soda fountains, or washing machines which can be pressed into service to augment output of arms and armament.

Thus while Japan seems to be equipped for producing large amounts of armament, when her few really big war industries are smashed her production will suffer mightily and for a long time. Fifty bombs dropped on certain crowded war-plant areas of Osaka, Nagoya, Yokohama, or Sasebo will cut Japan's war production by a percentage ten times higher than the same number of bombs dropped as accurately on Essen, Dresden, Detroit, Liverpool, or even Milan. Moreover, the Japanese know it and will decentralize production, especially of aircraft, as rapidly as possible.

Of course all these deductions were not possible from my first night in a Yokohama *yadoya*. They come years later, after months in Japan, after hundreds of conversations, and after years of reading for which I was prepared and conditioned by my visit to Japan and by my subsequent interest in things Japanese. They come after shutting my eyes, seeing again the factories in Cologne and Liverpool and Detroit and Kobe and Milan. Yet a Sherlock Holmes could deduce a great deal about Japanese life from a single night in an inn.

When I checked in at my first *yadoya*, it was necessary, of course, to register. But the Japanese required more than just name and address as Americans do. The *yadocho*, which was brought to my room, is a rather complicated form for the information of the police and the Japanese Secret Service, and is only a little less elaborate than the accursed questionnaire I had filled out twice aboard the *Heian Maru*.

The *yadocho* required a great deal of personal information—age, height, weight, color of eyes and hair, and other physical characteristics. It wanted to know the guest's occupation, his nationality, and his birthplace. Then, as American banks do, the Japanese wanted information that no one else but the guest could know—date of birth, father's first name, mother's maiden name, and the like. Other questions included: "Where did you sleep last night?" and "Where are you going tomorrow?"

So it is that the Japanese police can follow the day-by-day move-

ments of everybody in the Empire, especially those aliens who might have aroused the slightest suspicion. It was astonishing, three months later, when I was arrested and taken to jail in far-off Kobe, how much the police seemed to know about me.

English-speaking Japanese used to explain to me this elaborate system of watching everybody by a simple explanation that varied never. It was probably the best possible all-around explanation from the standpoint of expediency: "Japanese people very nervous."

The same reason was advanced to explain the elaborate precautions taken to prevent photographing, sketching, or note-taking anywhere near any fortified area or in any neighborhood that could possibly be of the slightest strategic importance. Of course this was the same kind of fiction used to dissuade the United States from fortifying Guam: "Japan very nervous about fortifications near the Empire."

Actually, since the Japanese themselves conducted such a thoroughgoing system of espionage, of propaganda, and of war preparation, they were acutely aware of what other nations *might* do. But to refrain from giving that suggestion, they said, in effect: "We're silly, we know. We're too easily frightened."

In my very first ramblings about Yokohama and near-by towns like Kamakura, I was constantly struck by the ingenious ways in which materials that were plentiful in Japan were used in places where we regard articles made of metal, or certainly with expensive metal tools, as absolutely essential.

Take, for example, a common household clothesline. In the United States it is ordinarily machine-made, either of cotton or of braided galvanized wire, and usually it is strung from metal pulleys. Japanese housewives use long, smooth poles, usually of bamboo, about two inches thick. This helps quick drying, especially of things like heavy blankets, for there is plenty of room for free circulation of air between the double thickness of whatever was thrown across these poles. Part of my interest in clothes-drying arose from another economy on the part of Japanese women, who in rural areas often went out to hang up the clothes with nothing on above their waists.

Fences in England and Germany provided carloads of scrap iron for munitions. But I saw no iron fences in Japan. Fences, there, were as much the product of ingenuity in the use of native materials, as ever

they were in pioneer America. One day before a neat house I saw a narrow hedge fence made up of tiny trees with white blossoms. Curious as to the kind and possible fragrance of the flowers, I inspected them closely.

The "trees" were cherry branches, cut off at pruning time. They had then been placed in the sea and left there until they were covered with barnacles, whereupon they were spread out in the sun. These barnacles, bleached white, were "blossoms" that never lost their petals—not even in winter.

Vines in America are commonly allowed to climb on wires. In rural Japan they were often trained onto rooftops, where melons ripened in the sun. This conserved wire, and it also saved land for other crops.

Interior and exterior woodwork in Japan is allowed to remain as nearly in its native state as possible. Doorposts and pillars are an example.

Consider a post. Take a post that would be called a 6×6 in America, and which must stand against a wall to support ceiling beams. We would saw such a post from a twelve-inch log. We should have to saw it from a log of that thickness and waste more than half the timber in order to get a smooth and "clear" 6×6 which could be planed and finished. I do not know the actual percentage figures, but I have been around sawmills much of my life, and I should say that perhaps only 25 per cent of the total bulk of forest trees as they stand in the woods goes into finished lumber. The rest is slashings, sawdust, stumps, slabs, and other waste.

In Japan that percentage is reversed. Fully 75 per cent—probably more—of the tree is used for building. This is accomplished simply by not cutting a twelve-inch log into a 6×6 , but by merely flattening one side of a six- or seven-inch log to achieve the single plane surface that must butt against the wall. And most of the natural strength of the wood is preserved by retaining its original contours. To finish the surface it is first stripped of bark, its knots are trimmed flush and smoothed, the log is seasoned carefully, then polished with wax. Often it is not varnished. The effect is one of great natural beauty, and it saves lumber. That is important in wartime. A given number of millions of feet of Japanese standing timber will make far more usable lumber than the same amount of timber in America.

I write this paragraph on the American west coast, where there is already a grave wartime shortage of lumber for every need. I have the feeling that if the same amount of timber, and if the same facilities for logging and sawing it, were available to the Japanese, our shortage would become a surplus.

When I was a boy I used to watch ships being loaded with certain straight-grained timbers known as "Jap Squares." These were shipped to Japan, where there is little straight-grained wood. They were worked up there into a variety of commercial products and often sent back to the very towns in which the "squares" first were sawed. So skillful were the Japanese woodworkers that they could haul our own trees twice across the Pacific, resell them to us at a profit, and pay two tariffs besides.

In the United States the majority of our commercial signs are gaudy metal atrocities made to "catch the eye," and they are at least in part responsible for zoning laws to keep business establishments out of residential areas. And at the same time our knotty stumps and misshapen trees are left to rot uselessly in the cutover areas where forests once stood. Not only are they pure waste, but they dry out in the summers into rotten tinder after a while and increase the fire hazard.

The Japanese saw these stumps into cross sections, the silhouettes of which look like the outlines of rugged islands on maps. No two are ever the same shape. They are sawed neither with nor across the grain, but on a bias, for added strength and beauty. They may be several inches thick, and they are seasoned carefully to prevent splitting.

Then sign letters—Japanese ideographs—are cut out either intaglio or in relief and lacquered with a natural wood surface as a background for the bit of color. Such signs, common though not universal in Japan, are far more artistic than any I have seen anywhere else in the world, and they lend charm to business streets where they are used instead of American types of signs.

It is another Japanese economy. And yet by way of compensation in wartime, here is one more industry—the metal-sign industry in America—which uses sheet steel and punch presses that can be diverted to the American war effort, but which exists only in a small way in Japan.

VI

Life and Cruelty in Japan

FOR THE FIRST FEW DAYS in Yokohama I simply wandered about, almost aimlessly, to get the feel of everyday life in Japan. Since this was a seaport city, enough people spoke English here so that I could practice my Japanese and get answers to my questions even when my conversation dictionary wasn't adequate.

Streetcars and busses seemed relatively more plentiful and frequent than in the United States because so few people drove cars. And whatever their routes, these trams and busses virtually all returned to the railway station. The word "station" has been adopted and Japanized into *su-tai-shun*. I therefore could set out afoot in any direction and walk with leisurely curiosity far into the suburbs. When I could walk no farther, I could ask a passer-by the way to a car line, and for a few sen ride back to the sutaishun.

Nothing spectacular ever happened to me on any of these walks, but my experience helped me to learn to feel at home in Japan. There are a hundred little opportunities—like giving a coin to a child, watching somebody at work, making a small purchase, asking directions—to establish contact with people in their own tongue and thus better understand their way of life.

Early, I learned to think financially in Japanese money. In many respects the yen in Japan had roughly the purchasing power of a dollar in America. If anything, it would buy more in Japan than a dollar will here. In personal services, such as laundry, shoeshines, baths, train fares, haircuts, taxis, and tailor service, for example, it would buy much more in Japan than a dollar will buy in the United States. This is partly because wages are lower in real money, and partly perhaps because in the United States the man who cuts your hair, presses your pants, shines your shoes, or drives you somewhere is primarily a small businessman who considers himself a contractor, every bit as good as you are, and not your servant, whatever his advertised protestations about the excellence of his "service." He therefore demands a standard of living approximately equal to that of the

men he serves. In Japan, closer to feudalism, that condition does not yet prevail. A servant is still a servant, and since there are fewer labor-saving devices, servants' work is of a more menial character.

In food, a Japanese yen—worth twenty-eight cents at the time of my visit—was on the whole about equal to a dollar in the United States. The yen is divided as the dollar is, by the decimal system, into 100 sen. And if ten sen will not buy a hamburger in Japan, because there aren't any hamburgers, it *will* buy the Japanese equivalent in fish. Or it will buy five little pieces of pigs' liver, skewered on bamboo slivers and roasted over charcoal, or five pieces of "chitlins," as they are called in the South—bits of scrubbed hogs' intestines—similarly roasted.

Full meals ran from a minimum of twenty or twenty-five sen, in cheap little restaurants on side streets, up to two and a half yen in the swank rooftop dining room of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. This approximates the range of cost of restaurant meals in the United States in dollars and cents. I do not mean that the food is the same, for you cannot buy real American dishes at any price.

Staple groceries in the Japanese stores sold in bulk for about the same number of sen as the same items cost in cents in the United States, though there was comparatively little variety in Japan. One exception was canned goods, which were rather expensive. Iron was needed for ships.

It was only in the case of articles made of scarce imported materials—chocolate, petroleum, wool, iron, cowhide, rubber, and the like—that a Japanese yen ceased to buy in Japan what a dollar will buy in America. Japan put extremely high tariffs on goods for civilian consumption that took precious foreign exchange.

It is therefore easy to understand that if wages in Japan had amounted in yen to what American wages average in dollars, the Japanese would have been nearly as well off economically in their own way as we in ours, despite their plea of lack of resources. Their standard of living, Japanese style, would have been much the same. But that was not the case. I made many inquiries among clerks, laborers, apprentices, and minor officials, and concluded that on the whole the Japanese drew not more than half as many yen per month as his American counterpart collected in dollars for the same work.

This would seem to mean that if the American standard of living

were represented by the figure of 100, the Japanese standard might then have been somewhere between 50 and 55. But it is far, far lower than these figures would indicate. For two reasons this is not a fair comparison. First, the Japanese work week was perhaps fifteen or twenty hours longer than ours. Secondly, because rents, clothing, food, and transportation—the cost-of-living items—were priced at about the same amount of yen in Japan that these things cost in dollars in America, the average Japanese family had a pretty bitter time to pay essential expenses, with little left over for such luxuries as household appliances, milk, automobiles, telephones, and radios.

Consider the average American, earning say \$30 a week. Suppose his wages were cut to \$16, his working week increased to six days of ten hours each. Suppose then that rents, fuel, movies, books, shoes, and fish remained at present prices. That would be his situation if he were Japanese.

The American could keep from starving and maybe get by on \$16 a week under these circumstances. He could move his family from a bungalow into a couple of cheap rooms and heat only one of them at a time. He could change his diet to beans and stew meat and bread. He could wear cheap clothes and cheaper shoes. He could cut out those luxuries that have become almost essentials during the last fifty years in America, and still get by. He'd need to buy less amusement, because he'd be more tired when his day was done; a larger proportion of his recreation would be sleep. He'd walk more. He'd read library books and secondhand magazines. His wife would start cooking, sewing, and washing everything at home, and his children would get jobs to help out at twelve years of age. Grandma and Grandpa couldn't live with their children unless they, too, worked hard.

Americans, we say, wouldn't do it. But Japanese always do, by sheer necessity. Taxes to support a vast military machine take a far larger part of Japan's national income than has been required in most other countries. What is ahead for Americans in the way of wartime taxation is old stuff to the Japanese. And this, a kind of perpetual inflation, accounts largely for the fact that prices are so much higher than wages in Japan.

It does not seem ever to have been completely explained to the Japanese that they could live much more nearly like the Americans,

whom they have envied so much, if they had been permitted to keep and to spend their own income and had been freed from the crushing burden of terrific direct and indirect taxation.

If there has been internal dissatisfaction—and there has, plenty!—with the scheme of things that keeps Japan so poor, it has been explained that Japan was a “have not” nation, with fewer resources than England or America; and that these countries have denied Japan access to their resources except upon the most disadvantageous terms. Thus, it was said, it became to that extent much harder for the Japanese people to achieve the things to which they felt their education, progress, and culture entitled them.

That was one line that Japanese propaganda took—the equivalent of Hitler’s cry for *Lebensraum*—to justify the building of an army capable of establishing a “co-prosperity sphere in Asia.” Those words sound like high-flown bombast to us, and that is what they are. But they mean something to the Japanese, all of whom have been made extremely conscious of American wealth by contrast with their own poverty. Huey Long’s battle cry, “Every man a king,” seemed silly to everybody except those who kept the Kingfish in power.

And though Japan be—as she will be—decisively defeated after a long war, her people cannot ever be resigned to the peace that follows, a peace that inevitably will be but the beginning of preparation for another war, unless one of three things happens:

(a) The Japanese can be convinced that they are an inferior people and that they do not deserve an economic prosperity equal to that of the Americans, Canadians, British, Australians, or the Dutch in the Indies. This can never be, so long as the Japanese remain a people highly literate, sensitive, and proud.

(b) Our economic level is brought down to Japan’s. This may happen at the end of a long war of blood and sweat and tears, for it is easier to cut down a high standard of living, such as America’s, than to cut a lower one still lower.

(c) The Japanese level is brought nearer to ours. This could be and should be accomplished at the war’s end, I think, partly by *completely* disarming Japan and diverting *all* her accustomed military expenses to the ways of peace—to raising the economic level of her people. But to make it effective would require a large measure of

free trade with the rest of the world, made possible by a man as resolute as Cordell Hull, despite the opposition that will be both inevitable and bitter in the United States.

This, too, sounds like treason, almost, since I write it at a time when the Japanese are pictured as fiends to be but hated bitterly. For I have written something of the Japanese point of view rather than the American. Yet I repeat the conviction that by understanding our enemies, and by knowing what *they* think they are fighting for, we can win more quickly and make in the end a more just and lasting peace.

For while it is perfectly true that the people of Japan are now completely under the domination of their military leaders, they would not be under that domination had the military been unable to argue such a plausible case for militarism and eventual war as the only possible way of making Japan the equal of other nations. This was not easy for the military party to accomplish—despite the honor in which soldiers have always been held—because while the average Japanese may envy us, he does not instinctively hate us. I had ample opportunity in my journeys through Japan to observe that the people actually admired and liked us, *until they came under the influence of the Army*, which appears to think that he fights best who hates best. The ordinary Japanese I met everywhere were invariably obliging and friendly to me as an American; the soldiers I encountered were not. The latter were aloof and distant and never once reacted kindly toward my efforts to be friendly.

When I began to make trips from Yokohama to near-by points by train, I found a sure formula for getting acquainted with some of my fellow passengers. It was easy. Since boyhood I've been interested in the simpler magicians' tricks, particularly the kind performed with common everyday objects such as matches, coins, toothpicks, handkerchiefs, rubber bands, and cigarettes. For example, I would hide a toothpick in the hem of a handkerchief where it could not be seen, roll up my sleeves, show that the handkerchief was empty, wrap another toothpick in it as my audience watched. Next I would let someone break the toothpick in the hem, and then I'd let the unbroken one fall out of the handkerchief. On crowded railway coaches, where I always traveled third class, as did most Japanese, I used to start by performing casually and with apparent absent-

mindfulness one of my simplest and most effective tricks with a rubber band, the kind that could be repeated time after time without giving it away.

Before long I would observe that my neighbors were watching me. I'd look up and smile. The Japanese would grin back. Thereupon I'd try another trick, then another using a stooge, until before long half the occupants of the railway car would be gathered round to watch me, even standing on seats and looking over the heads of those who were nearer. A dozen tricks, and I'd stop. Part of the crowd would return to their seats. But some would stay, and one among them would usually say, slowly, in painfully arranged English:

"I have been studied to speak English in the Middle School. Please tell me how is to make this so puzzling thing?"

I'd reveal my secrets; the Japanese would practice and master them quickly, show me others, laugh over them, and I would have acquaintances for the rest of my journey.

This I repeated a score of times on different trains, always with success. Frequently a chance traveling comrade would become my guide at my destination; sometimes he would even take me to his home when I expressed a desire to see more of Japanese life.

Soldiers seemed to be everywhere, even at that time. There were many on the trains. There seemed to be even a larger percentage of men in uniform in Japan then than there are in the United States today. And yet never once in my entire stay was I able to make the acquaintance of a soldier. When I performed my magicians' tricks, soldiers might be seated very near, yet they remained stonily aloof, their poker faces completely expressionless, unless they wore sneers of disapproval. If I asked a question of one of them he would wave his hand in an impatient negative gesture. If I offered one a cigarette he would brusquely refuse it. It was in strange contrast to the affability of the civilian Japanese.

In other lands I have traveled with soldiers on trains. I've encountered them in Mexico, South America, Scandinavia, Finland, England, the Balkans—even in Germany. And never have I found military men as distinctly unfriendly as in Japan—except sometimes in Italy, when they were actually on train guard duty during the Italo-Abyssinian war and thought I was English.

This circumstance leads me to think that as soon as a Japanese

is inducted into his emperor's army, a campaign begins to teach him hatred of the entire white race, the race the Army planned that he should one day meet in battle as he had met the Russians. Perhaps from a military standpoint it was regarded as necessary to overcome his natural friendliness and to nullify the respect and the admiration of the European that had been built up for decades in the minds of the civilian Japanese from whom conscript armies were drawn. Certainly it was effective. And it helps me to understand the process whereby the people I found so considerate and obliging and friendly as civilians could perform some of the acts of cruelty of which Japanese military men are guilty—the machine-gunning of bailed-out pilots or of men swimming from sinking ships, the strafing of civilians on Aleutian raids, and the execution, after courts martial, of captured American fliers, less to discourage successors from volunteering, than to discourage leaders who must order fellow Americans to die.

The cold cruelty of which a well-disciplined Japanese soldier is capable seems to be something he has been taught deliberately to make him a more effective fighter. It was as if the Army had said to him: "You have no respect for dogs. You must have less for Europeans." I was to encounter ample evidence of an inherent cruelty on the part of all Japanese toward those who were weak, toward all those whom the Japanese considered inferior to themselves. And in the minds of the military, Americans had to be distinctly in that class. Often, as I sat musing, looking upon a squad of soldiers seated in a train, I fancied myself standing against a wall, thought of them as a firing squad, and shuddered to imagine how unhesitatingly and without regret these representatives of a polite and cultured race would have shot me.

This is one of the bitterest aspects of this war against Japan—there can be no gentility in it while their soldiers hate us and despise us as they have been taught to do. If they respect us, it is only for our machines which they have copied so well.

Once American prisoners of war have reached prison camps in Japan, however, they seem to be fairly well treated—except that what would seem perfectly adequate food, bed, and comfort to a Japanese is not likely to seem so to Americans. But this good treatment may partly be due to civilian influence. And rather more, perhaps, it is to prevent retaliation on our part. Still more, it may be for another and

more crafty reason. We should be made more bitter, and more efficient in our war against Japan, if reports should reach us that American prisoners were ill-used—as ill-used as Chinese prisoners, for example. But they fear our bombers worse than our bitterness. If they could retaliate effectively in bombing our cities, as they lately threaten, they wouldn't announce execution of our fliers. Because theirs would fear like fate. And most of the suicidal-minded Japanese aren't smart enough to pilot bombers.

We Americans speak and write and talk of how well, relatively, we treat interned Japanese, and we make this comparison: "How much better off are the Japs in our relocation centers than are the American prisoners of the Japs!" The comparison has the validity of truth.

We might go further and say: "Our Jap prisoners live better than the average Jap citizen is living in Japan right now!" From what I have seen and heard of Japanese camps in the West, and after comparing conditions there with normal life as I remember it in prewar Japan, I should go still further and say that Japanese in federal custody in America probably have more luxuries, warmer dwellings, and shorter working hours than they would have had in the Japan I remember—which was a far happier country than Japan at war.

What, then, is my point? It is this: The difference between the life of interned Japanese and the life that free American civilians still enjoy is probably a much greater difference than that which exists today between the lives of prisoners of Japan and citizens of Japan.

Stories of Americans in Japanese custody, confined in cold rooms, with most meager rations, with inadequate medical care, given orders brusquely, denied ordinary privileges, affect me somewhat differently than they affect most of my friends.

For most people become angry at the brutality of Japan. Yet to me, brutality is always relative, and I am angry only at the brutality of war. How tight must be the belts, now, of *all* Japanese! If their prisoners fare badly, I reflect upon how little better off are the captors themselves.

So much of our thinking is predicated on the assumption that, being Americans, we are intrinsically a superior people, with national gifts that are God-denied to other races. We actually think that we are somehow *entitled* to better living conditions, just automatically. I do, myself.

Such thinking may always have been sound. In wartime it may be necessary. Yet everything I have seen or read of Japan and the Japanese makes me think that our air of superiority, with all the ramifications and results that are a part of it, was a major factor in making possible this war. We could not, in past years, afford the risk of "lowering our living standards toward the Japanese level," even if by so doing we might raise that of the Japanese even more. What a sacrifice the little men have forced us, now, to lay on the altar of national inequality! What a bargain we *might* have had!

That we are fighting an enemy whose assets are his cruelty, his toughness, and his frugality I admit. Yet we have helped to keep him cruel, to make him tough, to force him to be frugal.

While I remained in my Yokohama *yadoya*, where I had begun to feel at home, I made a few afternoon trips to Tokyo. Trains ran every twenty minutes; the fare in third class was only a few cents for the thirty-minute ride. Third-class coaches, upholstered in green, were always crowded. Second-class coaches, identical except for blue upholstery, cost twice as much and were nearly empty. On the Tokyo-Yokohama run there is no first class except when the Emperor rides.

On my first trip to Tokyo I had an experience which may seem of little real consequence, but which I shall never forget. It has discolored for me in some degree every subsequent pleasant experience I had in Japan.

That the Japanese were kind and polite to me, I freely acknowledge and well remember. But yet—

Ten years had passed since the great earthquake, and along the Ginza and the other fine streets in Tokyo there had been planted young trees that were still a bit scraggly, as if recovering from their shock of being transplanted. They cast only tiny patches of shade. But this was a beautiful and well-planned avenue, excellently paved, and flanked by some of the finest buildings in this newly rebuilt capital of the expanding Japanese Empire. As I walked about, that first day in Tokyo, I felt here for the first time that Japan *was* capable of building a modern and beautiful city.

Suddenly I stopped short at a ghastly sight.

Tied to one of the trees, panting in the heat, unable because of the short range of its rope to reach a single spot of shade cast by the

slanting rays of the blistering sun of that torrid afternoon, was a dog so emaciated that it was hard to believe it could still be alive. About the size of an Airedale, the animal had the weird look of a hide stretched over a stiff skeleton, a strange bag of bones that somehow lived and breathed. It was as if a man of average height had wasted away to fifty pounds. Or it was as if a dead coyote, stretched shriveled on the desert sands, had regained a long-lost spark of life and wearily struggled to its feet. Description is difficult. All of us have seen lean and hungry dogs. But to recall their memory will not bring the picture I wish to convey. This pitiful animal could not be described in any ordinary terms. Were such a horrible apparition to be tied for five minutes on any street in America, passers-by would raise hell with somebody—quick.

Throngs of Japanese passed that dog. Some glanced at it, but with no look of pity, none of revulsion, none of any interest whatever.

From a baker's shop near by, I purchased ten sen worth of rolls with some sort of meat baked in their centers. Also, I borrowed a dish and filled it with water.

When I took the first roll from the paper bag and extended it toward the animal, I guess I expected it would take the roll from my hand as gently as American dogs, however hungry, will do. This dog was ravenous. He was not ill, apparently. He was just starved. And apparently in all his life he had never been fed like that. So utterly mad was he with hunger, so single-mindedly did he crave food, that his jaws snapped down like a trap not only upon the meat roll but on my fingers that held it. His teeth stripped deep gashes in three of my fingers and tore away some of the flesh even as he sunk his teeth into the bread. The dog did not mean to bite me; of that I am sure.

Dropping the remaining rolls, I stared in pain and fright at my gashed and bleeding hand, from which hung torn ribbons of skin and flesh. Only then did passers-by begin to halt. They formed a semicircle around me. And they *laughed*. All of them laughed. Those who had witnessed the incident told the newcomers what had happened, and they laughed, too.

The dog meanwhile ate the rolls, thirstily lapped up every drop of the water, and searched pleadingly for more from the end of his taut rope, his eyes staring glassily from his almost fleshless skull.

I shook my hand vigorously, snapping the end of it whiplike to keep clean blood flowing through the wound. Then alternately I sucked it and spit out mouthfuls of blood. I visioned an infected wound and, not knowing where to get it dressed, I stood frightened and bewildered on the finest street in the capital of the Empire of Japan.

Nobody expressed any sympathy. Nobody took me to a near-by shop to get antiseptic and bandages. Nobody tried to say: "You are a stranger. May I lead you to a doctor?" Nobody hunted up the owner of the dog. Nobody brought more food for it. Nobody refilled its water dish. Nobody lengthened the dog's rope to let it lie in the shade.

They just stood, laughed, then walked on, as if the incident had let a ray of pleasure into their dull afternoon.

For a fleeting moment I wondered if I had not just been too foolish to warrant sympathy—if I had not just stupidly exposed myself to a savage dog, purposely tied for that reason. So with my good hand I reached down gingerly and patted the animal's skull. It did not bite me. It did not growl. It shrank a little from my touch, as if nobody had ever petted it before, as if it were frightened, yet did not want to be.

I would have stayed and waited for the dog's owner, but my hand was in bad shape. It scared me. I wrapped it clumsily and without help in my handkerchief, went to a big store that catered to foreigners somewhat. There an English-speaking clerk wrote the name and address of a physician she knew on a card for me. The first pedestrian to whom I showed the card bowed and hissed politely, then walked two blocks out of his way to lead me to a doctor's office.

A strange people, the Japanese!

That afternoon, and on other days, I saw other dogs, but none of them were pets or children's playmates. I expect the bitter necessity for frugality in the Japanese people will not permit such a food-consuming luxury. There may even be a law against it. I don't know.

But I did see dogs, plenty of dogs. They were draft animals that helped men pull carts.

Horses are not too common in Japan. Most trucks are midgits. Some were of the three-wheel motorcycle variety so common in Germany. One popular four-wheel model was to all outward appearances

like an American truck except for size. It was powered by an engine of one single little air-cooled cylinder.

Capacities of such vehicles are so limited that a man with a hand-cart can effectively compete with them. But the men did not always pull their carts alone. Underneath the vehicles, or beside them, they hitched small and wiry dogs who hauled the entire load unaided over smooth and level streets, but were mightily and of necessity helped out by their masters on the tough Tokyo hills. Such dogs are well fed and muscular, but I discovered from careful observation that they were completely omnivorous, eating rice and vegetables as readily as their masters. I did not ever see these animals beaten, though I've heard they sometimes are. But at times I saw them being worked unmercifully hard. And yet their masters themselves worked just as hard and just as uncomplainingly. Life is not easy here for any living thing—not even for those who rule Japan.

And yet why must hard life mean complete insensibility to suffering? A few days later I visited Nikko, of which I shall speak at length in a later chapter. Nikko is the most splendid resort and religious shrine in all Japan, with the finest *hoteru* and *yadoya* in the Empire. The Japanese have a saying: "You must not say 'magnificent' until you have visited Nikko."

There, on the finest street, I saw a horse tied to a stake in a fenced vacant lot where hundreds of pilgrims passed every hour. The horse was covered from head to foot with gaping, open sores. A great swarm of blowflies and other carnivorous and carrion-loving insects hovered over him and lit on him, laying their eggs in his raw flesh and devouring as much of him as they could while he yet lived. That beast was in constant and miserable agony. He kicked at his wounds with all four of his weary legs, one after another; he bit at all the sores he could reach; his tail flailed constantly at his ravished hide. He accomplished little in inflicting casualties upon that ravenous horde of insects—he just tore open still further those of his sores which were within range of hoofs or teeth. He tore them until they bled, until there poured streams of blood and pus down his festering sides—streams of odorous liquid that attracted still more hungry tormentors from the insect world that harasses all Japan to a degree unthinkable in the United States.

I was heartsick, and again I tried to do something. Why could not

the horse be taken to a veterinary? Why couldn't he at least be sprayed with insecticide or even with water?—that would have afforded some relief. Why couldn't he be led to the river that runs near by—the river that flows under the red lacquer bridge that the Emperor only, in all his holiness, may walk upon? In that river, in one of the pools of already cloudy water that would be so filthy by the time it reached the sea, that horse could find a degree of merciful relief from the swarms of flies.

Up and down I went, up and down that fashionable street in Nikko the Magnificent, trying first to discover who owned the horse, and then to interest somebody—anybody—in getting the gate unlocked and helping me do something for the animal.

Everybody in holy Nikko bowed and smiled and hissed, and everybody was so, so polite to me. But I got nowhere. They thought I was a crackpot. I soon realized that in spite of their cordial smiles they considered I was being quite absurd. Yes, they had seen the horse—at least some of them had. What of it? It had sores, yes, but what of that? Insects? Ah, yes, insects were very bad at this time of the year.

In my efforts to help the animal I was as out of place as I should have been had I walked into the First National Bank back home and asked its bespatted cashier to interfere with a fellow down the street whose vegetables were wilting. For this was only a horse. It wasn't my horse. It was none of my business. I was being utterly ridiculous.

In Yokohama I talked to Yozo Nomura about it.

He nodded sadly. "I told you of my difficulties in establish Society for Prevent Cruelties to Animals in Japan," said he. "Now you understand. Japanese have never regard feelings of animals. Very hard change custom of many centuries. But I read beginning of Society in America. There also difficult. On other hand," he added, "Japan has never needed Society for Prevent Cruelties to Children."

He had me there. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is not a folk saying in Japan. I never saw a child punished corporally. Japanese seldom even scold their children. They spoil and overindulge them thoroughly, especially little boys. About the only overweight Japanese I saw were occasional small boys whose fond parents gave them too much sweet bean cake.

"Cruelties to animals," Nomura continued, "very relative thing. American women walk down Fifth Avenue in New York, see such

dog you saw in Tokyo, call policeman. Owner arrested. Judge say 'Pay fine or go to jail.' Very helpful public opinion. Someday maybe cruelty impossible for Japanese. But no public opinion now. In New York same women call police about cruelty to dog—same women wear furs. I have seen. Furs held by leg in iron traps—maybe for week. In pain, in cold; no food, no water. Long time before trapper comes to kill."

Nomura sighed. "Human race most inconsistent. But," he added, with his genial smile, "always everything become better. Japan, too."

He had touched a sore spot, and I felt a little ashamed at his rebuke. For in my father's hardware store as a boy I had sold those very steel traps he described. They came in different sizes for animals, from weasels to timber wolves and even bears.

Sometimes a trapper would say: "Y'gotta watch trap lines pretty close, or yuh'll git a paw 'stead of a pelt. They's some 'at'll chaw a leg off t'git away."

Wily Nomura seemed to have the answer to everything. But what he might have explained, and did not, was that this insensibility to suffering on the part of the Japanese was not only applicable to animals. It included human beings, too—people whom the Japanese considered inferior to themselves.

I was later to visit the Ainu people on the island of Hokkaido in Japan. These were the original inhabitants of the archipelago; they were the people who were in possession of Japan when the Japanese got there. They correspond to our Indians, whom we overpowered and sometimes treated pretty miserably until public opinion corrected such abuse, so that their numbers are now increasing faster than ours.

Our Indians were an oriental people; anthropologists say they reached America from Asia via Alaska. But, interestingly enough, the Ainu are an Aryan people, like us. The Indian has many oriental characteristics—such as sparse growths of coarse hair like Admiral Tojo's. The Ainu, much taller than the Japanese, do not have any of the latter's racial characteristics. Their eyes and faces are like ours. Their abundance of soft hair has given them the name of "Hairy Ainu" among the Japanese. An elderly Ainu man, with a full beard and gentle mien, looks startlingly like an idealized Santa Claus.

Sixty-eight years ago John Batchelor, a young English missionary, came to Japan and went to live among the Ainu. At that time the

miserable remnants of this once proud and powerful race from whom the Japanese took Japan were herded into little inland villages, forbidden to hunt or to fish—though hunting and fishing had been their livelihood just as with our own Indians. They were forbidden to speak the Japanese language; there were no schools for them, and their own language was unwritten. It seemed that the Japanese were determined to starve them out to the last pitiful survivor.

John Batchelor set about to learn the Ainu language, which the Japanese had not troubled ever to learn. He laboriously compiled an Ainu dictionary. He singlehandedly turned this hitherto but spoken tongue into a written language, and himself wrote books in it which he taught the Ainu to read. He adopted Ainu children and raised them as his own in his home, which he called "The Ven"—a little bit of old England on the island of Hokkaido.

In some sixty years which had elapsed between the time John Batchelor reached Japan and settled among the Ainu, and the day I met him in Sapporo, Hokkaido, he had written so much and so vigorously about this forgotten race of men that he had made them widely known throughout the world.

"The Japanese treat them better now," Batchelor said, as we ate the hearty five-o'clock breakfast of beefsteak to which this hale octogenarian had invited me, "simply because they came to realize that the Ainu were a valuable curiosity worth preserving. There was no kindness or sentiment in it—none whatever. They quit trying to exterminate this shattered relic of a dying Caucasian race when visitors with money to spend began coming from all over the world just to see and study them. If today the Ainu are protected wards of the Government, and if the Government has paid me any honor, it is not because of a change of *heart* on the part of the Japanese; it is only because the Ainu became *worth something* to Japan."

The old man was bitter as he recalled Japanese cruelties to his beloved people during his early years among them. "I'm past eighty," he said, "and probably that accounts for it. But I've been told I'm the only foreigner in Japan who can tell the Japanese exactly what I think of them and get away with it."

But the country was so deeply in debt to this kindly missionary who had preserved one of the nation's top tourist attractions that it overlooked his bitter criticism.

Yozo Nomura had led me to think that the Japanese were cruel to animals because they didn't know any better. And to prove that "thoughtless cruelty" was a national characteristic that would certainly pass away with education, he asked if they had not at last become kind to their aborigines. But he hadn't explained the selfish reason for the kindness to the Ainu as I got it from the man who knew more about them and their history than any man then alive.

At that time I excused the Japanese somewhat, on the theory that they did not treat their animals so much worse, relatively, than they treated themselves. A man who doesn't get quite enough to eat can more readily be pardoned for underfeeding his dog than can someone with plenty to eat. And a man who will voluntarily subject himself to great physical discomfort, and who is willing if necessary to slice open his own belly, let his bowels gush forth as sacrifice for an idea, and die thereby, cannot be expected to feel as much pity for a starving dog or a sore and insect-pestered horse as another man who lives gently and graciously.

But what I did not at first understand was a certain sadism in the Japanese make-up, a characteristic that gives many of them actual entertainment at the sight of suffering. And this pleasure is by no means confined to the suffering of animals. It applies to human beings as well; to human beings, that is, to whom the Japanese can feel superior. It finds an outlet now in Japanese mistreatment of subject peoples.

Thus the Japanese are still fairly considerate—after their own lights—to Americans, even when Americans are prisoners of war, and to other Europeans except when troops go primitively berserk in the first flush of bloody conquest, as they did in Hong Kong.

But Koreans! They are another thing. The Koreans have long been a subject race, and thus in Japanese minds an inferior people because they have been defeated in war—though time was when Korea was a more powerful nation than Japan. But there is now no practical necessity for the Japanese to be nice to the Koreans. The Koreans have nothing to give that the Japanese cannot easily take.

Already I have mentioned the growth of a caste system in Korea, with the Japanese in high caste and the Koreans in low. But something that happened to me on the Korean Railway, after I had completed my Japanese journey, gave me an insight into how the Koreans

are handled behind the scenes. Because if they are handled as I saw them being handled in public, what must happen away from the prying and disapproving eyes of foreign visitors?

I had crossed the Sea of Japan from Shimonoseki to Fusan, gateway seaport of Korea, and had taken a train for Seoul, the capital—or Keijo as the name-changing Japanese now call it. At every opportunity I alighted from the train and strolled curiously about the station platforms. I never got tired of it, for something different was always happening.

At one little backwoods station far in the interior of the Korean peninsula, two train guards had caught a small, barefoot Korean boy who was stealing a ride just as I used to steal rides on trains when I was young. They had jerked him from beneath one of the coaches, and as they led him away—he was only about eleven—they were beating him pitilessly. They brought their prisoner past where I was standing, continuing their beating as they came.

Unable to bear watching it longer, before the guards realized what was happening I had instinctively and quickly yanked their prisoner from them, given him a push and, pointing to the near-by woods, said, "Scram!"

"Scram" may not be a Korean word, nor even a Japanese, but I think it has a wonderfully provocative sound in any language. On nimble feet, before the bewildered guards could stop him, the boy scrambled. He vanished into the woods, and they glowered at me.

Before long the train got under way again, with all its personnel and passengers except the Korean boy. But as the cars began to move, I saw the Korean boy dart out of the woods and throw himself under one of them. I thought certainly that he must have been killed.

But he wasn't.

At the next station I got off again. With an air of carelessness I bent down beside the railway coach to tie a shoelace I had deliberately untied beforehand, and stole a glance toward one of the heavy, multi-wheeled trucks on which rested the rear end of the car. There was the boy again, though hard to see, crouched catlike atop one of the journal boxes, clinging there with fingers and toes. I hoped the guards had not seen him attempt to resume the journey that seemed so important to him. But they had.

Not two guards, now, but four of them approached. Two carried

side arms and kept their hands provocatively and meaningfully on the butts of their revolvers to discourage anybody from interfering with what they were about to do.

The first two guards—the ones from whom I had taken the lad in the first place—now carried long and heavy sticks—those common, inch-and-a-half-thick octagon-shaped staffs which the Japanese carry on walking tours. These had been whittled to points like sharp pencils.

One of the men crawled to the other side of the coach. Then, with their pointed sticks, both guards prodded the boy to dislodge him. He was a brave lad, and stubborn, and for some moments he resisted the vicious lunging jabs of the two Japanese. Once he grabbed a stick and almost got it. But they punctured the flesh of his body, and they poked at his hands and feet that clung so tenaciously to the oily iron.

But human flesh, even that of a determined Korean boy, could not stand such treatment long, and finally the lad loosened his grip, half falling to the cindered roadbed under the car. When the guards pulled him out, he was bleeding in a dozen places. His hands and feet were particularly injured, and he had the strange look of having been crucified. But they made him walk, and as he walked they beat him—a boy of eleven. After all, he was but a Korean, and he had defied those who were his rulers.

God help the Filipinos if America does not regain their islands. God help the Chinese if Chiang Kai-shek should lose the way. God has done little for the Koreans for a long time; while we are about it, I think we should free Korea forever from Japan.

VII

The American Who Looked Like a Japanese

WHENEVER I HAVE TRAVELED in a foreign country I have always tried especially hard to make friends among returned emigrants who have lived in the United States, or their children who have returned to the old country. Such people are especially valuable to help one to understand another land. They know two languages, both of them idio-

matically. And they know without being told what is apt to be interesting to an American. Moreover, however much they may like the land of their ancestors, they are usually somewhat homesick for the United States and eager to talk to an American.

An untraveled Japanese who had learned English in a Japanese school might be even more willing to know an American on whom to practice his English, but there is little common ground for conversation. On the other hand, a Japanese who had lived for many years in America would be apt to know the traditions, interests, and points of view of my own people just as well as he knew his own.

One day when I was in Nikko I was trying to get a picture of a particularly beautiful temple gate through which crowds were passing. The day was too dark for a snapshot. So I propped my camera on a stone lantern and was making a time exposure—knowing, but not caring, that my foreground would be blurred by moving people.

"Y'can't take a good picture that way, feller!" came an American voice.

I looked about me, saw only a typical Japanese crowd, thought one of my American acquaintances was razzing me from ambush, and continued to focus my camera. When I had my picture and was climbing down from the lantern, a dapper, thirty-year-old Japanese approached me.

"Y'just spoiled some film," he said.

I answered: "I only wanted the detail of the architecture."

"Nuts to the architecture," he said, irreverently. "Buy yourself a flock of picture post cards and save your good film for sumpin' really typical of this God damn country."

He had something there.

"You know," I said, reflectively, "when you spoke to me I looked around everywhere, sure I'd see an American someplace. You certainly talk like one."

"Hell, I *am* an American," said he. "My folks were Japanese, but I was born in Tacoma, Washington. If they's t'gimme this whole stinkin' country on a gold plate, I wouldn't want it."

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Why, an American can't live like these people. You musta just got here. You ain't been around yet much, have you? On a conducted tour, or somethin'? Wait till you've been here awhile." His manner

and accent were thoroughly American. So were his ideas. Only his looks were Japanese. The argument promised to be interesting, and I poured some fuel on it.

"I *like* this country," I said. "There are lots of superior things——"

"Name just *one!*" scoffed the American-whose-parents-had-been-Japanese. "Even the food's crummy. Go into a restaurant an' order coffee. Do they bring you coffee? Hell no, they don't. The damn stuff they bring doesn't even *look* like coffee. Order ice cream. Whaddaya get? No more cream in it than we put in sherbet back home. Or try to order a *steak*. Whaddaya get? I'll tell you. *Dog meat*, that's what you get. Just plain dog meat. An' dirty! I thought we threw rubbish around back in Tacoma, but nothin' like they do here. I haven't seen a crick that's clean enough to wash your hands in."

"But," said I, "you may see a little paper and straw scattered around, but none of those terrible-looking piles of rusty tin cans you see in the States."

"'Cause why? 'Cause they don't use tin cans much. An' what empty cans there are bring a helluva good price for junk. You never catch a guy throwin' one away. I know. I'm in the scrap business back home, and I sell scrap here. They won't *buy* tin cans from the States because they take up too much space on ships an' there's plenty of number-one scrap for sale. But believe me, they use *everythin'* here."

I remarked that Japanese houses, inside, were very clean—that leaving dirty shoes outside, especially in the muddy season, seemed a swell idea.

"Clean? Sure, they look clean, but they're fulla bugs. Those stinkin' crappers they got are like havin' backhouses in the parlors. No wonder they burn so much damn incense over here. An' I guess if they can't afford incense they get used to the stink, like y'get used to the smell of stockyards if y'work in 'em long enough. But—say, d'you mind walkin' a little? I like t'talk to another 'Merican, but we better get walkin'. Tell yuh in a minute."

We detached ourselves from the crowd at the old temple gate and strolled between dark lanes of stately cryptomeria trees—Japanese cedars. Nikko has scores of separate temples; it is as if there were half a hundred churches in Yosemite. It is said that in feudal times the shoguns—rulers of the provinces—were each called upon to provide a temple for Nikko. Some shoguns were rich. They gave costly and

elaborate temples, gates, and temple bells. But in one of the far provinces was a shogun so poor that he could not afford to build even the humblest temple. Instead, he gave tens of thousands of tiny cryptomeria saplings to be planted along Nikko's roads, avenues, and lanes. Today, centuries afterward, these cedars are as tall and stately as the giant redwoods they resemble. Nikko's cryptomeria literally and figuratively overshadow the costliest and most ornate of all its temples.

My companion dropped something, and when he picked it up he glanced behind him surreptitiously. Then he continued his conversation where he had left off:

"There's a guy been followin' me around all week. Wherever I go, there's this guy. I figure he's a Japanese dick assigned to keep an eye on me—see if I'm a spy or somethin'."

"Keeping his eye on *you*?" I asked incredulously. "I know they watch people like me, but I didn't think that *you*——"

"Well, f'r Chris' sakes! Feller, I tell you I'm just the kinda guy they do watch. What've I been tellin' you? I'm not Japanese. I just *look* like one. I'm a foreigner. I'm an American. I'm just the kind of guy who could get the dope on 'em if he wanted to, 'cause I can pass for Japanese. But I'm not, see? I'm American; I'll always be American; I'm damn proud to be American. Can I help it if I *look* Japanese?"

He was emphatic about it. Too emphatic? I do not think so. Anyhow, I believed him.

"I saw this detective guy back there edgin' over t'where we was standin'. No use gettin' tossed in the clink just for shootin' off my face. Mebbe the guy understands English."

"If he understands English," I said, "that doesn't mean he'll understand you. You talk American—more American than any Japanese I ever met back in the States."

"My ol' man got killed when I was two," he said, "an' I was 'dopted—raised with 'Merican kids."

We continued to stroll, and when there came a sudden summer shower, so frequent in these mountains, we took refuge in a lesser temple that was otherwise deserted until a young Japanese girl entered, wearing colorful kimono, obi, clogs, old-fashioned hair-do, and all the other accouterments of a Japanese maid who had not gone

modern. She was perhaps seventeen, pretty, shy, and modest. I wondered where she was going.

Then, at the far end of the temple, a businesslike, drab-looking Japanese, carrying a newspaper and the ubiquitous brief case, passed briefly before my range of vision.

"That's the dick," said my companion. "He don't bother me none, an' I don't bother him. I'm keepin' him from bein' unemployed, I guess. He oughta like me."

When the shower was over, we continued our walk. I noticed that the detective—if such he was—kept us always in sight.

Interesting, also, was the fact that the Japanese girl went everywhere we did—sort of like a stray dog that follows somebody hopefully without coming too near.

"Is *she* tailing us, too?" I asked.

"She better—'s my wife. I just got married three days ago. In fact, this is sorta like a weddin' trip. She's never been away from home before."

"You're a swell picker," I said. "Call her over and introduce me."

"She no spik. Anyhow, she's kinda bashful. That's the way wives do over here—follow a guy around without botherin' him much."

I remarked that I'd already seen some old-fashioned Japanese couples out walking in the evening, not side by side, but with the woman some paces behind. He ignored the comment.

"Gettin' married's kind of a problem—for a guy like me," he said, reflectively. "You know how 'Merican girls feel about marryin' a guy that looks Japanese. Any that'd do it'd be apt to look kinda queer. An' there weren't any Japanese girls back home in Tacoma that I liked. So I came over here an' found me a wife in the village my folks came from. When I get her back to the States—if I can—'twon't be very long till I have 'er talkin' English just like me. She'll be O.K., too—do what you tell 'er. Won't be gettin' ideas alla time. That's *one* thing I like about 'em."

"I looked around pretty careful for this one. Guy's gotta be kinda careful over here or he'll get one that's been helpin' support her family—one that guys've been throwin' around plenty. Not like it is in the States, feller. When a gal's been a hooker over there, she's washed up, pretty much. Guys might like 'er, but they're ashamed to marry her. But over here, if the family's a little short of jack, no-

body thinks much about a dame puttin' out for a few years an' givin' the money to her folks. Dutiful daughter, they say. Don't spoil 'er for most guys. But I got 'Merican ideas, an' nobody'd touched *this* gal. I *know*."

This was a subject about which I had heard so many conflicting details that I asked more about it. Surely the profession wasn't so completely honorable; I wanted to know, did fathers deliberately choose it as a career for their daughters?

"It's kinda hard to explain," my companion admitted. "To explain to another 'Merican, I mean, 'cause they look at things so different. I wouldn't say a girl's old man'd be proud to have her in a hookshop in the Yoshiwara. No, he wouldn't be. He wouldn't be proud to be so poor that he had to have her do it, see? But the difference is that back in the States, if a girl's workin' in a hookshop, her folks are about the last people she wants to know about it. She'll never work near home. The ones I used to know in Tacoma came from back East someplace. But over here the folks are the ones that make the deal for her—and the folks get part of the money."

I thought it a pretty hard-boiled attitude.

"Well, it's a hard-boiled country in lotsa ways. But maybe it isn't quite so hard-boiled as it seems. A girl in the Yoshiwara meets lotsa guys, see?—guys that can afford to spend dough. An' one of 'em might like her well enough to take her out of there after her time was up an' marry her, maybe—or maybe buy her out before. I guess that's one reason they sign 'em up on contracts for a certain length of time, so they won't lose the best ones right off.

"Lots of 'em don't work in the Yoshiwara. You take some o' these little hash houses run by a family—the kind where the old lady does the cookin', the daughters wait on table, an' the old man just sits around an' kinda supervises. Lots of those daughters take a guy into a booth and draw the curtain for a yen. Course it isn't *her* yen. She doesn't keep the dough. It's counted up at night with the rest of the money that comes in for rice and fish and sake.

"But the point's this: speakin' about the difference. A girl in the States gets to be a hooker 'cause she's a drinkin', swearin', smokin', gold-diggin' roughneck, maybe, or 'cause she likes to play around an' figures she might's well get paid for it, or else 'cause she's been married a coupla times an' it didn't take, and she figures what the hell,

she might as well get some *dough* from bein' a dame while the gettin's good. Bein' a dame don't pay off none when they get old. All these romantic stories about hookers in the confession magazines are just a lotta horse-radish.

"But anyhow, in the States you don't see any virgins bein' put into it by their old man. So here y'get a different class, see?—kinda like a 'Merican girl waitin' on table to pay her little brother's way through college, who wouldn't want to be a hasher all her life. So a gal isn't washed up here if she's been a hooker, like she'd be in the States. An' she can get out of it while she's young over here.

"But for myself, I picked me one right off the vine!" he finished with a grin.

"I suppose they consider you a rich man and a swell catch," I said.

"Sumpin' like that, yeah. An' I *am* doin' all right. The scrap business is pretty good right now."

Then the Tacoman told me some interesting things about scrap in Japan:

"They use it different over here. They sort it more before they melt it. In the States you just see 'em separate the stuff into a few piles like cast iron, stove plate, steel, an' so on, an' throw it into the furnace. But here y'oughta see what they do. They sort out anythin' they can shape up without remeltin'. An' they sort everythin' for the furnaces separate, so they'll get just exactly the kinda stuff they want. They wouldn't think of mixin' up road-scraper blades or old chisels—manganese, and harder'n hell—with old wrought-iron pipe. They sort everythin' and use it to make exactly the same kinda stuff it was before. Takes lotsa labor, but labor's cheap, an' it gives them better stuff from their mills."

He knew, of course, as I did, that some of the scrap he sold Japan went into war materials. But people didn't talk much about that until the Chinese war progressed. And how much was used, of course, was even then a military secret.

The Tacoman gave me an account of how one Japanese firm made a business of reassembling perfectly usable motor trucks from scrap American automobiles:

"When we wreck a car over in the States, it doesn't mean the car's wore out. It just means part of it's wore out—maybe not much of it or maybe even not any of it—maybe the car's just out of date. Well,

sion is ahead for Japan, they would climb on the band wagon and try to be themselves a part of it. It is not an accident that Japan's motto for Asia's future includes the word "prosperity." The Japanese is a practical materialist. That is the only reason why he ever emigrates from Japan.

In Tokyo I often loitered about the railway station, an old-fashioned-looking building which had been so well built that it survived the great earthquake and now looked out of place among the newer and more modern buildings around it. In the station I never knew what interesting things I should see or what adventure I should encounter. But something always happened.

On one particular Sunday morning I bought a copy of the *Japan Advertiser*, one of several first-rate English-language newspapers then printed in Japan, and the only one, I understood, published by Americans. It was a good newspaper, with both courage and a sly sense of humor.

At that time a bitter teapot controversy was in progress in Japan between those who deplored the too thorough Americanization of Japan and those who liked American clothes, jazz music, slang, cosmetics, movies, comic strips, and what not.

Also, an effort was being made to convince the world it ought to quit calling the nation "Japan" and start calling it "Nippon." The Japanese bitterly hated the term "Japs," and nobody who cared how they felt about it ever called them that. I haven't acquired the habit even yet. The Tokyo *Nichi-Nichi* had contended, logically enough, that if "Nippon" could be substituted in the minds of foreigners as a name for Japan, they might quit calling the Japanese "Japs."

But the *Advertiser* admonished *Nichi-Nichi*: "Leave well enough alone, boys," and continued even more logically to say that Japan little understood the foreign mentality and the peculiar contextual nuances attached to words by foreigners. The term "Japs," it explained, wasn't nearly as opprobrious or insulting as Japan thought it was. "But if 'Nippon' became generally adopted as a name for Japan, it wouldn't be long before the irreverent would be calling you 'Nips.' And if you don't think that will sound worse, just wait and see, and don't say we didn't warn you."

VIII

Nazi Girl in Tokyo

As I sat in the Tokyo station, chuckling over the *Japan Advertiser*, a girl's voice asked in German, at my elbow, if I spoke that language, too.

No one could tell from the fact that I was reading an English-language newspaper that I was not actually a German or a Frenchman or something else—because, regardless of whether a “European” in the Orient be Italian, Finnish, or Spanish, English is the “other language” he is obliged to know. For it is at least the secondary language of the more alert people he meets—whether they be educated Japanese, White Russian refugees, Scandinavian seamen, or Chinese coolies with their hundred-word vocabularies of pidgin English.

As Frederick Simpich once pointed out in an article in the *National Geographic*, it has not been long, as historical decades go, since English was spoken on but one small island off the European coast. Now, after two or three hundred years, this one language has penetrated into remote corners of the world to a degree unparalleled in the history of mankind.

So if one were French or Dutch or German in Japan, and couldn't read Japanese, it used to be that he bought an English-language newspaper.

I looked up from the *Advertiser* at the sound of the voice to see a girl standing there looking at me. She wore the first Nazi swastika I had ever seen worn.

I told her I spoke only a little German, that perhaps with my German and her English we might find conversation possible. But she'd have to stick to the English she knew—speak to me in English, while I talked to her in German.

That is something I've found worth remembering in foreign lands: to make fullest use of the few words you know in the other man's tongue. For example, all of the few hundred German words in my

vocabulary, without exception, were understandable to the Nazi girl, however badly I pronounced them, however ungrammatically I used them. They would all serve to convey ideas to her, whose native tongue was German. Similarly, each of her own English words was understandable to me—whereas, had she talked to me in German, only a fraction of her excellent vocabulary would have been understandable to me, perhaps not enough to let me grasp the import of the sentences that contained them.

The Nazi girl had just arrived in Tokyo. She was looking for an address. But she spoke no Japanese, and the tourist offices were closed. Could I help her find it?

Perhaps I could, I said, not letting on that I had been in Tokyo but a few days myself. We had some Japanese tea at the station restaurant while I spread out my map of Tokyo and looked puzzled. I knew by experience what would happen. A Japanese, eager to practice his English, strolled over to where we were sitting and offered to help us. It was "much long distance," he said, with "many exchanges" to where we wanted to go. But he knew the way. So I handed him a pencil and a card I kept for just such purposes and asked him to write the directions.

He began, painfully and slowly, to write them in English, so that I could read them.

"In Japanese, please," I said.

"You *read* Japanese—but cannot speak?" he asked, astounded.

"No. But conductors read Japanese."

He nodded and wrote carefully and quickly. Then he pointed through the window to the corner where we should take the first of our several cars and busses.

It was all very complicated to the Nazi girl, who spoke vaguely of "maybe a taxi, after all." She was puzzled by the card which neither of us could read.

"Taxi will cost you a whole lot of marks," I said. "But if you take the streetcars I'll go with you"—which had been my idea from the beginning.

As we boarded our first car, I handed the card to the girl conductor, who read it, nodded, and motioned to us to sit down. Since we were to get off at a particular junction point, the Nazi girl was afraid we'd ride too far. But being the only foreigners on the car, I knew the

conductress would not forget us. Nor did she. We got off at the right corner, but thereafter we boarded the wrong car and rode a couple of blocks before the new conductress, having read our card, told us to get off and take the third car following.

Those directions were easy enough without a common tongue. First the girl motioned us off the car. Then she held up one finger and frowningly waved her hand in negative gesture: "*lie* [No, not that one]." Two fingers and another negative. Three fingers and she smiled. Yes, that was the one. So we waited while two cars went by, and took the third.

A ride of a dozen blocks and we alighted again—and again took the wrong car. This time the conductress pointed to the car immediately following. We got off, took that, and realized we had still another transfer to make.

The Nazi girl was now sure it had been a mistake not to take a taxi.

But why? I asked. We really hadn't wasted a moment. No cars had passed us. A Japanese who made that same trip by streetcar and bus twice a day for years couldn't have gone any faster. Think of the money we were saving! Think of how much more interesting this was as a means of learning about the Japanese. And how else could one learn to ride the streetcars except by *riding* them?

We studied the car cards, trying to figure out what each one advertised. But it was hard, for pretty girl models served as illustrations for everything from patent medicines to obis—the sashes that women wear. We did note posters advertising railway excursions with maps of the routes of cheap trips. Tooth pastes and cosmetics were widely publicized; so were the new shows.

I did not ask the Nazi girl what she was doing in Japan, though I was curious—and she didn't tell me, directly. But as we alighted from our last transfer and walked up a quiet residential street that had a look of simple Japanese elegance, far from downtown Tokyo, she told me she was going to visit an elderly Japanese lady she had never seen. Our conversation was far more labored and complicated than I report it here:

"My father was a doctor, a German," she said, "who spent his early years in Japan as the pupil, associate, and friend of another German doctor, Erwin Baelz, much older than he. My father's friend was

for years personal physician to the imperial family and was famous and much revered in Japan.

"Both he and my father taught at the medical school in the university. Then my father returned to Germany, and I was born there. His friend remained in Japan, where he married a young Japanese belle. That was forty years ago. He has been dead many years, but Hana Baelz is still living here in Tokyo. It is she I am going to visit.

"Do you know," the Nazi girl said, giving me the clue I needed for her being in Japan, "I think most Japanese have forgotten the great contribution of German medicine to Japan's well-being. In Erwin Baelz's biography, which is made up of excerpts from his journal, he predicted that his fame would be as impermanent as that of an actor. Before German doctors came, Japanese died almost as fast as they were born, and the population was stationary. Look at it now."

I had the feeling that this young woman was here to find a way to remind the Japanese of their debt, in this respect, to Germany. I wanted to see how she would do it. I did not then grasp the world-shaking significance of the mosaic of which this was one little piece—how Germany began from the first days of the Nazis to court this potential ally in every possible way, while we neglected her.

We approached our destination. Houses in Japan are not always built to be entered directly from the street. Frequently all the houses in a given block will front on a compound, a sort of parklike garden in the center of the square block, a compound that serves all the houses adjacent to it. At the entrance to one of these the Nazi girl shook my hand and thanked me. "I hope you find your way back," she said.

But this was not the way to see Japan. So I said:

"Maybe she won't be home, and you'd have to go back alone. Better I wait."

"She knows I'm coming."

Then, in desperation, I said simply that I very much wanted to see the inside of what I could tell from the neighborhood would be one of the best of upper-class Japanese homes. I asked if I couldn't at least go with her to the door, perhaps be invited in for a few minutes, and then take my leave.

"But I've been asked to dinner—by telegraph when I landed," she said. "It might be embarrassing."

"It won't be," I promised. "I'll say I had dinner a half-hour ago and must keep an appointment downtown."

We walked up the lane, opened a little wooden gate, and found ourselves in a Japanese garden, one of those that help so much to compensate for all the ugliness and dirt and vermin that infest so much of Japan.

Gardens are almost always small, and this was no exception. The central area was carefully tended lawn, and that gave way so gradually to tiny dwarf trees, then larger ones against the houses, that the whole area seemed much bigger than it was. There was, off center, a tiny lily pond with fish, fashioned of rough stone, and beside it a stone lantern, old and weathered, cut from spongelike volcanic rock. I could see that candles had burned there on summer evenings.

The house of the doctor's widow apparently had ample funds to maintain it. The lady was rich, and the house was much nicer than the ordinary home in Japan. Yet its elegance was manifest only in little ways—by the choice woods used in its construction, by the fine weave of the matting on the floors, for example. These little things I might scarcely have noticed had I not been looking for contrasts between homes in this neighborhood and those of Japanese in a lower economic level. The house had none of the garish, the rococo, the immediately impressive elegance of so many homes of the well-to-do in other lands.

That was a characteristic I noticed time and time again in Japan—the absence of display of wealth by those who possessed it. To the mind of the Japanese who could afford it, there would be something vulgar about building a house to impress people. Instead, he will expend large sums for refinements not obvious at a glance, or for a particularly well-kept garden, or for some rare and costly, though insignificant-seeming, object of art.

Take the *hakemono*, for instance. It is a painted scroll. These hang in every Japanese home—from the richest to the poorest. They are suspended between two round wooden spindles and may be rolled up on one of them when not displayed. A householder may have a thousand, or he may have only one for each of the seasons. Yet only

one is hung in a room at a time; the rest are put away. There are kakemono so rare and fine that they may cost 50,000 yen. And yet very beautiful examples may be purchased in the Japanese 5-and-10-sen stores. Unless the beholder were an art connoisseur, the one would look as fair as the other.

Japanese rooms have in them a "sacred place"—or god shelf—a little raised alcove flanked by a pillar of polished natural wood. Many of the Japanese folk sayings refer to it, such as these: "Dust on the god shelf means dust on the soul," or "Prosperity of the family comes from the god shelf." Yet in themselves these protestations of reverence mean no more than they do in any land where the form of a religion has become more important than its spirit. On that god shelf, which is raised somewhat from the floor and usually is little larger than a pantry shelf, there stands a vase of flowers. Now, a vase—and flowers to go in it—are available to anyone, however poor. The difference in the look of the rich man's sacred place and the poor man's is observable only in the care with which the wood for the pillars has been selected and polished, in the costliness—not the size—of the flower vase, and in the arrangement of the flowers.

Long years of costly, painstaking education may lie behind the arrangement of the flowers in the vase of the Japanese family whose life makes claim to elegance, for flower arrangement is one of the fine arts that must be studied under old masters. It may have cost a fortune to teach a daughter how to do it; or perhaps a servant draws better pay for her skill in meeting the mysterious dictates of this age-old custom.

But the daughter of a stevedore can pick some flowers by the roadside, put them very prettily in a vase worth twenty-five sen, and the general effect is quite as pleasing as that of the alcove in the rich man's home.

That the Japanese is a shrewd and opportunistic businessman, that he is intensely ambitious and materialistic and crafty and grasping, appears to be true. And yet so strong is the spirit of the old Japan, so strong the influence of those national heroes who lived frugally and simply, like the samurai in the olden times, that the evidence of the success of this materialism on the part of rich men does not take the physical form it so often takes in the United States.

Thus it is that Japanese in America have been criticized by many of

us, including myself, not only for becoming rich at our expense, but, being rich, for continuing to live as they lived when they were poor. Yet if they did not they would not be Japanese.

Again I seem to be praising certain qualities of the mind possessed by our enemies. And this is wartime. But it is not to praise them that I set down these observations. I wish to draw several conclusions that seem useful to know—especially useful in wartime.

First, this aversion to impressive show of wealth forces even the members of the richest and most powerful families to live simply and unostentatiously. This helps to create in the mind of the casual observer a false impression of the national poverty of Japan. That nation's wealth is much less than ours, of course. But it is not as much less as statistics indicate.

For, because of this simple home life, a larger *proportion* of Japanese wealth is in productive facilities, and a much smaller percentage in non-productive homes, estates, fine apartments, clubs, hotels, yachts, furniture, and the like. An incredibly large percentage of America's national wealth exists in those forms, in the facilities necessary for gracious living, which are assets in times of peace but are only liabilities in wartime, costly to protect and to maintain. Much less of Japan's wealth is in that category.

Perhaps even more important is the effect of this condition on the morale of the workingman in Japan. On the island of Hokkaido, in the north, I traveled for some time with a rich Japanese steelmaker and his wife. The man had been educated by his family in the finest and costliest of American universities. Had he been American instead of Japanese, with the same background and economic status, he would perhaps have been vacationing with a chauffeur and a sixteen-cylinder car carrying a great deal of luggage.

But this Japanese industrialist was on a week's trip with no luggage whatever except a small metal washbasin, a washcloth, and a cake of soap tied up in a big handkerchief. He needed no toothbrush, because hotels supply cheap, sterile new ones each morning, sealed in glassine bags, with dabs of tooth paste already in place on the bristles. The man would not have carried even the little he had, he told me, except that he was afraid of infection from the use of unsterilized public washbasins. My point is that Japanese workers in Hokkaido, seeing this man, did not know by his looks or his mode of travel

what he was and therefore could not envy him or compare his lot with theirs.

But the American counterpart of that industrialist, and more particularly his family, would have lived and traveled so luxuriously that workmen who saw him would be human enough to envy him, not because of his power or his holdings, which involve responsibilities they would not and could not accept, but merely because of the material evidences of success he had purchased with part of the earnings from those holdings.

Time was in the United States when a rich man's possessions inspired in a beholder the remark: "And to think that guy started as a workin' stiff like us, without a dime! Shows what a guy *can* do in this country." Of late years it has been: "We put that son of a —— in the dough—slavin' for him at starvation wages!"

In my wanderings around the forty-eight states of the American Union as a hobo, as an itinerant factory worker, as a salesman, and as a reporter, I have had many a discussion with workingmen, union men, labor organizers, I.W.W.'s of long ago, Communists of more recent years, and others on their side of the fence. Arguments have been frequent and sometimes acrimonious because I always argued that the capitalistic system of profit and loss was most workable. And I have observed that the academic concepts of the strict economic merits of free enterprise vs. various shades of communism have been responsible for almost none of the actual bitterness I have encountered. That bitterness has come, instead, either from experience with or close observation of the terrific contrast between what President Roosevelt called the "ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-fed third of the nation" and those few score thousand Americans who use their wealth to put up a front.

To sum up in a single vernacular sentence the *real* reason for most of the labor unrest I have seen: "We slave for a few lousy bucks a week so J. P. Morgan and the rest of those rich guys can live in palaces and go to Europe on their yachts." Variations of props and personnel involved in that thought are legion. They include Rockefellers—though not as much as formerly—and Barbara Huttons and Tommy Manvilles especially. They include mink coats, penthouses, hundred-suit wardrobes, and castles on the California coast. If dissatisfied people have never seen such things themselves, they've seen

them in the movies. Nor does it matter that most first-generation industrialists and wealthy men lead rather simple lives; there are enough rich Americans who do not lead simple lives to make this basic appeal to envy so effective on the minds of people conscious of their own relative mediocrity. Thus there has been a great chasm in America between the "haves" and the "have nots." It is lightly bridged and camouflaged in wartime to make us feel united, rich and poor, against a common foe. But it is still there—as deep a cleft as ever—hurting our own war effort every minute of every day: "Sure, more production—so the big shot can make more dough . . ."

But in Japan, which signed Germany's anti-Comintern pact with alacrity because it seemed a bulwark against Russian communism, that feeling of envy-akin-to-hatred for the rich does not exist as it does here. Who *are* the rich? Travel from one end of Japan to another, and the way of life of all Japanese is to all outward appearances much the same. And thus there is a more united nation.

I asked a workingman in a Japanese factory—a chap who'd been for years in the United States—what he and his fellow workers thought of the owner. "You are making him rich," I said, provocatively.

Significantly, the workingman replied:

"More different here from United States. Boss take not so much more than workman take. He got not so much that we not got except much trouble."

Why, then, is a Japanese industrialist ambitious? The answer, of course, is that he is ambitious for power, just as this—not money or the material things it buys—is the motivation of most industrialists everywhere.

Money for itself, even in the United States, is more important to second generations than to firsts who knew always how to make more. But in Japan the great industrial families are so loath to leave the power of management in the hands of incompetents whose interests may be only in money and in fast living that it is a common thing for a great family, possessing male heirs, but possessing none with skill enough to carry on, to adopt likely young outsiders—irrevocably making them members of the family by legal adoption. Into their capable hands is given the control of machinery the elders have built, and which none of their own blood sons have shown the wit to run.

The custom is less incredible when it is realized that the adoptee does not inherit yachts and mansions, but only a rather humble life of great care and responsibility.

Therein is another reason why Japan was stronger, relatively, than the United States. Here, the American public supports two great labor organizations, with a vast personnel of well-paid officers, hundreds of buildings that range from the ultraswank headquarters of the AFL Boilermakers in Portland, Oregon, to the dingy little building in Camden, New Jersey, where shipbuilders' cash passes through a long row of wickets, past elaborate card files, into the CIO treasury.

Perhaps labor unions are necessary to insure a just distribution of the profits of industry, impossible otherwise, as the organizers say. Perhaps labor unions, taking the price of a suit of clothes from each member every year, result simply in cutting ambitious labor racketeers in on the division of the profits of industry, so that each of the other partners has less.

But whatever the justice of these organizations, they are by nature parasitical, in that they produce nothing. American people feel that they are a necessary part of our way of life, or they would not be allowed to exist. In Japan they are not considered necessary, either by the Government or by the people, and thus the potential machinery and personnel required to run them is freed for productive efforts. To build, say, a cargo ship in Japan requires the services of so many shipbuilders for a considerable period of time, but it does not require an additional outlay of wages to enable these thousands of men to maintain clerks in union headquarters, to pay officers, to contribute to political campaigns.

Nobody, probably, has ever figured out how many extra guns or planes or tanks or ships we could build if we turned every union headquarters in America into a parts factory, and every union officer, organizer, business agent, and office clerk into a war worker. But the total would be considerable. They do it in Japan; they've never thought of doing anything else.

Certain it is that the American war effort is still being hampered—as the Japanese war effort is not—by labor disputes on scattered fronts. And it requires a vast and costly executive and secretarial organization to run the labor unions, to collect and spend their funds—for picketing and propaganda, for lobbyists, and for politics.

Labor unions cost *somebody*—the employers, the members, the public, or all three—hundreds of millions of dollars each year.

This is an argument neither for nor against labor unions. Whatever their merits in time of peace, however necessary they then may be, in time of war the labor movement is an Old Man of the Sea clinging to the shoulders of war production in the United Nations. It is a handicap that does not affect the Axis war economy. Hitler and Mussolini ruthlessly put down the labor movement, not because they hated it, but because they planned for war. The Japanese never had it. Thus, in the Axis, all the man power required to operate organized labor is simply either fighting or producing directly the tools of war.

But back to Tokyo! Here, in the home of the rich doctor's widow, I was seeing an example of how to live simply though rich, how to retain the system of free enterprise without antagonizing those who had failed to win its rewards, and, more important, how to keep a people unified in a world which dissipated so much of its potential productive energy in bitter controversy over how the products of industry should be divided.

One characteristic that sets Japanese homes apart from those in other lands is their complete lack of statuettes, pennants, pictures, drapes, doilies, oddments of furniture and other bric-a-brac that, chosen with varying tastes, marks homes in other lands. Such stuff *exists* in Japan, for it is sold at country fairs and in booths along the Ginza at night. But it stays put away in closets. Perhaps one reason for it is the Japanese custom of sitting on the floor in rooms virtually without furniture. There just isn't any place to put gimcracks except on the floor, and since one walks about the rooms in stocking feet, anything there is a definite hazard to tender toes. Nor is it practicable to move into a Japanese room a cabinet of drawers, or a cedar chest, or anything else of considerable weight. Such an object would soon imbed itself into the thick straw mats and ruin the floor.

Cleaning these empty rooms is a quick and easy chore for a Japanese housewife. It is to this feature of Japanese home life, partly, that I attribute the large numbers of working women. One might see a Japanese mother working in the fields with her husband and children, and wonder when she had time to do her cleaning and dusting, until he realized how little of it there is to do.

This contrast was startlingly apparent in the home of the doctor's

widow, for some rooms in it were Japanese and some were German. The old doctor had never personally adopted Japanese ways; his wife had never given them up. They had therefore compromised on a house outwardly Japanese, inwardly half German. And the widow delighted now to show visitors his rooms—his study, his bedroom, and his library. For sentimental reasons she had preserved them much as he had left them, cluttered and piled—but neatly, withal—with relics and trophies of a long and busy lifetime.

There was a sort of transitional parlor—part German, part Japanese, but not completely either—where the German friends of the doctor might still sit in rocking chairs and look at a kakemono and the flower arrangements in the sacred alcove. It was here we sat, the Nazi girl and I, after the doctor's widow had greeted us cordially. The conversation was mostly in German, and some of it I missed. But the widow was pleased at the questions I asked about her husband's work; she took us to the library to show us his books. She explained that students still came sometimes to study his notes.

"He worked on many problems that still have not been solved," she said.

The Nazi girl's quick eye took in everything. Then she remarked, rather casually: "More people should know of his life and work—both in Germany and in Japan."

In the light of what has happened since, I know that this was her assignment to Tokyo—to use this doctor as one more means of building liaison between Germany and Japan.

Something had to be done to help sell Germany to the Japanese public. Not many years before, Japan had been Germany's enemy. Even now, as Germany cried for the return of her colonies, some were being held under nominal Japanese "mandate," but, as all the world knew, had been heavily fortified against all comers—in violation of the treaty under which they were held.

Consider the histories of Japan and of Germany, and one sees how little they ever touched in friendliness. There had been military co-operation in the past. Germans had helped build Japan's Army. But that didn't count for so much in the mind of the ordinary Japanese, partly because he wasn't told about it; partly because Germany had been more recently a Japanese enemy. But here was a humanitarian doctor who came from Germany and helped to establish German

medicine in Japan, to help teach young doctors, and to guard the sacred person of the most revered emperor of modern times against the ravages of disease that would not respect it.

The Nazis weren't missing any bets, even then. And here was an opening wedge for propaganda. They had sent an ardent Nazi all the way from Germany because her father had been the doctor's friend, and it might seem natural that she was here. I saw the Nazi girl sometimes in the weeks that followed; I introduced her to a fellow who took her out. From him, from her remarks, from the Tokyo newspapers I knew what she was doing. The newspapers recorded that she was here; they quoted her remarks at length; they recorded that she had placed flowers on the doctor's grave and at the feet of his statue on the university campus; that she would write a biography of his life in Japan, with particular emphasis on his great love of Japan and of the Meiji Emperor which he had so often expressed to her father, which induced him to stay, which impelled him to take a young Japanese wife who still lived in Tokyo.

Was that good propaganda? Don't think it wasn't! It was the best. It said to the Japanese: "One of the greatest of the Germans thought very highly of Japan." I noted that when I first told Japanese I'd had dinner in the home of the doctor's widow they nodded politely—they'd never heard of her. Before I left Japan I could tell the story and they would say: "*You did?*"

Does United Nations propaganda today seek to convince the Japanese that Hitler's ideas of Aryan supremacy bode ill for the future of his ally, Japan? This Nazi girl, at the outset, was building a contradiction before that point was raised. And how many other Germans had been sent out on the same kind of enterprise?

It seems to me that the United Nations, and particularly the United States, miss their greatest chance for international good will by their failure to publicize dramatically their similar points of contact with other nations—how, for example, America has been sanctuary so many times to men who became the heroes of other lands.

Has a great motion picture ever been made of the life in America of Garibaldi, the Italian liberator? Or of the early years of Eamon de Valera and the sympathy of Americans with the cause of Irish freedom? Or of Kossuth, the Hungarian? Or of what America had meant to the Curies? A Hollywood producer told me not long ago

that his studio had long considered making a picture around the life of Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, the Czech leader who lived for years in America, who wrote the Czech Declaration of Independence in a house on Sixteenth Street in Washington, near the White House, who took a Chicago girl for his wife, and so loved her that her last name became his middle name. But the picture had never been made, because Americans weren't "enough interested in Masaryk," and the Czech market for pictures was "inconsequential." So instead they made another—perhaps about a rich playboy's love life.

But here was Nazi Germany, scarcely a year after the rise of Hitler, not missing a bet. Add it all up and we get a world war with a two-decade truce, during which truce our principal enemy was able to seduce away several of our allies. And here I was, seeing it happen, but not fully realizing its significance.

I could not help realizing, immediately, how passionately devoted was the girl to the Nazi cause. When our Japanese hostess asked about her swastika, her eyes lighted up and we were treated to a long and rosy eulogy of what Hitler and National Socialism had already accomplished for Germany. The girl was completely evangelical and starry-eyed about it. Exactly what she said I do not remember, except that "Germany at last has a Future as well as a Past—under the Fuehrer!"

At that point, having seen the house with its double allegiance, and having met its mistress, I rose to take my departure, as I had promised before we had entered the compound.

"But no," said the Japanese lady. "We are having dinner, and it is seldom, now that I am old, that I have guests for dinner. You must please stay!" And she really meant it.

But even as I demurred, a paper door slid open, and I saw the lady's servant-companion putting food on a little table—a low Japanese table—in a typically unfurnished Japanese room. It was Japanese food, and I could see it was the finest and choicest.

"I didn't know," the lady said to the Nazi girl, "if you would like Japanese food. So we prepared *two* dinners. This one is Japanese, and you will eat what you like of it." Then she led the way to another dining room, heavy with chairs and Teutonic furniture. There the table was also set, though food had not yet appeared.

"You try Japanese food. You do not like? Then you shall have German food. But perhaps you eat both."

"Oh, I cannot! Not so much," said the Nazi girl in desperation. Then she turned to me.

"You'd better stay, after all," her voice said. "We *must* eat everything," her eyes said, "to please Hana. And I cannot!"

"But I promised——"

"Never mind. I only hope you're hungry!"

I *was* hungry. I was always hungry in Japan. I usually remain hungry on purpose most of the time when I'm in a foreign land, for then I can eat anything, no matter how strange it tastes.

But these meals—both of them—were excellent.

I shall not describe the German meal, but the Japanese dishes included the ubiquitous tub of rice, Japan's bread. Lobster tails had been made into fritters fried in deep fat. In thin red-lacquered wood bowls there came tiny unshelled mussels in clear, delicious broth. To eat that, you lifted out a mussel with your chopsticks, and then, holding the shell in one hand, picked out the meat with chopsticks held in the other. After that you raised the bowl in both hands and drank the broth.

There were thin crisp white rice cakes, as light as snowflakes; with them came green tea. In a chafing dish on a charcoal fire soya sauce boiled; beside it were dishes of onion, egg, bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, and lean meat bits. This was a variation again of the famous *sukiyaki*, cooked at the table. It is very popular in Japan, and foreign guests usually get it.

The two meals took some time to eat, and I gave my attention to the matter at hand while the Nazi girl appeared to be asking questions about the old doctor and his work, and sometimes taking notes.

All guests of polite hosts receive presents in Japan whenever they go calling or go to a party. The presents are not expensive: china dolls, fans, handkerchiefs, paper novelties, rolls of tissue paper, prints, trinkets, and the like. By custom the departing guests thank their host effusively for them, then take them home and store them to give away again when *they* give a party. Thus it is that these presents have a shopworn appearance from much handling. But nobody minds. It's symbolic, and everybody understands the custom.

But our hostess piled us high with such things, and finally gave

us each a big box to put them in. I must have had fifty or sixty different items in my box, and I was very embarrassed. Not only had I eaten of two dinners to which I wasn't entitled, but now I was going away laden with presents that it would not be polite to refuse.

So at the gate to my hostess' compound I removed an excellent pearl-handled penknife from the end of my watch chain and gave it to Hana Baelz. She could see it was something I cherished, but by custom one does not refuse gifts. Instead she smiled, bade us wait, and returned with an extremely fine nail clipper which I still use.

As we walked down toward the car line, the Nazi girl said: "What will you do with these things?"

"I'll store them in Yozo Nomura's godown," I said, "until I go back to the States. Then I'll have doll dishes and water flowers and pictures and dolls and fans to give away to children in the States for the next four years when I visit their parents. I can tell them the story of how I got them, and they'll like it."

"Here," said the Nazi girl, "take mine. I can't cart them all over the world with me."

At that time, in Tokyo, I met a tall young American, about twenty-two, named Raymond Neal. He was spending several months in Japan and already had learned a good deal of the language. He told us that his father was "governor of Samoa." One day I introduced him to the Nazi girl, and immediately he began squiring her.

This astonished me a little, for though I knew that Raymond was neither broke nor stingy, I knew that he, like me, was living in a low-priced room and eating on the cheap. But he was doing it to save money to rent airplanes. He was crazy about airplanes. He was a skilled pilot, and he found that for thirty or forty yen—ten dollars or so—he could rent a small ship for a couple of hours.

His father allowed him a certain sum for expenses each week, but by economical living he could save enough in ten days for another airplane jaunt. And what else mattered? So Raymond, like me, had become a terrific bargain hunter.

For several days I did not see him, and when I did, he told me he'd been giving the girl a conducted tour of Japan. "Went to Kamakura today," said he.

"And now no more airplane flights for Raymond?"

"Hell, yes, sooner. She pays the bills," he said.

"Gigolo!" She *was* a few years his senior.

"She's over here on an expense account," Raymond said, "which I figure comes from the Nazis in Germany. She's got some work to do in Japan, but she wants to get a quick look at everything before. She doesn't like the Japanese as much as she pretends to, and she doesn't like the usual conducted tour any better'n you or I do. So what? So she was goin' to hire cars to take her every place, just like she was goin' to hire a taxi that day you met her. But I take us on trains and streetcars, unless we need a taxi, when I get it for about half of what she'd pay. I see that she gets fed for less than she'd spend if she were alone. She loves it. But I'm no gigolo. I save money for us both.

"She's sure sold on the Nazis," Raymond said, thoughtfully. "I kinda put my foot in it by calling them 'Nutsies.' She told me I wasn't pronouncing 'Nazi' right. Then I explained what 'nuts' meant. She got pretty mad. Funny she'd take it so seriously."

But Raymond continued to be her guide, and in a few days he announced that the condition of his exchequer would permit him to fly around the top of the cone of Fuji.

And he did, too, reporting that a strict route had been laid out for him which kept him far from all fortified areas near the coast.

"An' they said it would be pretty tough with me if I happened to fly over the Imperial Palace, on account of, I guess, maybe I might have a bomb, or on account of you mustn't look down on the Emperor."

"How was the ship?"

"Swell. Light. Easy to handle. Lots better'n I figured they'd be. These Japs are sure learnin' how to build 'em."

We hunted up a good cheap restaurant, where Raymond introduced me to a new dish he had discovered. He was indefatigable in finding them. Then we returned to the Imperial Hotel at dusk.

There are summer showers in Japan, but in Tokyo they came in the afternoon, rarely interrupting the nightly motion picture after dinner on the Imperial roof, when diners turned their chairs around, smoked, drank good tea or bad coffee, and faced the screen. It was at that time, when we could, if challenged, say we came too late for dinner, that Raymond and I and a couple of equally penurious coeds from an American university would quietly ascend a back staircase

and seat ourselves on the tufa rock balustrade of the roof garden to watch the picture. It spoke English but had written Japanese dialogue superimposed on the film.

There was only one projector, and it was during that nostalgic, days-of-the-nickelodeon wait of "a moment please while the operator changes reels" that we had a chance to look around at the diners sitting in the dim light, their faces lighted up momentarily by the glow of matches as they chose this between-reels pause to start fresh smokes. Here were the very elite of the foreign colony, the most famous and rich of the visiting guests of the Empire, and members of the diplomatic corps.

Yet how unreal it was, how like a strange dream—this whole vista of these people on the roof! This was so completely and utterly unlike the Japan we had come to see, yet we were in the very heart of the Empire. Just across the street was the Imperial Palace, surrounded by a medieval moat and a high wall. There the Emperor lived. He was reputed to own and draw the income from the Imperial Hotel. Slender rays of moonbeams slid between the treetops to the Emperor's garden, though we could see but little of it. It seemed strange to think that he was a prisoner there—that he could not sit even here; he could not even mingle with the Empire's elite on the rooftop restaurant of the finest hotel, his own hotel, in all his Empire.

This was not Japan. Visitors who remained, as so many of those who could afford it did, in this environment during their stay would never know Japan. And if even this were denied to the Emperor, what could he know of the rest of Japan except what somebody told him? And for that matter, what could these diplomats know about it?

Later, we sat in the lobby for a while, and Raymond talked, as he often did, about flying. Now he was telling us that the quality of Japanese-built planes was superior to the abilities of Japanese fliers. He was saying that foreign-born Japanese were better pilots than native-born. He said that Japanese tried to keep this fact secret, that they encouraged foreign-born Japanese, by paying them bonuses, to take up flying.

"But why?" I asked.

"Just because they can fly better. Got better balance." He tapped his ears. "Balance is here—inside," he said. "It's sort of an instinct

to remain upright, maybe. And natives over here don't have it like we do."

The humorist Will Rogers had been standing near by. He looked our way interestedly as Raymond explained:

"Y'got a lotta gadgets back in your ears like the hammer, anvil, an' stirrup; an' y'got the semicircular canals, all filled up with liquid an' lined with delicate hairs. Well, I don't exactly know how it works, but it's your ears that tell you whether you're right side up or not. Now, American babies are handled very gently. They aren't tossed around any, an' so their semicircular canals are still sensitive. But you take Jap kids. Look at 'em. Tied onto Mamma's back with their heads wobblin' back an' forth, swayin' an' floppin' from one side to another, or even jerkin' this way an' that as their mother's workin' or runnin', or gettin' on an' off cars, or hangin' up the clothes. Well, the kid learns to keep on sleepin' with his head floppin' that way. It just means that he's overcome the sensitivity of his ears; he's used to it an' it doesn't wake him up as it would us. It's the same as bein' barefoot. You can feel anything with your feet until they get all toughened up an' calloused; then you can walk over gravel. Well, if the Jap kid wasn't used to those sudden changes in position, he'd wake up, same as you or I would. But he doesn't. Why? Because his ears are toughened up, an' not sensitive any more like they gotta be to fly."

Will Rogers nodded thoughtfully. "Sounds mighty logical, son," he said. "Wouldn't make so much difference in straight flying as it would in stunt flying or fighting in wartime."

I've often thought of this explanation—when I read that Claire Chennault's Flying Tigers, using ships inferior to the Japanese Zeros against which they fought, shot them down about ten to one. I think of it, too, when I read of shot-down Japanese fliers wearing American high-school rings, as if foreign-born Japanese had been chosen for the initial airplane assault against the United States.

But there aren't many foreign-born Japanese available. And it may well be that the dulling of the sense of balance in the jerking, bobbing heads of Japanese babies will help us win the war. I hope Raymond Neal was right about it.

IX

The Town on the Crest of Fujiyama

Now that I had been for some weeks in Tokyo and Yokohama and was beginning to feel at home in Japan, I went to the American Express to see about a ticket for a long railway journey through the Empire.

"If you buy your ticket all at once," they said, "for a continuous journey with stopovers, it will be cheaper the farther you go."

So I bought 6,000 miles of railway transportation, third-class, for about \$15 in American money, and got a ticket that was to take me to far corners of Japan, Korea, and Manchuria. This was at the rate of about a quarter of a cent a mile in United States money.

The American Express got no commission on that ticket. It merely acted as an unpaid agent for the Japan Tourist Bureau, which held a monopoly on such services in Japan. But the firm was so cheerful and helpful about it that ever afterwards I have gone out of my way to reciprocate. Employed in the Yokohama office was a grinning, gold-toothed, much-traveled Japanese with a perfect understanding of English—any kind of English—and a Dead End Street accent himself. He took a great deal of personal satisfaction in, as he said, "really sending a guy somewhere."

I would be, he said, for days on end in places where I should see no foreigners and hear no English. "But you won't mind. You know all the words you need to eat and sleep and travel, and you'll learn more." He became so interested in my trip, and so enthusiastic, that he seemed to be taking it vicariously. He worked five or six hours typing for me the best schedule I have ever seen or heard of in any land. It was full of delightful little asides about the kind of people I would meet, food specialties of the various regions, notes on offshore islands worth visiting, bits of history, comments on the kind of manufactures for which certain regions were famed. He included suggested hikes I could take across particularly interesting country, and told me

where and when, after a day or so of walking, I could best catch my train again without going back.

It delighted the man that I planned to go light and did not mind native inns. "It's a helluva job," he said, "to dope out a trip for folks who've gotta have their comforts. Oh, sure, I can do it—we've got the standard trips everybody takes. But yuh don't see Japan that way."

In August it was still hot in the lowlands. But on clear days I had looked longingly off toward the gray cone of Fuji, reaching two and a half miles into the sky. Snow was melted from the cone; though some remained in great drifts down inside the crater, I was told. Yet there was an arctic climate on the mountaintop; it was freezing there at night. Logically, that was the first place to go. But one peculiarity of my ticket was that though it provided unlimited stopovers anywhere, it had to take me constantly over new routes and did not bring me back to the Tokyo area until I had traveled the whole Empire.

So I prepared for my journey carefully. I had observed that the Japanese customarily did not take suitcases on their trips, but that they carried their few travel needs tied up in a large handkerchief, called a *furoshiki*. The luxury of a *furoshiki*, whatever its appearance, was that of itself it weighed nothing; it expanded and contracted with the bulk of its contents; it could be slung on one's arm or shoulder or at the end of a stick—and it was the custom of Japan.

To have worn a wool suit seemed silly—except when I looked toward distant Fuji. First, it was too hot; secondly, it would have meant long delay while it was dry-cleaned; and thirdly, I should have had to carry a spare.

So instead I bought two pairs of cotton trousers and three heavy shirts of Fuji silk. My spare ones would become wrinkled, carried in a *furoshiki*, but I thought I had the answer to that.

Then I bought a big knife, one of those small boys' delights that included a scissors, a saw, drills, and a can opener. I bought the most detailed map of Japan I could get and a complete railway timetable. I took soap—not furnished by Japanese inns; and I took a toothbrush—furnished by only the best of them. I had a washcloth, razor, my camera, some film, and a tiny alarm clock. Also, I included the nail clipper Hana Baelz had given me, and a good Japanese Vocabulary.

How many times, carrying that light bundle, I was glad it was not more! Yet how many times I met Europeans who looked askance at me—at one of their people who had “gone native.” In the eyes of some of them, this was a serious affront to their own dignity. Europeans (and when I use that expression I mean *all* members of the white race; it is the Asiatic’s way of avoiding emphasis on the color line) always seemed to feel they would lose face unless they dressed and acted in a manner that made them feel superior to the Japanese amongst whom they were traveling.

Yet how often did polite Japanese faces and smiles mask a smoldering hatred of a party of foreigners who seemed determined in every way to show they felt superior to their hosts, the Japanese! How often their manner seemed to say: “We are slumming”! The only contact many a Japanese soldier of today has had with Americans has been with fussy tourists who treated him contemptuously—as a man of inferior race.

Small wonder that anti-American propaganda was believed by a folk who knew only our tourists, but who had no idea of the life of a Kansas farmer, a New York short-order cook, a Pittsburgh steelworker, or a Montana sourdough. The Japanese saw only our tourists, and they fancied stay-at-home Americans were like them—soft, discourteous, and lazy—and rich, always rich, beyond Japanese dreams.

Moreover, they knew there were opportunities for Japanese—great opportunities—to do well in America. There were opportunities totally neglected by Americans. But we had a dog-in-the-manger attitude about it. We considered the Japanese so inferior that we would not even set up an immigration quota for them as we did for the Italians. We called them Japs, and we hated them. This has been a part of their propaganda line. And if some Japanese from the interior did not believe it, he needed only to talk to someone who’d served American tourists.

I was trying to avoid the appearance of being a tourist. I might seem a weird and uncouth kind of American, but certainly I would not seem a snooty one. And thus, carrying my furoshiki, I set off for Fujiyama. I still wore my wool suit. I could ship it back to a dry cleaner in Yokohama after I descended, and ask him to deliver it to Yozo Nomura’s godown.

The town of Gotemba is the gateway to Fuji. As I approached it,

I had the exhilaration of impending adventure. For, in the travel books I had read, the intrepid explorers who wrote them had mostly ascended Fuji. I too would join that daring few. This was something I could boast about for years to come—having climbed the sacred mountain of Japan, between twilight and dawn—for Fujiyama is climbed at night.

Far off into the distance, like the train of a green skirt that Fuji wore below her ash-gray jacket, stretched terraced rice fields as far as I could see, until the horizon was swallowed up by a misty haze. Gotemba itself was a tourist town and little else. Every other store was a restaurant. Above the restaurants were inns. And between the restaurants were shops selling postcards and Japanese prints of Fuji, *kakemono* with poetry about Fuji-san, superimposed on the snow-peak that served as background for the ideographs. *Yama* means "mountain" in Japanese, but the suffix *san* is a term of endearment.

Some shops sold phonograph records with songs about Fuji-san; there are many of them. There were shops that had *kimono*, rolls of paper for doors, ashtrays, porcelain and pottery, and every other conceivable kind of thing that could be decorated with a Fuji motif. I have seen curio districts in American resorts, but nothing that begins to compare with this.

A bus ran for some kilometers farther up the steepening mountain slope, to Subashiri, and it cost about fifty sen. But groups of Japanese, spending their fifty sen for straw sandals to protect their shoes from volcanic cinders, and wide-brimmed hats to protect their faces from the afternoon sun, swung off up the road on foot to Subashiri, carrying huge packs and swinging heavy staffs.

It seemed strange that, with the steep and wearisome slopes of that mountain looming ahead of them, people did not spend fifty sen to save a walk of eight or ten kilometers—about five or six miles. But few did. I had carried my bags a block in Yokohama to save one yen—twice that much. But this time I would ride as far as I could. The bus schedule wasn't too frequent. Only foreigners, old people, and sissies rode to Subashiri.

While I waited I observed branding irons heating in a charcoal fire at a tiny shop near the Gotemba station. A little knot of Japanese schoolboys approached, and each paid a copper to have the brand burned on his stick.

This, I was soon to learn, is an institution in Japan—and a significant one. Every boy, when he starts out on his first trip away from home, is given a stout, straight-grained, octagon-shaped stick. It is heavy for him then—perhaps an inch and a quarter through, and several feet long. Suppose his first trip, as a lad of six, is to a national park or some other famous place not three miles from his home. When he gets there, he goes right off to the man with the burning brands and pays a copper to have the very first brand burned on his stick—the first of the brands which he hopes someday will cover the stick completely. The brand will certainly be something symbolic of the place he is visiting. Usually it is a rather dainty picture which must be applied to the surface of the stick with great skill, lest it burn so deeply that its delicate detail is lost.

One may obtain baggage stickers—our nearest equivalent to this custom—from friends, or from men who specialize in furnishing impressive assortments of such stickers. But no one can get the dainty outline figures of a calm and placid Buddha bearing the Japanese characters for *Daibutsu* anywhere else but in Kamakura. And anyone who mailed a stick, or who carried *two* sticks, would be bitterly scorned. It just isn't done.

Of course there are different and competing designs of burning brands at every resort, and one who wanted to own what was merely a superficially impressive stick might obtain twenty-five brands as the result of his Fuji trip if he wanted to pay for them. But this is childishness. Each brand must represent a part of an adventure—so that the stick tells its own story. Thus a Fujiyama trip might well be covered by the brand of the place where he got off the train, paused to eat, and started his climb, by the brand of the resthouse along the trail where he slept a few hours, and by a brand obtainable only on Fuji's crest. A trip to Matsushima ought to include brands from each island visited—for some have been known to go to Matsushima and only look at the islands from the mainland. But at Gifu, where there is cormorant fishing, a single brand is enough.

There are high mountains in Japan and Formosa. There are far-off volcanoes. There are mountain villages difficult of access, which have their place in history, where a carpenter, the postmaster, or even a humble woodcutter living on a mountain trail will heat a branding iron for the traveler and earn tobacco money thereby.

These hard-to-get brands are most cherished of all, and a lad who is ambitious to have the most enviable of walking sticks will carry away but a single brand from Fuji, and that one from the farthest rim of the crater. The Japanese, as Lafcadio Hearn has correctly said, are the greatest travelers of the world—in their own country. And these branded sticks are symbolic of men who take the hard way. If Japanese military leaders had no other cue to guide them, they could pick the toughest, strongest, most courageous and venturesome candidates for a Commando invasion force simply by choosing 100,000 young men according to the brands on their sticks.

Presently the Subashiri bus pulled in beside the railway station at Gotemba, and I climbed aboard to ride as far as I could. It was a slow journey over a hard, rough, and incredibly narrow road that was quite without shoulders, where paddy fields began right where the roadbed ended, giving me the illusion, as I sat bouncing within, that we were rolling right across the rice fields, on no road at all.

There are few wide rights-of-way for highways in Japan. Each time a new road is built or an old one widened, parts of thousands of fields must be condemned, and there is that much less room for crops.

Rice fields must be level, for they are flooded part of the year. Here the lower slopes of Fuji, though fertile, were already so steep that paddy fields seemed almost as narrow as steps—steps for a web-footed giant to climb on. But if the steps were wet and muddy, the “risers,” or steep ascending slopes, almost vertical between the steps, were dry. Even these were used, for here were planted bean rows. There is mighty little unused land.

The bus wound slowly onward and upward toward Subashiri, and at last deposited me in the late afternoon at the doorway of an usually fine *yadoya*, whose proprietor seemed delighted at my so lightly burdened arrival. He brought me a printed card which bore the heading:

LIST OF EQUIPAGES NECESSARY FOR FUJI-YAMA CLIMBING UP

Smilingly, he assured me that he had them all.

I would need a wide-brimmed straw hat to keep off the sun. I would need an umbrella to keep off the rain. I would need grass sandals to protect my shoes, and a grass mat to lie on. I would need a considerable lunch, including some tea, and perhaps some dried

octopus meat—very nourishing—to chew on. I would need a stick to help me climb. I would need a lantern to light my way at night on the dark trails. I would need a number of other things, and, finally, a knapsack to put everything in and leave my hands free.

The fellow was deeply grieved that I wanted none of them—no mat, no sandals, no lunch, not even a stick.

"No one," he said sadly, "climb Fuji without stick."

But I had dinner in his restaurant—rather a good one, though expensive. He beamed at me and gave me his personal attention. I think he felt that I doubted the quality of his "equipages" and perhaps intended to shop for them elsewhere in Subashiri, for when I paid him he resumed his sales talk. It was not that he wanted to *sell* these things—oh my, no!

"You before Fuji never climb up. I know. My friend I desire only assist."

I looked out across his garden at the towering summit so far above my unaccustomed feet. I am no mountain climber, no athlete. I said:

"Mister, I don't think I can carry even my own weight up that damn mountain. And I won't carry your equipages, however cheap."

"Excuse, please. Cheap? Yes. Very cheap. Special price I make. Complete equipages—five yen. Only for America friend."

I looked at him whimsically.

"You would as-sist A-me-ri-can all pos-si-ble?" I asked, enunciating every syllable clearly as I did when I wished to be understood by a man who knew but little English.

"Yes. For friend, anything!"

I then asked if I could leave what equipages I already had—my furoshiki bundle—with him until I descended. I would then have dinner with him again. He could only say yes, and as I departed he looked after me with doleful resignation.

The mountain trail was easy to find, for it was heavy with traffic of climbers. It was so old and so well traveled that it had been worn by footsteps, and by the water that runs down mountain roads after rains, to a depth of several feet below the surrounding terrain. The trail was a deep trench, wide enough for three to walk abreast, bordered by the trees of a great forest, for here the land was much too steep for farming. The woods on either side deepened the gloom of approaching night.

The grade was considerable, but steady, and the evening still humid and hot, even though the altitude was already a few thousand feet. But there seemed to be a sort of damp, warm tail wind moving up from the torrid valleys below, funneling itself upward between that avenue of trees as up a chimney. My clothes were soon soaked with perspiration. I removed my coat and shirt and carried them.

But as I walked on, I was to hear voices and see bobbing lanterns far behind me. Then a group of fast-climbing Japanese would overtake, greet, and pass me, all carrying heavy packs and the complete assortment of equipages the innkeeper had tried so hard to sell me. That it all might be useful on Fuji I did not doubt, but even my coat and shirt were heavy.

At last the tree-lined trail ended where the talus slope of loose volcanic ash began, and there stood the first of a series of rude resthouses that lined the summit trail. No one was actually "resting" here; I could look within and see the bare earthen floor in dim lamp-light. Very poor tea and poorer "cider"—soda water with a faint and questionable flavor of old apples—were served expensively in small measure. It cost a yen and a half to quench—almost—my thirst.

Now the trail became steeper and extremely monotonous as it zigzagged steadily up the mountain: a few hundred yards in one direction, a turn, and a few hundred yards switchback. It was never-ending repetition and not difficult at all. I passed more resthouses. More Japanese passed me, swinging along jauntily, singing chantlike songs of school or of Fuji-san, and always carrying those heavy packs.

I stopped for more tea, and it was more expensive now that I was higher on the mountain. Here the resthouses were larger and better-patronized. I saw climbers, packs beside them, stretched out asleep upon their straw mats on the hard-packed earthen floors. Well they might sleep awhile, for the time to reach Fuji's crest is just before sunrise. I climbed wearily on, past resthouses numbered 3, 4, 5, and 6. It was colder now—too cold to sit and rest beside the trail, but warm enough if I kept moving. ●

It had been early evening when I left Subashiri, but it was now long past midnight. I had climbed thousands of feet; there were still more thousands to go. Cinders got in my shoes, and I had to stop often to dump them out. Cold winds now whipped round the mountain. I asked what it cost to sleep in Resthouse 7. Fifty sen. Rest-

house 8. Resthouse 9. Now these places were large and warm and crowded with sleeping Japanese. But if I went to sleep now I might miss the sunrise from the mountaintop. So I kept climbing. My damp coat felt cold when I put it on. At Resthouse 10 I could go no farther. Here the sleeping price was one yen. I stretched out on the hard dirty floor, telling the man when to waken me that I might continue my climb while it was yet dark and be on the summit before the first faint rays of dawn.

The resthouse was rudely built of timbers and a kind of cement or adobe made of volcanic ash. Though it was now bitterly cold along the trails, it was warm and cozy inside this crude shelter. There was a little charcoal brazier near the door, but no fire in it. The thick walls of the big hut and the heavy roof built strong against winter snows had been absorbing all the hot sunshine of a long summer day and storing it against the cold of a mountain night. Only after cloudy days, or early and late in the season, did they need to burn precious charcoal.

When I was awakened my muscles ached. I stumbled out into the blackness again. There was only starlight on the trail and the faint reflected skyglow from the lights of distant Tokyo, but so straight and monotonous were the switchbacks that this light was enough.

But near the summit the air was clearer, and there was now risen moonlight on the trail and the white clouds below. I toiled upward, resting often but not long, for it was too cold. Not a ray of dawn appeared until I stood beneath a torii—one of those arches like a football goal post gone Oriental that means a Shinto temple is near—on the crest of the crater.

A few fleecy clouds shone silvery, with lights of Tokyo, Yokohama, and lesser towns flickering between them. The lakes at the foot of the mountain were dimly visible as misty outlines.

The sky grew brighter, then golden on the horizon. Lights below winked out. From the ocean leaped the sun, and it threw into sharp silhouette the island volcano Oshima, with its plume of smoke, a favorite dying place for disappointed lovers or men too fastidious for hara-kiri.

With the first faint rays of dawn, the crest of the crater rim was an eerie place of wild and strange enchantment. Topographically, of course, it was a circular ridge dropping on the inside some hundreds

of feet to the crater floor, where drifted snow, blown up the mountain and over the crest by winter winds, still lay in deep unmelted drifts in places where there were no vents of steam still issuing from the bowels of this not-yet-extinct volcano which last erupted in 1707. But the ridge around the crater, unlike the ashen sides of the mountain, was of jagged lava rock, queer-shaped, with shelves and wind-swept pinnacles. And on it was a town!

Everywhere they could perch were buildings that resembled nothing earthly; they were built in strange shapes to conform to the rock around them. Some were on tiny level spots; some clasped themselves around the bases of pinnacles; others seemed to hang crazily out into space. There were resthouses and rude temples—temples everywhere, for Fuji is a sacred mountain, and its ascent still has a religious significance to the Japanese.

In places these misshapen structures clung to both sides of the summit of the crater rim, leaving a queer crooked street between. In other places the trail wound along below the houses perched on the crest of the rim. There is a considerable number of priests, keepers of resthouses, sellers of food and tea and charms and curios, guides and porters and branders of sticks, who live all summer long on the crest of Fuji. Add to these all the pilgrims and travelers who remain overnight, and there is a summer population which would not fall below several hundred.

And in the dim light of the early dawn, with bitter, far-below-freezing wind of great velocity whistling through the weathered timbers that, reaching out from the houses, braced them so cunningly at every possible point, my impression of this ghostly gray village on top of the world, with its silent people moving along the trails, was one of the oddest I have experienced before or since. It can have no counterpart anywhere else on earth.

Violent storms sweep sometimes over the mountains—storms that are typhoons in the valleys below—and blow some of even these stanch buildings off into space.

There is no wood on the mountain—except around its foot. Food and charcoal must be carried up eight or nine thousand feet. There is no water except what is brought as dirty snow from the crater floor. And since the village is left deserted but for the gods of the mountain and of the storms during the long months of winter, no

one builds bathtubs or brings bedding, or builds or furnishes with much regard for comfort.

There was no paint used anywhere—nothing to preserve the wood. And so the wind and sun and rain and frost had cracked the wood of temple doors and torii, of walls and timber braces, and bleached it to an ashen gray. Thus the whole weird village blended with the cinders and the lava rock on which it stands in a kind of natural camouflage. For this reason one cannot see the village when he looks at Fuji through glasses, unless the lenses be strong and his eyes sharp. The village cannot be seen in photographs, not even in those taken from airplanes. But now there was an illusion of the outer ramparts of a Shangri-La in the bitter cold of the first few gray minutes of dawn. However, as that gave way to daylight, and as I looked from the sunrise back to the mountain again, the illusion vanished utterly.

The summit of Fuji, from close range, is one gigantic rubbish heap. For decade after decade the hordes of pilgrims who have come this way with their packs have opened them, eaten or rested, and thrown away hundreds of thousands of empty wood rice boxes, broken bottles and crockery, fruit peelings, apple cores, fishbones, worn-out sandals, chopsticks, old straw mats, package wrappers, burned matches, cigarette stubs with their waxed-paper mouthpieces. This rubbish marred every vista from the mountaintop except the distant ones.

Within the crater, below and above the snow, rubbish lay in great windrows. Along the crest the wind had brought it to every rock crevice where an eddying breeze could drop it. Great rubbish-glaciers moved slowly, slowly down the outer slopes of the mountain, daily reinforced by fresh contributions. It was a horrible anticlimax to the sunrise.

Japanese take great pride in their love of beauty, in all their natural parks, and they tell us how they "improve" and "civilize" the lands they take. Yet here was Fuji, the grandest and most sacred landmark of all Japan, and it turned out to be a colossal mound of garbage and human excrement.

Yet in all that refuse I looked carefully again for metal—and did not see a scrap of it—not so much as a single bit of tin foil or an empty sardine tin. Porters constantly salvaged it and carried it down the mountain when they went for food and charcoal.

There is a trail that follows the rim of Fuji's crater, and I went

around it. Sometimes it dropped sheer on either side. Fuji's crater is large—perhaps two or three miles in circumference. I descended to the floor to drink melted snow water in a tiny pond still coated with morning ice. The water was not clean, but since it was on the far side of the crater where there was little garbage, it was cleaner than the water used for tea in the summit resthouses.

There wasn't much to do on the mountaintop except to look off into space; and haze soon spoiled the view. A Japanese might have taken days to read the scrolls left in the temples by pilgrims of bygone years, though I doubt that they were very interesting.

A Japanese approached me, to sell me the idea of descending the mountain via a slide. His passengers sat in boxes or baskets which, with the gentlest of constant urging by a man on a rope in front of a string of them, scooted down over the volcanic ash in a windward area away from trails and garbage. Descent in this manner was a matter of minutes. But I wanted none of it. He hadn't offered to bring me up. It was easy to get down.

I was told by a traveler that it wasn't necessary to return via the trail I had climbed so slowly. No. One took the route of the slide, walking in great, six-foot strides that were braked just enough by the ash one walked in. It was noon, and I was getting hungry. The innkeeper had been right about the food on Fuji; I hadn't been willing to try any of it, once I saw it.

This descent would have been fine, had I been wearing hip boots. As it was, I got started and couldn't stop, which was all right in itself, for I certainly moved fast. But my shoes filled with bits of hard volcanic ash. So I took the trail again.

In the darkness of the night before I had not noticed, but the trail was lined on both sides, all the way, with the same kind of rubbish I had seen at the summit. It was unpleasant going, and I had the anticlimactical feeling of descending a dirty ash pile in some city dumping ground. I was tired, it was dusty, and it was hot again. But at last I reached the timber line and that tree-bordered, sunken trail.

Here the environs of the trail were dirty, too. I struck off through the woods to take a nap. A hundred yards back the woods were splendidly primeval, with not a sign anywhere that anyone had ever been there before. There were soft mossy areas and grassy spots—and then I saw wild strawberries.

They grew profusely, and the fruit was dead ripe. They were small, but they were many, and I picked and ate them for an hour—until I could eat no more. I wondered why the Japanese did not come to harvest them. How good they were! I lay down on some moss and went fast asleep, waking several hours later, at sunset.

I found an empty rice box beside the trail, lined it with clean green leaves, and filled it with strawberries to take to the innkeeper who had kept for me my furoshiki bundle.

The trail to Subashiri was pleasant again, now that dusk shut out the view of all its rubbish. At its end the little innkeeper greeted me cordially, but with what must have been both relief and annoyance—relief that his customer was back again, unharmed; annoyance that I had made the trip without his equipages.

"You go all way top Fuji?"

"Very fast when no equipages," I said mischievously.

He looked at me reproachfully, then said I must be very hungry, because he knew no American could possibly eat the food they sold on Fujiyama. Of this he spoke with the quiet authority of one who knows his word cannot be challenged.

Nor could it. I suppose there were no worse victuals in the whole Empire, nor dirtier.

But the chance for fun with him was too good to miss. I looked startled. I said I was not hungry. I would eat only a little, but I would stay the night at his inn, because I was grateful to him for storing my furoshiki.

A cloud passed over his face; for all his commercial instincts, he was a sympathetic man.

"You sick because eat bad food?"

"No. No sick," I said. "No hungry. Full. Full very good Fuji food. Cheap."

The innkeeper shook his head ever so slightly. I think he was wondering how to call a European a liar and still be polite.

But when the table had been set for my light lunch, which he supervised without the enthusiasm of the previous evening, I asked for—but without explaining why I wanted it—an empty dish. Then with my dictionary I asked for some cream and powdered sugar. He had the dish, of course, and the sugar, but no cream. Dairy products were not a part of the diet here.

I went into his kitchen to see for myself. And there was a single familiar red-and-white can with carnations on it. Condensed milk! How good it looked! At first I thought it was an American importation, for the can was a dead ringer for that of Carnation milk. But it was only a Japanese imitation. And when the Japanese imitate, they do it right—they even copy the label. I punctured the can and carried it out to the dining room. Then I motioned the innkeeper to sit opposite me.

From my pocket I drew forth my leaf-lined, weather-stained rice box and filled the dish with strawberries. I put a little condensed milk on them, then some sugar, and pushed the dish before his astonished eyes.

"Food," I said. "Fujiyama food."

When the innkeeper had seen his choice can of Carnation milk opened, I think he figured I was going to buy it. And it would have been expensive. But now it stood in front of him, with his strawberries, and though he was delighted with them, I could see he was puzzled to find me feeding *him* in his own restaurant.

He was a good host. He wanted me to eat the berries. But I said I'd already had mine. He wanted to divide them. I said I'd had five times as many as I was giving him. I made signs to indicate a container holding about a gallon—and I rubbed my stomach gleefully.

Then at last he ate them, with chopsticks, dipping them carefully into the condensed milk with his chopsticks and adding pinches of sugar to each berry, one by one, as I showed him how to do.

"Not know these fruits Fuji-san," he said. "We must find."

I drew him a map of how to get to the berry patch. He took it gratefully, and he and his staff chattered about it excitedly. His help had been much interested in the American manner of eating berries.

"For me eat better," he said. "You eat——" He groped for words. Then he pointed to the sugar and cream and gave a negative wave of his hand. He meant that I had eaten my berries without.

"Without sweetening? Without cream?" I smiled as mysteriously as possible, and nodded. "But yes," I said.

That was beyond understanding.

I pulled out my best dictionary from the furoshiki, studied it awhile, found what I wanted, and then said, in Japanese: "Wild honey. And milk of mountain goats. Very good. Very cheap!"

It was of course utterly preposterous that I had found wild honey and milked a mountain goat. But I *had* produced the strawberries out of nowhere.

X

Rumpin on the Road

IN SUBASHIRI next morning I put on a pair of my new white pants and a new shirt of that heavy, unbleached silk they call Fuji silk, which had been made for me in Yokohama.

On the pocket of one shirt I had embroidered a monogram—the word *rumpin* in Japanese characters. It was rather an archaic word, but one that is well understood, even now.

In the feudal days of the samurai, a *ronin* was a sort of knight-errant who, spurning money, commercialism, farming, and worldly goods for the “poverty of knighthood,” went roving about the land. Of course he went bravely and gallantly, fighting that which was wicked, doing great good, and so on. A true ronin, say the Japanese who know their “King Arthur,” was a Japanese Sir Galahad, “whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure” and of course devoted only to knight-errantry. So it is, at any rate, in the Japanese storybooks.

Actually I suspect the ronin spurned money because he did not need it and carried or owned few possessions because he could “borrow” everything as he went along. I think he avoided farming and commercialism because he was too lazy. Japanese became industrious originally because of no inherent virtue or love of work, but because they had to be.

But whatever the true motives of the ronin, he was in glorious contrast to his humble follower, the rumpin. The rumpin, actually, was a follower who had been attached somewhere to a liege lord for whom he would fight upon occasion, but from whom he had been separated through mischance or defeat, or too much sake perhaps, and gone roaming off around the country on his own, living as best he might.

If Don Quixote had been a ronin, Sancho Panza might have been

something like a rumpin. The rumpin was often a whimsical fellow. He lacked the standing of the ronin that would have enabled him to levy tribute of horses or food or lodgings or women wherever he found them. Whatever the rumpin got he worked for, or gently lifted, or used his wiles to come by. Often in song and story he is so ludicrous and sympathetic a character that when one says "Rumpin," people laugh.

So I was a rumpin, an obscure nobody, a tramp, a good-natured guy who would sleep in a haystack or sleep sitting up, who would eat anything, who required no service, and who got about most of the time on foot, with a misadventure in every mile.

When I wrapped my wool suit for mailing back to Yozo Nomura, in Yokohama, with a note asking him to have it cleaned for me, the man in the post office where I mailed the bundle was the first to laugh at the design on the pocket of my shirt. And perhaps he was nicer to me for having seen it. At least, it seemed so.

Lightheartedly I swung off down the road from Subashiri to Gotemba, an easy journey now that it was all downhill. And I was but lightly burdened with clothing, and had only my furoshiki bundle swung over my arm. I bought a watermelon, cut it, ate part of it with my tool-kit knife, and gave the rest of it to children, who, I noticed, carefully saved the seeds to take home and dry and then eat like peanuts sometime when they were walking somewhere and time didn't count.

In Gotemba I climbed aboard a train, rode a half-hour or so, and got off. I didn't look at the name of the town—nor did I care. What did it matter? It looked like a typical town—one of the tens of thousands that make up Japan. At the first little café I saw I bought a bowl of soup, because it was good, and cheap. I put down my furoshiki bundle, and when I paid the man I asked if I could leave it there awhile. Of course I might. Now I went strolling again, all over the little town, quite unburdened and utterly carefree. Everything was interesting—the gardening, housebuilding, fishing, or whatever else I saw. When it came time for the next train, I asked my way to the *sutaisun*, picked up my furoshiki, thanked the man, and boarded the train.

Until dusk I rode, and where dusk found me I got off, found a *yadoya*, paid a yen for a room, ate a light supper, took another walk,

and then went back to the inn. At bathtime I washed my white trousers and my shirt and hung them up in my room to dry. I asked for extra mats to sleep on, to make a thicker, softer bed. I got them and used my furoshiki bundle for a pillow.

Over me, as I slept, there was hung a large green *kaya*, or tentlike mosquito net, almost as big as the room itself. Sleeping in summer in Japan is quite impossible without one—except in high mountains.

In the morning I found—as I would always find—that the *kaya* had been taken down as silently as dawn had come. The noise of my arising, though I tried to keep it faint, was the signal for my *jochu* to get my breakfast. I always asked for eggs and fish. Eggs, if fresh, are standard the world over, and cooked fish is always good in Japan.

The shirt and trousers I had washed the night before were dry now, or almost so. I rolled them up, tied them in my furoshiki, and put on clean ones that by now were considerably wrinkled. On the following morning I was to solve the problem of clean, freshly ironed clothes while traveling light.

Near the railroad station I left my furoshiki in a tobacconist's shop where I bought a package of Golden Bat cigarettes. I preferred a pipe, but I had assumed, since I had seen no Japanese smoking pipes, that there was no good pipe tobacco in Japan except imported, expensive kinds. Therefore I had reluctantly left my pipe behind with my things in Yozo Nomura's godown.

But cigarettes were fairly cheap, despite the fact that tobacco was a government monopoly that paid several hundred per cent profit for the maintenance of Japan's war machine. They were not as cheap, relatively, as they should have been—with packs of twenty selling, as a rule, at twenty-five sen and up. But workmen mostly smoked Golden Bats—I liked that name—at ten sen for a package of ten. They were slightly smaller in diameter than other kinds, but packed in each box were little cone-shaped, wax cardboard mouthpieces that would grip a cigarette at its very end. They were much better than pins for stretching a smoke down to the last short puff. And I was a rumpin.

Not only did I remember the depression back home, to which I must at last return, but still fresh were the memories of all the extreme measures I'd used to save money for this trip through Japan. Now that I was here, I was getting by for less than I expected—and

I was already wondering if I could make a quick trip through Korea, Manchuria, and China—after I had seen Japan.

When I left Seattle, I had not dreamed I could make such a trip. Only the most rigorous petty economies made it possible. And yet when I returned to Yokohama, the Bowery-accent Japanese at the American Express said to me: "You traveled cheaper and saw more than anyone I've served in years. It cost you less than it would cost Japanese themselves." I'm glad it did, for otherwise I should not have seen Japan. It is a strange paradox that the more money one spends above the amount required for the maximum of actual transportation, the less he sees of the life of the people.

On this morning when I left my furoshiki at the tobacconist's, I went walking out of the town, up a country road that followed a stream into the hills. It was such a walk as I was to take on fifty future mornings in Japan. I was going nowhere; I had no special objective; I just wanted to see how the people worked and lived, and come to know them. Sometimes I walked in cities, sometimes in mining towns, sometimes in fishing villages, sometimes in mountain hamlets. I wore out the thick soles of my shoes—soles that had been new when I boarded the ship. And in Japan I did something I've never done before or since—had little patches put over the holes in the soles for twenty-five sen. I did it twice, and they lasted, the second time, until I got home again and had the money for a pair of stout oak-tanned leather half soles.

Always as I walked, there were people—thousands of people, people young and old, but people mostly young; people playing sometimes, yet, as I think upon it now, hardly ever playing; people at work, people making things the hard way, struggling to live.

On this first road, this first morning, I passed things I was to see all over Japan. For instance, here was a thatched-roof farmhouse. And on two sides of the house was a grainfield. It was no bigger than a back yard in a Kansas town, but it was all the field the farmer had. It went right to the edge of the house on one side, without even a path cut through it. In front it curved with the road, and a tiny slice of it used up every square foot of the inside of a sharp curve. A map of the field would have looked like a fat letter "Y." The field was in several terraces, and it had been spaded by men—not plowed by horses.

At the center of the "Y" stood a pole six or eight feet high with grain growing close around it except for the faintest, narrowest of paths that was little more than a series of oft-replanted footprints. On the top of the pole was a tiny thatched house, built of tree branches. It was something like a birdhouse, only bigger—big enough for a child to sit in, yet not too big to require too much of a pole, or to cast too big a shadow on the ripening grain.

From the house ran a spider web of strings, perhaps two dozen of them. They weren't new strings, just scraps of old strings tied together, and they were fastened to stakes at the extremities of this tiny grainfield. From each string hung paper streamers—not pretty, colored ones, but just made of wastepaper. If someone gave one of the strings a series of quick jerks, the wastepaper streamers would flutter and rustle above the ripening grain.

A child sat in the tiny thatched stick house—a child of five, a child too young to do any real work, even in Japan. All he had to do was sit, for hours on end, in the little stick house above the grainfield and watch for birds. If a bird came—as one sometimes did—and settled down to eat, the child's job was to jerk one of the strings near the bird, rustle the paper streamers, and frighten it away before it could rob the child, his father and mother, and his brothers and sisters of so much as a single grain of precious food.

This was Japan. There were so many of these child-power bird-frighteners in use that I used to see them in my sleep. Perhaps the children who ran them did, too, though they never seemed to complain of their lot—the long summer days cooped up in a house of sticks on the top of a pole in a grainfield. But certainly no child who has gone through such experiences will ever, as long as he lives, leave thereafter in his bowl a single grain of uneaten rice. Nor is he apt, ever, to become fat.

Up the road a little way, I heard the sound of a big buzz saw beside the stream, and took a road that led to a little sawmill operated by half a dozen men and powered by a water wheel.

Powered? Well, the big round rip saw was power-driven, but nothing more. In the United States such a mill, wasteful of timber though it might be, would have contained a dozen or twenty items of power-driven, labor-saving machinery. It would have handled, moreover, three times as many logs with perhaps two men—two men and

their machines. But here, on this Japanese stream, straining men pulled or dragged the logs to the carriage, clamped them down, and *pushed* them past the saw. No conveyer carried away the sawdust; a man did it. No conveyer moved the finished lumber; men carried it by hand.

Not far up the stream was a flour mill and gristmill. It, too, was water-driven. But here again only the great stone grinding wheels were turned by power—everything else, even to the sifting of the finished flour, was done by hand.

Thus when one says: "Japan is mechanized," it is so, but incompletely. I saw such sawmills, gristmills, printing plants, pottery factories, and other little manufacturing establishments all over Japan using power only for the very heaviest operations. Japan's whole industrial system, with a few conspicuous exceptions such as textile mills and the heavy war plants, is based largely on the small, individual factory, where labor-saving machinery is not general.

Almost daily in the United States we read of astounding reductions in the number of man-hours or man-minutes required for this or that vital part of an airplane, a gun, or a tank. We have cut some operations from ten man-hours down to ten man-minutes. There are two reasons why we accomplish it. The first is the pressure of war-time. The second is the fact that that's what we've always done; we've done it for so many years that it's become a habit. As labor costs have climbed, American manufacturers have devised incredible automatons to counteract the effect of higher wages that would otherwise skyrocket the prices of their products beyond the point of ready salability. This has not been so true in Japan.

Here at home there has been bitter argument that the increase in labor-saving machines threw more and more men out of work, until "technological unemployment" became a burden too heavy to bear. And those who did not agree explained that if labor-saving machines were not used, the price of manufactured articles would increase with increased wages beyond the power of workingmen to buy them. Japan is the answer to the critics of labor-saving machines—and China even more so. In China a sawmill may operate without even power to drive a single ripsaw. I have seen coolies sawing lumber by hand in China—a single big board sometimes in one twelve-hour day, sawed by one man standing on top of the log and one below

pulling a handsaw. China is the answer to arguments against technological improvements. And in the use of labor-saving machines, Japan stands about halfway between the United States and China.

But it is this one difference between manufacturing methods that will in the end bring victory to the United States and Great Britain on Japan's home ground, where the war must be taken before it is won: the ability of the Yankees and the British to get more work out of a single man—by giving him machines.

And here I was seeing the difference between Japan, where there was very little technological unemployment whatever, and China. Had the natural result of Japan's machines been allowed full play, the Japanese would have had an easier lot—perhaps more comforts and certainly more time to play. But in Japan the difference between the Chinese economy and that of the Japanese—that is, the time that was saved—was used, all of it, to make the machines of war or to pay other men for making them. The difference between the United States and Japan was that in my homeland we got the benefit, mostly, of the time we saved. We got it in increased leisure and in more things with which to enjoy that leisure. Yet it is a leisure we cannot now keep if we are to win the war.

Before I reached Seattle to sail on the *Heian Maru*, I had passed through the fruit country of the Pacific Northwest at spraying time. I had watched men with huge self-propelled power sprayers at work in the apple orchards.

Japan has insects, too, just as we do—but more of them. She has bugs and flies and beetles and worms and fungus—more of such pests to cope with, by far, than the American farmer has. Japan has more bugs than an American farmer, after a day of fighting the voracious Japanese beetle, could imagine in the worst of his nightmares. Perhaps it was after a visit to Japan that the scientist cooked up the theory that someday the insect world would overcome the world of men.

Popular in Japan is a fruit that resembles both the apple and the pear and is in fact a cross between them. I often bought these apple-pears on trains and fruit stands, and I liked them. But one characteristic was their lack of sun-ripened color. They were pale and wan—as if they'd always ripened in the shade, which in fact they had.

On this morning, by the base of a hill too steep for rice fields, I saw a little orchard, similar to many another that had puzzled me

when I saw them from train windows. For the trees seemed to be growing paper bags instead of fruit. I walked through the orchard, where an entire family was at work. Sure enough, they *were* paper sacks—homemade sacks fashioned of wastepaper. As petals fell off the blossoms and fruit began to form, each tiny, rudimentary apple-pear had been tied with a paper bag to remain until ready to harvest. The paper bag prevented insects from laying their eggs and hatching their grubs in the ripening fruit. But what an enormous job it was to tie every single baby apple, on every one of the highest branches, within a paper sack! It seemed to me as if this were ten times the job of actually harvesting the fruit. And if the wind should blow very hard—typhoons are common in Japan—much of the work would have to be done over again.

No wonder these people are not fat! And how much—how very much—could such a people accomplish if, retaining their industrious habits, they had been given modern machines to rid their trees of bugs—machines they could not have because the materials in them and the machines to make them were going instead to the wars!

The late Arthur Brisbane once wrote a column about nuts. He discussed the economic soundness of raising them. Brisbane said that nuts as food were rich in fats and protein; that when shelled they were a highly concentrated food that did not require an excess of storage and shipping space; they were non-perishable and would keep for long periods against a time of scarcity; they provided valuable by-products of fuel and timber. But most important, he said, they grew on hilly, rocky land, unfit for other farming.

The Japanese raise some nuts; but the same kind of fight against insect pests, without machines or proper chemistry, that the farmers had to wage to save their crops of apple-pears was impracticable. And so, as one farmer told me, nuts were "not pay crop."

And yet, but for the insects, I could see what a really fine thing it would be if some of the ingenuity wasted in Japan were used to develop nut-growing. Such groves as did exist provided some of the hardwood that the Japanese carpenters, artisans, and woodcarvers work up so skillfully. Scrap hardwood made the finest charcoal. Nutshells are a valuable ingredient of the finest plastics. Even the leaves were saved. Waste straw from the threshing floors in Japan is used as fodder, not for livestock bedding. And so the farm animals

—what of them there are—are bedded down in leaves gleaned from orchards and forests, leaves spread later as manure upon the fields.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica says that not more than one eighth of Japan is arable. The rest of it is mountainous. But the mountains are not the high and bold and rugged rocks encountered in the scenic American Rockies. Rather they are low and rolling and forested; their scenery is characterized by verdure and softness, not by grandeur. And much of the country is ideally adapted for nut-growing—if the Japanese could wage a victorious war against the insects that ravish their fair islands.

After a look at the orchard I walked back to the station and boarded a train again. Perhaps this is too much to have seen on a single morning's walk up a country road in the rolling hills of Japan. Yet I saw it, and I am trying to write of fifty mornings instead of just one, and describe the things I was most apt to see.

I mentioned threshing floors, but could not here present an eye-witness description of grain as flailed out by hand or trampled out by animals where farm families are fortunate enough to possess them. I could not, but only because I was not there at harvest time. I saw the threshing floors. They made me think of two quotations from great literature, quotations that are so anachronistic in America that now they have lost their meaning and children to whom they are addressed cannot always understand them. One: "And catch the burning sparks that fly like chaff from the threshing-floor." That is Longfellow, from "The Village Blacksmith," and the figure of speech was timely when he wrote it—before the days of International Harvester. The other: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," is from Deuteronomy, and it was still apt in America in Longfellow's time. It would be a fitting admonition today in Japan if "man" be substituted for "ox."

Of such things I thought on this and other mornings when I went walking. Sometimes, indeed, I saw machines at work at such tasks as rolling cigarettes for the government monopoly. These machines were run by a crew of girls who worked each night until six or seven, then went to their lockers that were ranged out of doors in an alley beside the factory, stripped off their working clothes from their lithe bodies, and changed into *kimono*—noticed by no passers-by except me.

And there were automatic machines for making bolts and nuts and screws, and machines for drawing out the wire used in this electrically lighted country of abundant waterfalls. Machines were used especially in those industries that had some tie-in with the Government, or with the needs of mechanized war. They were few in industries operated wholly by and for civilians.

And what machines there were, often were old-fashioned and inefficient. For there seemed to be none of that willingness to scrap obsolescent equipment that characterizes the Americans. In one plant through which I was conducted by the proud superintendent, I saw an automatic bottle-blowing machine—though considerable glassware is still blown by human lung power. The man pointed to one machine in the oldest corner of the factory—near the furnaces and the heaps of carefully scavenged broken glass that was part of the raw material.

"This manufactured Unin' States," said the Japanese.

I looked at it. Sure enough. And it was made in 1897.

"Others made here Japan," he continued. And so they were, but they were duplicates of the original. Even the newest of them varied but little from the American model that had been copied. It has been commonplace for Japanese factories to buy a single unit of the latest American equipment, dismantle it, put their machinists and foundry-men to work on it, using its parts as actual foundry patterns for making new castings to be used in making replicas of the original. The process is slow, and the imitations are never as good, nor so efficient.

And while the Japanese for a decade or two are copying the "Little Giant Gadget Maker, Model 1," Models 2, 3, 4, and 5 may be coming out of the assembly rooms of American factories—new models superior to and more efficient in every way than the original model that has, with slight and inconsequential improvements, become standard for the Little Giant Gadget factories in Japan.

Another factor has entered into the situation in recent years.

The sales manager for the Toledo Scale Company, which is now making much automatic precision weighing apparatus used in chemical and explosive industries, once said to me:

"We used always to count on the Japanese as customers for our new models. Then we discovered they were making cheap imitations, putting our trade-mark on them, and selling them throughout the

Orient as Toledo Scales. They were even exporting to South America in competition with our own agents there. We quit selling Japan. Now they have to get our new models by trickery, if at all, and they no longer have our very latest designs to copy."

But these circumstances surrounding the manufacture of civilian goods apply but little to munitions- and armament-making. In this field none but the best has been good enough, and here the full energy, skill, and cunning of the smartest of the Japanese has been utilized. Foreigners, even at the time of my wanderings in Japan, were being kept out of shipyards where vessels were being constructed in violation of treaties. And they were excluded from munitions works and airplane factories. But there were ways to tell what was happening. Was not the *Heian Maru* one of them? Was not that vessel, after all, only another vital war machine, typical of what Japan was making?

Japanese railroads were not in a class with her ships. When Perry made his Pandora's-box-opening visit to Japan, there were of course no railroads in Japan, though they had become commonplace in the United States. So Perry took a railroad over on one of his vessels, complete with locomotive, rails, coaches, and all. It was a miniature steam road, the kind used even now at fairs and American amusement resorts. A circular track was set up in a courtyard, the locomotive fired up, and the local ruler allowed to ride. It was not the Emperor, as I have read, for the Imperial House was then in eclipse and was to remain so until the Meiji restoration that was one direct result of Perry's visit. The local shogun, or whoever he was, found it most thrilling to ride round and round that courtyard behind the puffing little locomotive. The story of his experience was told and retold throughout Japan.

But since this steam railroad—the first ever to operate in Japan—was a narrow-gauge and did all right, the first commercial railroads Japan built, though naturally bigger than the toy Perry had exhibited, were unbelievably narrow-gauge, also. And as the network of rail lines spread throughout Japan, the narrowness of their gauge and other diminutive characteristics were kept until it was too late to change them. So Japan's railway system of today made me think of logging railways in America, with the size and construction of the rolling stock matching the road on which it operated. Even the rails

were light. Engines were small and squat, relatively powerful as they had to be in this mountainous country, but they were not fast.

Sometimes, as I rode, I wondered whether the lack of speed was simply a result of the sharp curves and the grades we were constantly traversing, and whether we should not pick up speed on some level straightaway which never appeared. So one day, to satisfy my curiosity I got out of the coaches at a small way station, walked ahead to the engine, and swung aboard.

The Japanese engineer and fireman let me ride, explained things to me as best they could, and even let me handle the throttle. The engineer would probably have told a fellow countryman that it was forbidden to ride in a locomotive. But he grinned at me, pleased. Europeans and especially Americans were still held in such great respect by the ordinary citizen that I could go almost anywhere without being challenged—anywhere, that is, not under the control of military or naval authorities. I blush to think of the number of kitchens, factories, ships' bridges, homes, gardens, locomotive cabs, and such other places where I had no business that I entered boldly and unceremoniously and unchallenged in Japan simply because those who might have stopped me were humble men with too much respect for my race to try it. There was still, among the ordinary citizens, more than a trace of that awe for the foreigner that marked the entire imitative Meiji regime.

Early Japanese victories over Americans and British in this present war must have astounded the average Japanese civilian fully as much as they astounded us. But I have the feeling it will make some of them—even the pleasantest ones—a little vain and arrogant, and a little like the way Japanese soldiers can become. When this happens to some Japanese, they will become as cruel to Americans—their fancied inferiors—as they are now to animals. But arrogant men lose, as Americans and British have lost, some advantages given to them by humility.

Japanese railways continued to interest me during my entire stay in Japan. If they are not heavy and strong enough, and if their curves and grades are too sharp and steep to permit the use of the heaviest railway siege guns used by the Germans, these railways nevertheless have great value in defending the Japanese islands—particularly Honshu. For ever faithfully, to avoid the mountains that dip so

sharply into the sea, the railroads circle the shore lines of Japan and would be an effective factor in preventing the establishment of beachheads anywhere. Few indeed are the possible landing points that are not within easy range of medium-weight railroad-borne artillery, with which Japan is well equipped.

By contrast, in the United States, there are but few points on our long coastline that can be defended by railroad artillery and those armored trains that are mobile forts so much stronger and heavier than anything that can be carried by highway. At a few points on the California coast, between Los Angeles and San Diego, in the vicinity of Santa Barbara, in the immediate neighborhood of a couple of towns on the northern California coast, do railroads follow the ocean shore. They do not do so anywhere in Oregon, or in Washington, except on the shores of Puget Sound. The little narrow-gauge that ran northward from the Columbia River up the coast to the tip of that long sandspit that is North Beach has been long ago abandoned and sold for scrap.

On the Atlantic coast there are some points in New England where railroads follow the sea—but there are none at all in the east central states. A few hundred miles of ocean-shore railroad operate in the Florida area, but the Flagler line over the Florida Keys was abandoned after the hurricane a few years ago.

I make that comparison because I used to see armored trains and railroad guns in the Japanese Empire, and I know that these would be brought into immediate service against our Navy if we attempted to invade Japan or to shell her forts and cities with our naval guns. This is yet another reason why we must strike Japan in her most vulnerable spots—her concentrated industrial areas along the Inland Sea—and by air. Because mobile railroad artillery, added to the vast number of fortified areas along the coasts, plus the immense number of Japanese ships that could harass an invader, will prevent any part of the American Navy except submarines from accomplishing much along the coasts unless bombers first blast the shore-line railways beyond the amazing capacity of the Japanese to repair them quickly.

Japanese trains operate first-, second-, and third-class cars. My impression is that roughly 94 per cent of the Japanese travel third-class, 5 per cent second-class, and perhaps 1 per cent first-class. And it seems that first- and second-class cars must be operated at a loss, for

I never saw them occupied to more than a fraction of capacity, whereas all the tiny, badly upholstered, streetcar-like seats on third-class coaches were more often filled than not.

Very rich Japanese took the more expensive coaches; so did army officers of the higher grades; so did the stuffed-shirt variety of government officials traveling on passes. Invalids, too, were often taken on the more expensive, but roomy and comfortable, upper-class coaches. But these were not for the ordinary Japanese civilian, be he businessman, teacher, fisherman, farmer, student, or average vacationist. He was always one of those uncomplaining human beings who sat in the jam-packed seats of third-class cars.

Foreign tourists, however, I rarely saw going third-class, and Americans almost never. The reason is psychological—something so thoroughly taken for granted as a part of American thinking that I hesitate to set down anything so obvious.

Widespread is the use of the term "first-class" in American advertising, salesmanship, and conversation, without a corresponding use of the companion expressions, "second-class" and "third-class." I have always been amused in the United States to read the publicity and the advertising aimed at the traveling public: "First-class cuisine," "First-class accommodations for tourists," "First-class throughout," or "First-class meals at lowest prices," and to know that much of the time the services advertised were only second-class, or even a poor third-class. But so few in the United States are willing to admit in print that the services or commodities they offer are anything but "first-class" that the term ceases to have meaning except in one oblique way. It means that the average American is ashamed to buy, own, rent, eat, ride in, or use anything that is not at least *called* "strictly first-class." There are even nationally advertised brands of meat and canned goods that start out by calling the poorest grades "first-class" and the better grades "superior" and "supreme."

Thus it was that many American travelers in Japan, who came tourist-class on ships, would not under any circumstances go third-class, or even second, on trains. The Japanese Tourist Bureau took advantage of this aversion to the terms "second-class" and "third-class" by such salesmanship to ticket buyers as: "Of course you Americans prefer to go *first-class*!"

And so it was that I often found my fellow countrymen sitting in

solitary splendor on one of the better cars of a Japanese train, with little chance to observe Japanese ways and Japanese psychology as they can be studied on a train.

One day I walked on the platform at the station in Utsunomiya, not far from Nikko. A pleasant-looking American woman of fifty, who once had been quite beautiful, leaned from a window.

"Are you an American, on *this* train?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "to both questions."

"But *where* are you riding?"

"Oh," I said, airily, "I'm in third-class."

She looked me over thoughtfully and said: "In *third*-class—with all those oriental coolies?"

"They aren't coolies," I said, "they're just run-of-the-country Japanese—the kind of people I'd be if I were Japanese, and the kind I came here to see."

"Well, just as far as Nikko," she said, "why don't you forget your slumming and come up here and ride with me? Nobody'll bother you. I'm alone in this car, and it's terribly monotonous."

She told me she was an actress back home, and I could see she was used to plenty of company.

In the end I persuaded her to leave her luggage where it was and come back and ride third-class the rest of the way to Nikko, though she was reluctant.

Our car was filled. There were lots of children, whose overfond parents bought for them from the news butchers everything they demanded—from cakes filled with insipidly sweet bean paste to the little wooden boxes of "ic-ee cream-ee" that melted down to chalky water. The children romped, asked questions, bothered everybody. But the Japanese are very fond of their children, despite the fact that they turn them immediately into economic assets, and their offspring were neither scolded nor punished for things that would have brought swift parental retribution on an American train.

"I never realized before how the Japanese *spoil* their children," the American woman said.

When a Japanese gets aboard a train, he finds a whole seat if he can, just as we do. But then he shucks his clogs, loosens his clothing quite unconcernedly, and jackknifes himself into the short and narrow seat, using one armrest for the hard pillow to which he is accustomed,

and the other armrest for his feet. In this position, after a time, he often goes to sleep—for verily a Japanese can sleep anywhere, as a dog can. But he pretends to sleep, immediately.

As more passengers board the train and walk along the aisles, looking for seats, never do these reclining passengers offer half their seats to anyone unless they are directly requested to do so, when they oblige with philosophic meekness. Passengers walk up and down the aisle, looking for a vacant seat. Finding none, they walk back again, this time looking for a reclining passenger who is awake, so that they may ask him for half his seat. But there is a considerable reluctance on the part of standing passengers to wake a sleeper if it can be avoided. Hence the pretense of slumber. But in the end the standees will try. I never saw a Japanese refuse to relinquish half a seat once he was awakened, but some were mighty hard to wake!

In the seat facing us was a young Japanese in a characteristic position of repose. We noticed that between stations he was awake, but that whenever the train stopped he "fell asleep" at once and did not waken until activity in the aisles had ceased. At each station people walked the aisles, stopping to peer at the man, and usually decided he was sound asleep. Once or twice the standee appeared to hold a conference with himself or his companions, a conference unquestionably on the subject: "Shall we try, or shan't we? He may be hard to awaken—very hard." Then, deciding against the attempt, the seatless would move on to someone who appeared to be slumbering less soundly. And as they moved off, one of the man's eyes would open to a narrow slit to watch them go.

"That fellow's certainly taking advantage of the politeness of the rest of them, isn't he?" the lady said.

The actress was simply coming into direct contact with the Japanese after several weeks of avoiding them. Yet she had no desire to know them better. When she reached Nikko, she said, she was going to the swank European *hoteru*, instead of following my suggestion that she try a native inn and learn more about the nation and the people she was visiting. "When you find one of your *yadoya*," she said, "come get me and I'll walk down with you to see it. That'll be enough for *me*."

At Nikko I would help with her bags, which were still in the other car. And as I reached up toward the coat hook and got my *furoshiki*

bundle, she looked at me in shocked astonishment. "Is *that* your baggage?" she asked, with horror in her voice. Then she began to laugh, but I am sure she was glad nobody saw her being friendly with a man who went about the Orient with his luggage tied in a huge bandanna.

She took a taxi to her *hoteru*, a fine place on a hill, so much frequented by Americans that it seemed to me later to be a sort of extraterritorial island in a sea of things Japanese.

As for myself, I turned down a ride in her taxi and started up the street with my *furoshiki* bundle hanging from my arm. But the first thing to do was get rid of it for the time being. So I followed a custom I was to use all over Japan. I hunted up a little tailor shop on a side street, went in, untied the *furoshiki*, and got out the clean silk shirt and white trousers I had washed in the bathroom of my *yadoya* the night before.

The Japanese word for "iron"—even the verb "to iron" as applied to clothes—is another word taken from the English and is pronounced "eye-Rhone." That is merely another indication of the fact that iron was an unimportant part of the Japanese economy until we showed them what could be done with it and ended the age of bronze in Japan.

The little tailor I found would iron my pants and shirt for ten sen each, which was reasonable enough. Nor did he mind if I left my *furoshiki* bundle with him while he did the work. Tailors never minded that; they were always glad to oblige. So I thanked him, took careful note of his location so that I could find it again, and started out afoot and unburdened to see Nikko and get my bearings.

I thus had an enormous advantage in finding lodgings. For a tourist in any part of the world is in no position to choose his lodgings if he be burdened with luggage. He hesitates to *carry* it in and out of hotels, because a boy has always taken it in hand and put it somewhere by the time he has decided that this hotel is not for him. If the tourist come by taxi he is pretty apt to be taken to a place operating in cahoots with the taxi man, and the likelihood would be that this would not be the wisest choice, because the best of the hotels are not the ones that must hire solicitors to bring them trade. Moreover, hotel men the world over, faced with the necessity of paying a commission to one of their runners, are always human enough to

try to come out on the deal by adding the commission to the price.

Moreover, a room clerk in any language, and especially in the Japanese, can size up the situation of a guest who arrives with baggage and is not likely to remove it if he can avoid it.

But consider what an advantage it is to walk in carrying nothing, ask the price of a room, then ask to see it. For all the clerk knows, you've been in his town for days, staying somewhere else. Your present place displeases you, either because you do not like the room or because the price is too high, or both.

The clerk therefore reflects that he must show you the very best accommodations he has for the money, or it is not likely you will stay. Perhaps he says to himself: "I can rent 42 and 43 when the train comes in—I'll show this guy 46. He'll like 46 at the price; nobody can resist it." So that is the room you see, the room you rent, and when you later get a look at some of the others you are pleased at your foresight.

And so it was in Nikko. I went from one yadoya to another, looking around, for here were the best in the Empire. At last I chose one that seemed the best—and it was splendid. It was a rambling building with cool porches built on three sides of a garden. From the street it looked ugly, with a bare expanse of wall behind a row of trees. For instead of fronting on the street, it faced the hills that rose immediately behind the town. Architecturally it was built around the garden, and there were dwarf trees in the garden, trees that became larger at the far end until they blended quite naturally into the forested hills that began where the garden ended.

At one corner there was a lake, with fish and water lilies, and in the lake—but not in the center of it—a tiny island with an arched wooden bridge leading to it. A temple stood on the island, and on the temple pathway was the stone torii that always means a temple is near.

As I looked out from my room in the mornings, while the hills were still lightly shrouded in mist, it seemed as if I were looking toward a beautiful, full-sized park in the far-off distance, at the edge of mountains, so perfect was the scale of what I saw. I recalled that Lafcadio Hearn had written of such illusions, but I had never expected they would seem so real.

My room and two meals each day in this, perhaps the very finest native inn in all Japan, was two yen fifty, or seventy cents.

I grew fond of my *jochu*, the pretty servant girl who put up my *kaya* each night against the mosquitoes that swarmed in even this idyllic place, who removed it while I slept, who brought my breakfast of eggs, fish, not-bad toast, jam of exotic mountain berries, and the least-unpalatable coffee I was to encounter in all Japan. I believe the management was as puzzled as I as to why more Americans did not find this place—where seventy cents bought far more charm and comfort and good food than \$4 bought at the *hoteru*.

The *jochu* piled my bed high with mats, until it was as soft as a Beautyrest mattress. She brought a really good pillow for my weary head. And when she came with my breakfast, she would sit beside me as I ate it, waiting on me in every possible way. For example, on the first morning she learned how much sugar I liked in coffee, how much salt on eggs and fish, and the next morning she remembered.

Sometimes she came pattering into my room before I was dressed—even before I had my pants on. But seeing me so, she did not leave or give any sign that she found me unpresentable. From a Japanese point of view, she hadn't.

For a week I remained in Nikko, hiking or riding to mountain villages in the neighborhood, to Lake Chuzenji, to Kegon Waterfall, returning to dinner at the *yadoya* at night, knowing that the *jochu* would have everything as I liked it. I became more fond of her, and sometimes for an hour after supper, when her work was done, I took her walking in quiet lanes where we would be unnoticed by the perhaps disapproving townspeople.

Arthur Rose-Innes, in his conversation dictionary, lists the Japanese word "*kis-su*," but says it is known "only in the treaty ports." The *jochu* had never been kissed. But she liked it. And in everything else she was completely acquiescent. She wasn't stupid; it is the way of Japanese women to be meek and obedient in everything. Perhaps that's the reason the men can become so arrogant.

Yet for all the stories that have been written about the charm of selfless native maids, there are drawbacks. Real conversation would have been impossible, even had I spoken fluent Japanese, for her world and mine touched one another at so few points that soon there would have been nothing left to discuss.

So on most evenings I would go to the *hoteru* and visit my train acquaintance, the actress, who was only some better. She talked about

bridge games, of her younger days on the stage, and was a little bored by my own interest in the Japanese.

How tempted I was to stay in Nikko! I could have remained another month and enjoyed every day. It was luxury such as only the richest Japanese could enjoy occasionally in their lifetimes. And I was spending a dollar a day. Sometimes it seemed foolish to leave the pleasant comforts of this idyllic place in these cool mountains and go traveling again through the hot lowlands of the *real* Japan on the crowded trains, stopping at a different town every night.

But depart I did at last. Before I went I puzzled long about what to leave as a remembrance for the jochu. A Japanese family she had served for a week would have left her several yen—for Japanese travelers tip generously. "Too damn much," was the way the Bowery-accent Japanese had described it at the American Express in Yokohama.

But under the circumstances, I hated to leave her money. It seemed not fitting for one who had made love to me. I did not look upon her as a servant girl, because she was that by force of circumstance alone. She was extremely bright, but what else could she do in that little town in a land where neither universities nor careers are for women?

So I went to a bookstore and after long consideration bought Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, translated into Japanese. It was a two-volume set, beautifully bound and boxed. It cost more yen than I could afford, but I wanted her never to forget the first man and perhaps the last who kissed her.

But before I gave it to her I blithely wrote an eloquent farewell message of regard on the flyleaf of each volume. I said she was, well—lots of intimate and complimentary things, but I said them in English, figuring that somehow, somewhere, she'd get them translated.

It came time to take the train. I started off afoot to the station with my furoshiki bundle. Halfway there the trail went by a grove of cryptomeria, and there in the dark noonday shadows my jochu was waiting for me, books in hand.

She could read the books, and they were lovely. But the inscriptions? How could she read those? True, she could take them to the professor of English. But the messages were not for him. He would laugh, and tell everybody in Nikko. What would he tell them? She didn't know. What had I written?

How could I, without fluency in Japanese, understand all that? Well, I said she was a bright girl. And I have often been amazed at how few words are necessary when accompanied by gestures.

But here I had to do a long and thorough job of literal translating of several paragraphs of the kind of thing a man writes for a native girl to treasure through the years after he has gone, the years she is married to a fellow villager, has a family, and lets rose-tinted memory color the adventures of her girlhood.

She had been *so* nice to me.

With a sigh, forgetting the train, I asked how she had been able to leave the yadoya at this time of day. She had run away, she said—let the punishment be what it would.

What curiosity she had!

As I carefully, in my larger dictionary, found the Japanese equivalent for each thoughtful phrase, each flowery expression, each gentle word, and each passionate idea I had written, she wrote it down with a tiny, hard, and extremely sharp pencil she had brought with her, in delicate Japanese characters so small that she would have to look sharp to see them. It wasn't enough for her to take notes or for me to make a rough translation.

Each Japanese character was written under the English word or phrase it symbolized. And when, after more than an hour's hard work, the job was done, I had to read the English aloud so she could see how it sounded. I kissed her again, and she darted back to the yadoya, her neglected work, and certain punishment, her clogs on the hard road echoing through the ancient cedars.

I often wonder what she ever did with those books, and if she reads that inscription now? What does she think of Americans?

XI

Sendai—and a Sampan

IT WAS THREE HOURS until the next train to Utsunomiya, the junction point where I would start out for the north of Japan. Some kilometers down the road that followed the river was another railroad station,

where the local train would stop. To stay in Nikko longer after having said good-by to everybody would be anticlimactical. So I got out my wonderful jackknife, sawed off a stout stick, hung my furoshiki by a nick at the end of it, and set off down the road, light-heartedly.

The road followed the river that runs beneath the sacred red lacquer bridge. As I walked along its banks I saw that the water became dirtier and dirtier. Yet housewives still dipped it out above their houses for washing rice or fish or vegetables, or for cooking water. And below their houses they threw back into the river dirty dish-water, and laundry water, and scrub water—water which would be dipped out again for household use by the family next below along that watercourse.

Is it a raccoon or an opossum that washes every bit of food before he eats it, no matter how clean the food nor how dirty the water? The Japanese were like that—cleanly inclined, but unsanitary and a bit stupid about it. Had they built cesspools or even thrown the water in the road, the river would have stayed fairly clean. But since time immemorial, when few Japanese dwelt along the stream banks, they had so used the river, and so imperceptibly had it become dirty that they didn't realize it *was* dirty.

I reached the next station before the train did, and stopped that night at a little inn in a town whose name I have forgotten, though it was a sizable place. I do remember, though, that the inn had been more ambitiously built than most yadoya in towns of 50,000 people.

It was constructed around a central courtyard after the Latin fashion—rare in Japan—with a lily pond smack in the middle of it, and an island with dwarf trees and a tiny pagoda right in the middle of that. The whole thing had about it the forlorn and neglected air of an overlandscaped cemetery lot sold twenty years before. There were no goldfish in the pool, but a family of water rats had moved into the ground-floor suite of the multistoried pagoda, having built a nest there, I observed, with bits of straw matting from the floors and paper chewed from the sliding doors.

I did not *see* as many rats and mice in Japan as I see in America. As a boy I'd heard the Japanese ate them, and that seems not beyond possibility when I consider some of the other things they eat. But the main reason for the fewness of the rodents, I think, was simply

the absence of food supplies. Since not a scrap of food is wasted by the average householder, there are no stinking garbage pails and bountifully food-laden garbage dumps where they may forage. Food in storage is guarded well because it is so precious, and field mice would no more be tolerated on the farms than are the hungry birds.

Yet what rats and mice there are have become incredibly bold and cunning—as cunning as the Japanese they must outsmart. One of the family of pagoda-dwellers that night went on a veritable Commando raid of foraging—for he swam across the lily pond, sneaked up the stairs to my room, cut a hole in my paper door, and explored around my *kaya* net until, finding no place to get through, he chewed a hole in it. Then he gnawed into my *furoshiki* bundle while I was using it for a pillow and abstracted therefrom most of the contents of a package of rice-flour wafers as I slept.

That happened often in Japan. Whenever I left food in the *furoshiki*, no matter where I put the bundle, rats got into it. It might be in a railway station checkroom or in the corner of a tailor shop, but some rat or mouse would find it, chew a hole in it, and get my food. Yet I never saw them.

Next morning I continued onward with a new *furoshiki* costing twenty-five sen, after giving my chewed one to a poor old woman who said she could mend it, and was grateful. That night I reached Sendai, a considerable city near Ishinomaki Bay and the coast, about halfway between Tokyo and the northern end of the island of Honshu.

In the United States, after long experience and having been much interested in human geography, I can judge with fair accuracy the population of a town by the size of its business district, taking into consideration its location on the American map and the nature of its trading area.

After a time I could also do it in Japan, and I constantly tested myself by making a population estimate before checking with a gazetteer that was part of the map I carried.

Sendai was the capital of Miyagi Prefecture, and at that time it was a city of 190,000. It had a university and a history. Yet its business district, though not nearly as impressive, was roughly comparable in size to that of the town of Olympia, capital of my home state of Washington, with a population of 12,000—only one sixteenth as large.

It was therefore possible to walk about the commercial areas of Japanese towns and ask myself: If these stores were in the United States, how big would the town be? Ten thousand, roughly? All right. If I multiplied that figure by about 15, I would usually have a fairly accurate estimate of the size of the Japanese city required to support that business district.

This basis is as good as any for estimating the real civilian wealth and standard of living of the people—about one fifteenth that of Americans. But this is definitely not a fair comparison of military power, for it has been the building of military power to its present relatively staggering proportions that has helped to keep the fraction of one fifteenth that small.

And this strange fraction will count more and more in a long war. Expressed in the same terms, the civilian wealth of Japan proper—exclusive of art objects and such—is not equal to that of California, which has a better than average per-capita wealth.

For the long pull, when present war machines wear out and are smashed, the Japanese do not have the wealth and resources to replace them that our single state of California has. That seems incredible, considering the size of Japan's present navy and air force, and the store of war matériel she has built up. But think of a miser who has lived in a shanty, eaten but little, worked hard, saved his money, and exchanged it all for gold pieces as it has accumulated. Substitute "war goods" for "gold pieces," and the picture becomes fairly accurate. What their conquests will produce depends on our submarines.

But at the same time, because of their capacity for hard work, for long hours, and for doing without civilian necessities that consume man power in this country, Japan's seventy millions of people have a physical working strength of almost twice that many Americans—though a large percentage of that strength is wasted in doing things the hard way. It is a strange paradox, but it helps explain why Japan dared to attack us.

Japan attacked a nation whose young people often stayed in school, studying "liberal arts" until their early twenties. Japan attacked a nation where millions of people believed fifty was a pensionable age. Japan attacked a nation where it was supposed to be so hard to get a job if you were past forty that the *Saturday Evening Post* once published an inspirational article with the title: "We're

40; and We Got Jobs." One of the *Post* editors later told me "that article was a mistake; hordes of people wrote and said 'it can't be done.'" Japan attacked a nation where millions of people between their early twenties and their eligibility for pensions were on WPA, and where a song called "Lean on Your Shovel" was suppressed by the Government. Japan attacked a nation where married women were ineligible for jobs like teaching school, for which they were best fitted. Japan attacked a nation in which two aggressive labor organizations were fighting for more pay for ever shorter hours—and winning. Japan attacked a nation whose government leaders preached an economy of scarcity which restricted production along many lines—even destroying in some cases things already produced.

That a people with such national policies would therefore be weak in wartime is more clearly seen today when so many of these very policies are being thrown out the window, as they must be to make us strong enough to win.

And here I was in Sendai, a city with twice as many people as the whole state of Nevada, and yet a less important-looking place than the Nevada town of Elko!

Next morning I walked around and took a few pictures. One of them, later published in the *National Geographic Magazine* above the caption: "One small man in clogs hauls a complete department store on wheels," showed a two-wheeled cart, much larger and heavier than it seemed possible for one little man to pull—a load that would have been considerable for the old Model T junk truck I drove when I was a boy. And the man didn't even have a dog to help him. The cart had a roof to keep off the rain and sides that could be let down. Everything was arranged with careful neatness. The man stocked every ordinary household necessity required by the average citizen of Sendai—things like brushes, chopsticks, wooden bowls, trays, pottery, and the like.

There used to be such men in the United States. Old-timers in Indiana and Ohio have told me of the origins of some of the big stores in their towns—origins half forgotten as the younger generation were ashamed to recall the humble beginnings of their fathers. I refer to the Jewish pack peddlers, who usually started out with a couple of dollars' worth of tinware and notions in a gunnysack, tramping along the country roads, trading for eggs or poultry or hams, sleep-

ing in barns, getting always a bigger pack until it became so heavy that a wheelbarrow or handcart was required, then finally an old horse and wagon.

After a year or two or three on the road, the pack peddler would marry, open up a little shop in a tumble-down building on the wrong side of the tracks, remain there for a time, move uptown into bigger and better stores, until finally it became a large department store where the sons of the owner wore fine clothes and white shirts.

To pursue the American story a bit further: Chain stores came in, the competition got tough, owners of the department stores sought laws against the chain stores and mostly failed because the chains became too powerful. But they could, and did, require heavy license fees from the now maligned peddler, so that he could no longer operate, so the little guy couldn't start.

Japan's economy was still in the peddler's era, when people's wants were few. And Japan's laws did not yet place restrictions on individual enterprise undertaken by its humbler citizens, so long as they paid the terrific taxes imposed on everything. Therefore in Sendai all the stores were small, generally run by a single family that lived in back rooms or upstairs. The occasional "big" store was big only by comparison.

Sendai has a long and interesting history. It was from here that the renowned daimyo, Date Masamune, sent Father Sotelo and Hasekura on a voyage to Rome in the year 1614. The trip was made in a small boat with crude sails and was a remarkable feat of navigation comparable to the most daring in the annals of any people. Yet such is nationalism that I had never heard of it before visiting Sendai. I doubt if one American in a million knows anything about it.

The town itself had the look of a place built by a people who did not intend to stay, for there was little imposing about it. As I think of Sendai now, I cannot remember anything physical about it except low and ugly buildings, and streets like one another. The simple character of Japanese life, plus the remarkable uniformity of that life—that is, the tendency of one Japanese to live exactly like the other Japanese, requiring exactly the same goods from exactly the same kind of shops—leaves its imprint upon Japanese cities, and leaves them for the most part with a block-after-block sameness, unpunctuated by interesting architecture, by compelling show win-

dows, or any of the other variable characteristics that make strolling in even the duller of American towns something of an adventure.

But not far away, in Utsunomiya Bay, was the archipelago of Matsushima, one of the "scenic trio," so-called, of Japan. The islands are many and of varied shapes, some with gently sloping beaches, some with shores that are sheer cliffs. One, near the shore, and connected to the mainland by a fine arched wooden bridge, is an unusually lovely pagoda—the kind of building that pictures have led the traveler to think he will find commonplace in Japan, but which are not.

Out in the sparkling bay were other islands—some of them with teahouses—reached only by boat. Some were not inhabited at all.

Along the Matsushima quay were tied a row of sampans, and I hired one from an extremely old, wizened, and leathery-skinned man. The rectangular sail of his sampan was made of rags of many colors and shapes and was far too weak to stand a gust of wind. However, the sail was prevented from tearing by about twenty vertical cross-pieces of bamboo which divided the stress.

The old man shoved off, set his simple old sail, and with a gentle breeze we were soon under way.

As the skipper sat, holding his worn, wooden tiller in his gnarled hands, we accomplished a bit of conversation. He told me he was eighty, that he and his father had built this sampan for fishing more than sixty years ago, all of wood, even to the pins that held its planks together. Not only that, but he made signs to indicate that the pair had felled the trees, seasoned them, and sawed them by hand. And it was still a good sampan, capable of hauling tourists in the summer—though sometimes they didn't think so—and a fine fishing boat the rest of the time.

Utsunomiya Bay is shallow, with gorgeous gardens of seaweed everywhere, quite visible in the clear water of this unspoiled bay, into which, apparently, no rivers emptied.

With such intensive fishing everywhere along the coasts, I had fancied that I should never actually *see* fish in the water, as we do so often from docks and piers in America. But I did, myriads of them, in many kinds and colors.

Had these scores of delightful little islands been as accessible to an American city as these were to Sendai, all would have been de-

veloped for summer homes. But these were not, attesting still further to the frugality of the Japanese. They were all an easy water-taxi ride to shore, and within commuting distance of hot, ugly Sendai. But beyond an occasional teahouse, none of the islands was developed.

At one island that seemed a miniature mountain peak rising from the sea we beached the sampan, dropped its sail, and stepped ashore on a delightful tree-lined beach. We climbed a winding trail to the summit, where a little teahouse perched precariously on the rocks, with a view in all directions.

The family that ran the teahouse were craftsmen in their profession. With their tea they served a specialty of their own—rice cakes that were at once the lightest and most fragile food I have ever encountered. Snow-white, as big as large saucers, and extremely thin, they crumbled when we tried to pick them up, like old paper, still white but rotted by age and dampness. But there was a way to handle them if you were deft, and the sampan man, whom I had invited to have tea with me, showed me how.

If one dropped, it would float gently toward the floor, almost like a feather or a snowflake, and we could catch it in the palm of our hand. There was no other place on earth, they said, where this particular delicacy could be obtained, for of course it couldn't be shipped. And it was made with such lightness nowhere else in all Japan except on that one little Matsushima island. It had but little food value, for it melted in my mouth like fluffs of candy floss, leaving nothing to chew on—nothing but a faint taste of starchy sweetness.

We sailed away at last, far out toward the edge of the bay, where the islands ended, and the shallow shelf that was the bay floor suddenly dropped away beneath us until I could no longer see the seaweed and fish—could see nothing but dark depths of water unfathomable by my eye. Then I remembered that just offshore here was that awful ocean chasm over which we had sailed on the *Heian Maru*.

We turned shoreward, and as we did the wind slowly slackened, died away to the faintest of zephyrs, and finally became dead calm—so still that not a ripple, nothing but the slow, oily swells of the ocean, marred the surface of the water. The old man began to row, and at eighty he did extremely well. He had removed the tiller and for it substituted an oar sweep that worked like a fish's tail.

But it seemed only fair that I should help—we were so far from the

mainland. I took up a paddle, and for an hour the now clumsy old boat moved ever so slowly through the islands.

At last I became not only tired but very hungry, and by way of conversation I intimated it to the sampan man. He grinned with his old black teeth and headed for the beach of one of the islands off our starboard bow. As he approached it he motioned for me to cease paddling, and he drew close to shore with such slowness that the slight movement of his oar sweep made scarcely a ripple on the smooth surface of the still and shallow water.

Now and then he rested the sweep and took up a big piece of bamboo that looked like a short telescope, put one end to his eye, the other in the water, and peered here and there at the weedy bottom.

At last he saw something, whereupon he shed his old kimono with a single gesture, kicked off his clogs, and, telling me to paddle toward shore, dived overboard.

But apparently what he had seen was disappointing, for I saw his old gray head bob often to the surface as he came up for air. I wondered what he was after, but thought of succulent oysters or abalone. By the time I reached the shore, however, the old man came up dripping, holding a writhing baby octopus!

There was plenty of driftwood on that beach. Because Japanese homes lack flues for their chimneyless charcoal burners, they cannot burn smoky wood. The sampan man motioned to me to build a fire, and I soon had a crackling blaze. He put wood on it in such a way that before long we had a bed of coals, and on that we broiled pieces of our octopus, impaled on long, green sticks. The old man sat grinning and naked and pleased upon the sand, as happy about the whole thing as I was.

That octopus was good, though tough and chewy like the neck of a Pacific razor clam. My companion couldn't chew it at all with his few poor teeth, but he borrowed my knife, cut his meat into tiny pieces, and swallowed them, letting his tough old stomach do what it could with them.

My own teeth and jaws were sore and tired by the time I had eaten my fill—but I knew I'd require no supper, and that would mean I could afford one more meal in China.

When we were ready to leave, the wind had freshened, taking us to the distant shore in good time, just before sunset. The sampan man

grinned as I said good-by. To take home with him he had three yen, most of an octopus, and a story to tell about a funny American who called himself a rumpin.

The inn I liked best at Matsushima stood on a hill overlooking the bay. It was well patronized not only for that reason but also because Hirohito had once occupied a wing of it, when he was a young student, before he became Emperor. That was in the days when he could move about Japan with comparative freedom, without the need for maintaining around himself the troublesome cloak of godlike divinity which is the cross he bears for the sins of those who rule him.

When I sought a room in this place, thinking it would be easy to obtain because there were not a large number of tourists in Matsushima at that time, I was told to go somewhere else.

"The other inns have many rooms; we have only three left."

That seemed altruistic and generous. Yet, could it be that they did not want a foreigner to defile the house Hirohito had slept in? I liked the view from the wide porches of this *yadoya*, so I said:

"But I want only *one* room."

The reply was simply characteristic of the commercial point of view in any country:

"If we rent one of these rooms to you we shall get only the revenue from one guest. Before long more guests may come; we'll take a chance, for if we can rent your room to five people, we shall get the revenue from five people instead of from one."

That was a forthright answer for Japan, so I went to a little dry-goods store they recommended, where the proprietor had a few sleeping rooms on the second floor, overlooking the islands.

A courteous and extremely pretty young woman waited on me. I found it a little difficult to keep my mind on the task of speaking Japanese, because of the way she was dressed. Her hair was unusually soft, and she wore it in her own way, in soft folds around her head. On her bare feet were clogs. She wore a delicate shell necklace and a skirt. She wore nothing else.

When she observed that I, a foreigner, was admiring her figure, she was quite pleased in a modest sort of way. I did not make the mistake of assuming that here was a small-town edition of the Yoshiwara; for, strangely enough, the costume of Japanese prosti-

tutes is quite the opposite: their dress is old-fashioned and extremely formal, with elaborate hairdress and lots of make-up. And I knew that there is really no immodesty in wearing such a costume in Japan. The young woman knew she had a slim waist and that her breasts were pretty. She knew nobody would mind if she dressed like that. There was no need of more clothes on this warm day, so why wear them?

The lack of "modesty" in Japan has been, I think, yet another factor in the relatively excellent physical condition of the people, which becomes such a wartime asset. Happily for us in 1942, unhappily for the Japanese, Western civilization has almost—not quite—succeeded in completely clothing them, even in summer.

But in the case of the dry-goods merchant-innkeeper's daughter, the presence of a foreigner in the house had its effect, for when, after having shown me to my room, she returned with tea, she was wearing a jacket. She sat opposite me as I drank my tea, as was the custom, and I asked her why.

"Mother said," she told me, simply.

She intimated her mother had told her that foreigners didn't like that sort of thing.

"But I do," I said. "I liked you better the way you were." Thereupon she removed the jacket and laid it on the floor, while I dawdled over my tea, looking at the vain creature with much admiration.

That evening she slipped out of the house and I took her boat riding. We went swimming in the warm, moonlit water near one of the little islands.

XII

Miyako's Brothers' House

FROM MATSUSHIMA I continued northward to Aomori, on Tsugaru Strait, which separates the island of Honshu from the northern island of Hokkaido, which is often miscalled "The Alaska of Japan." The strait is too wide for a bridge, and since all communication between

these two large islands must be by ship, Aomori is a considerable port, with frequent service by interisland steamers.

There was an overnight boat, I found, and by taking that I knew I could sleep on the deck and thus save a night's hotel bill—another yen—giving me one more night in China. And since the water in the strait would probably be so rough that I'd be seasick, I'd have to lie down anyway.

For a couple of hours I had to wait at the dock for the midnight boat. The waiting room was large, with dozens of long wooden benches, but so crowded that not a seat was available, and I was tired from much walking that day. A Japanese girl of about twenty, seeing me standing, arose and offered me her seat, as Japanese women sometimes do in this land where men, not women, are spoiled. And I had been here long enough so that I accepted it. This girl spoke a little English, and we carried on a long conversation as she sat on the floor at my feet.

She asked quite seriously if a Japanese girl could get a husband if she went to America.

"Yes," I said, explaining that the first Japanese who came to the United States had no women, so they sent for picture brides. Women were still scarce, I said.

"Not Japanese husband I mean. American husband!"

I told her that maybe she could—if once she got to the United States, though I pointed out the almost insurmountable difficulties of immigration. But why did she prefer an American husband?

She replied that she had heard how thoughtful, kind, generous, and companionable were American husbands; she thought their wives, living in earthly paradise, must be very happy.

And here she was, sitting on the floor, looking up at me, doing one of the things for an American she was sure no American's wife ever had to do, and taking a great deal of pleasure in the sacrifice.

Certainly the women are by far the finer half of Japan. It is not astonishing to read occasional comments from the Far East giving to Japanese women the credit for many of such courtesies as are given to allied prisoners of war in Japanese inland towns.

And here again, as in the case of my *jochu* at Nikko, was an intelligent young Japanese woman for whom the future held forth no promise whatever of anything beyond the same dull routine of half-

slave life that never would vary for her or for the women around her. There would be a marriage arranged by her parents with no thought whatever of compatibility or conversational comradeship or even love, which didn't matter. I cannot imagine a Japanese divorce obtained on the grounds of incompatibility, for it just doesn't count. No wonder, therefore, that some of the young, better-informed of the Japanese women sometimes dreamed of a golden land across the Pacific where every woman who so willed could be something of a queen.

The boat for Hakodate sailed at midnight, and I was aboard her with two or three thousand Japanese—or so it seemed. They packed themselves and their belongings so thickly on the mat-covered decks that none could turn in his sleep without disturbing those on either side of him.

In my furoshiki bundle I had a little air pillow that I had purchased near the station at Sendai, after having observed such pillows widely used on trains. The Japanese blew theirs up almost as hard as footballs. I kept mine softer, and it made the voyage almost comfortable.

But I could not sleep because of a chorus of singing insects. I have already mentioned that the Japanese cannot afford, as a people, to keep dogs and cats as pets. As substitutes they have huge, green, short-lived crickets, two or three times as big as large grasshoppers, that make a terrific racket that the Japanese call "singing." Of course the cricket will eat anything—even weeds plucked by the roadside in the summertime—and I suppose it dies a natural death before winter. Therefore it costs nothing to feed. It is kept in a tiny, barred cage made, not of precious iron wire, but of stiff yellow straw ingeniously fabricated. There are shops that handle nothing else in the summer, selling the insects, cage and all, for a few sen. And in the busiest season a whole family works far into the night building cages for the morrow's rush.

To see an American family lugging a canary in a cage on a vacation trip will almost always invoke mirth, and the subject has been one for many a cartoon and magazine cover. But in the immediate neighborhood of my narrow sleeping space on the deck of that interisland boat were half a dozen such cages, their occupants "singing" all night long, without seeming to bother the Japanese in the slightest.

I asked one about it.

He puzzled for a long time, trying to recall a half-forgotten English word he had learned in the Middle School a few years before. Finally he remembered it.

"Soothing," he said. "Make sleep."

Hakodate is the seaport city of Hokkaido. I found it a fairly modern city, much more impressive because of larger buildings and because of its port facilities, than was Sendai. Its residential section had been swept not long before by one of those so-frequent disastrous fires that destroy thousands of houses at a sweep. But they had been quickly rebuilt.

Hakodate had been a "treaty port"—one of those opened for trade with the outside world after Commodore Perry's visit—and for a time had held a status of extraterritoriality like that of Shanghai and Peking in China, which had resulted a few decades before in considerable building by foreign capital.

Japan abolished extraterritoriality—which had been to the Japanese a shameful sign of weakness, and which in effect had been the granting to foreign powers and their nationals of the right to establish colonies with foreign laws within the boundaries of the sovereign state of Japan—as soon as she became powerful enough to do it without fear of reprisal. Extraterritorial establishments remaining in China, also, were abolished as soon as the Japanese took over. Yet the physical aspects of these cities will remain somewhat changed, giving them a different atmosphere for many decades to come.

Everything considered, there had been great advantages to Japan in such treaty ports: they brought many improvements, much revenue, and helped mightily to build up and to modernize the country. She abolished them because they made her feel inferior to the foreign powers that developed them.

On my return trip I wanted to remain for a time in Hakodate, but now I took the early morning train for Sapporo, a wholly Japanese city, capital of what might be called the Territory of Hokkaido. It is to Honshu what Oregon is to California—half the size, and considerably cooler. Yet the climate is by no means extreme, and it has been a great disappointment in Japan that more people have not settled there and developed the island.

It is also a strong argument against sympathy for the inhabitants of the overpopulated areas on the main island that so few of them

have been willing to overcome their dislike of colder winters and settle on Hokkaido. They will remain, with no pioneer spirit and little desire for room, cooped up in the crowded Tokyo area, sorry for themselves, while there are ten times the opportunities in Hokkaido.

Perhaps the winters are colder, but the summers are certainly more invigorating and pleasant. It was now late August, and there was not the oppressive, moist heat that had made me so miserable in the south. Yet never in the evenings was it too cool for the clothing I had with me—those cotton trousers and silk shirts.

As the train rolled across the northern countryside I began to see many really fine farms, as well as much potentially good farmland as yet undeveloped. The farms were not impressive by American standards, but they certainly were by Japanese. Here for the first time I saw a small herd or two of fine dairy cattle, and once in a while fields big enough to justify the use of tractors to cultivate them; I had never observed tractors on Honshu.

It appeared to me that those Japanese who had come to Hokkaido were a more progressive breed, willing to take the colder winters and the hardships of pioneering for the greater rewards of such enterprise.

Not that Hokkaido was sparsely inhabited by our standards. Towns were plentiful, and had this island been part of the western United States it would have been relatively well settled. But by comparison to southern Japan it was a veritable Nevada. And in per-capita wealth, progress, and comfort it compared to southern Japan as Montana compares with the most densely populated, run-down, sharecrop-farming regions of the Deep South.

And it was here that the argument for *Lebensraum* advanced by the young engineer on the *Heian Maru* fell short. Here was plenty of land, plenty of opportunity—right in Japan. Do a people really deserve sympathy for their crowded conditions and lack of farmland if they are unwilling to develop fully what they have?

It is the old argument so familiar in the United States—the argument that was so popular in the '30s. People who underwent poverty, even squalor, howled for "relief" in ugly, crime-ridden, urban areas in the large population centers. At the same time wood for fuel, fish for food, logs for home building, and such things were free on the

sparsely settled coastal areas of Oregon and Washington, where \$5-an-acre land could be had for nothing down if a man would live on it and begin to develop it.

It was American public policy at that time to tax its self-supporting citizens to obtain money to grant a dole to those families who preferred to remain in cities, where the twin problems of unemployment and high living costs were so acute, and thus to discourage these people from migrating to sparsely settled rural areas, where only the incredibly lazy need lack fuel, food, or shelter.

Those of us who agreed with the justice of that policy cannot be too severe in criticizing the Japanese for seeking more lands in the south while Hokkaido remained not fully utilized.

In Sapporo, when I got off the train, I was greeted familiarly by a young Japanese, about twenty-two years old.

"You remember me from Tokyo?" he asked. "Imperial Hotel?"

I did not remember him. But since all Japanese, particularly when I first arrived in Japan, had looked pretty much alike, I assumed that I had. So I lied and said of course I remembered him, and how was he?

It does not pay to lie, as I was to discover.

The young fellow assured me he was never better—and it would be his pleasure to guide me, his friend, wherever I wanted to go. Perhaps I was hunting a good restaurant.

I said I never really needed a guide, but he was insistent and I was hungry, so I let him lead the way.

The place he took me was on the roof of a large and astonishingly modern department store in the center of this really impressive provincial city. He ordered lunch for both of us, and he ordered well. It was an excellent meal, though he ate twice as much as I did. The bill came to nearly three yen.

Thereupon he strolled with me about the town for a time, and I was impressed by its wide streets, cleanliness, and general air of well-being. The Japanese who came here did indeed appear to be progressive men.

At last I told my young companion that I must leave him and find a yadoya. He would not hear of it. While I was in Sapporo I must not spend money for hotels. I must be his guest at his home. At first I

demurred, but then I reflected that here would be another opportunity to study Japanese life at first hand. So I accepted.

Then he said: "It is far. We take taxi."

But I insisted on walking—to see more of Sapporo. As we walked, the youth proved to be of little value as a guide. He disliked walking, and his only guiding was pointing out the obvious. It was hard to get lucid answers to my questions, for even more than most Japanese he pretended to understand English far better than was actually the case. Although whenever I tried to explain a question, his stock reply was "I see," I became convinced that nine times in ten he didn't have the slightest idea of what I was talking about, unless I resorted to my small stock of Japanese words.

But experimentally, and in a conversational tone, I repeated nonsense lines from *Alice in Wonderland*:

*"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves
And the mome raths outgrabe."*

He nodded understandingly and said, "I see."

After a considerable walk, during which my companion did not appear to notice the furoshiki bundle I had or offer to carry it even a little way, we reached his home.

It was in the suburbs, on an uninteresting street, where his father ran an extremely little drugstore by squatting motionless in a back room, as if half asleep, occasionally rousing himself enough to direct the work of his extraordinarily industrious wife and little daughter Miyako, age eleven. Also, I was introduced to my companion's three brothers, aged respectively about sixteen, eighteen, and twenty, who were sitting in the kitchen reading the current works of popular Japanese novelists. They nodded, bowed, and resumed their reading, as if they were used to guests their brother brought home—and perhaps a little bored by them.

But little Miyako went to work immediately. She fixed me a place to sleep—a couple of much-patched mats in a corner of the single sleeping room upstairs which seemed to be occupied by the whole family. My spare trousers and shirts were soiled when I took them from the furoshiki to ask about a laundry—for I had been on the boat

the night before, with no chance to wash and dry them. Little Miyako, however, undertook that job immediately, and soon they were drying in the late afternoon sun. In short order they were not only dry but ironed. The little girl told me, as if it were a real privilege, that she did all her brothers' washing.

When it approached time for dinner my young host took me to the kitchen, where a large kettle of rice was cooking.

"I hope you like," he said. "We have only rice."

There must have been other food put away somewhere, though rice was all I saw. However, I understood that to be my cue to offer to purchase other food to go with the rice.

The four brothers accompanied me to a provision store a few blocks away—a place exceedingly well stocked, for Japan. I had intended to buy some fish or meat, and some fruit for dessert, but before I realized it I had somehow been led to purchase seven or eight yen worth of canned crab meat, clams, and choice fish—as well as cured meat, cheese, canned fruit, and other delicacies. It seemed that each of the brothers had selected his favorite food from the shelves, brought it to the cashier, and had it added to my bill. For when I presented a ten-yen note as payment, I got back only a little change—I, who had been eating for an entire day on *one* yen in restaurants!

But I refrained from squawking, reflecting that this was at least interesting, that I might be in Sapporo for several days, and that this much food would give variety to the family's rice diet for an entire week.

However, at dinner that night the four boys and their father ate almost no rice at all, devoting themselves instead with single-mindedness to the food I had purchased. Seeing it vanishing so rapidly, I likewise took no second helping of rice. Little Miyako and her mother were the only ones who ate sparingly of the delicacies, so I heaped their plates with the fancy groceries being wolfed by their menfolk, and insisted that they eat it.

At the end of the meal there remained almost a full tub of cooked rice, but little else. If there was any satisfaction in the deal beyond the value of the psychological study of opportunism in Japan, it was to see the concealed glee with which little Miyako ate the food after I insisted.

That night my host suggested we see a show. I thought we ought

to take Miyako, but I was told with some coldness that she was "too little" to stay up so late. The two of us started down the street, but we were soon joined by the three brothers after we had proceeded but a little way, and I realized I had four theater guests.

At the cinema the young opportunist looked quickly at a sign displayed on the box office, then suggested that we purchase "balcony seats." It seemed for a brief moment that he was at last being considerate of my badly punished budget. There were two prices—50 sen and 150 sen.

Reaching for the bank note I was fingering, he said:

"I will buy for you."

But I was becoming wary of his every gesture. So I put the bank note away and carefully counted out two yen, 50 sen for five of the cheap seats.

He could not conceal his disappointment.

"Orchestra seats," he said. Those in the balcony had been the expensive ones.

To my careful explanation that I was not rich, that there were five of us, and that in the United States orchestra seats were always considered the choicer, he listened with neither attention nor enthusiasm—and probably without understanding. He seemed to base his likes wholly upon price.

The film was Japanese. Most of it I did not understand, for there was little action. I noted, however, that technically it had been fairly well produced.

That night I put my currency in a handkerchief and pinned it with a safety pin inside my shorts, which I wore under my pajamas. I was sure none of the family was an outright thief, but I was taking no chances. The day had been my most expensive, by far, in Japan, but as I lay on the two mats Miyako had placed for me on the floor of that little room, with the entire Japanese family sleeping around me, I reflected that the experience would probably be one I should never forget, and which therefore was well worth twice the price.

In the morning everybody rose and dressed with no regard whatever for the lack of privacy in the room. I shaved in the kitchen by a cracked mirror with hot water that Miyako brought me from a neighbor's across the alley. And this time we all ate rice, despite a broad hint that the provision store down the street was already open.

I used my Japanese dictionary to say that last night's meal had been unusually heavy for all of us, that I thought it might be more healthful to eat more simply today. It seemed that the mother of the family looked faintly amused, but I could not be sure, for there was only the ghost of a smile on her face.

Breakfast over, the father drew his kimono warmly around him, pulled the charcoal brazier close, and resumed the squatting position he had occupied for so many hours the previous afternoon. Thenceforth he did not stir. The boys, too, resumed their reading.

"You do not work?" I asked.

They said they had no jobs.

"Doesn't your father ever work in the store?"

"No," was the matter-of-fact answer. "With pleasure he sits."

He reminded me of the famed and enigmatic bronze Buddha, Daibutsu, in Kamakura.

And sit he did, like the Daibutsu. I could well believe that the man's routine never varied. He slept; he ate; he sat in a corner and "directed" the little business that scarcely took in enough to keep his family from starvation. And his boys were becoming like him. How untypical of Japan they were! One of the few chuckles I get from this present war is the thought of his four sons cutting roads through jungles, or digging air-raid shelters on the Aleutian Islands for whatever time they are occupied.

Miyako and her mother, however, were extremely industrious. The girl again washed my trousers and shirt in spite of my protests. And when customers came into the little shop, it was always her mother—never her father—who waited on them.

My "host"—I continue to use that word only for want of a better, for I was beginning to look upon him as an Old Man of the Sea like him who had clung so tenaciously to the shoulders of Sindbad the Sailor—suggested that we spend the day at Jozankei Hot Springs, a resort near Sapporo, taking with us his three brothers.

Jozankei seemed a good idea, but this time I flatly refused to take his brothers, and refused to go at all unless little Miyako got a holiday to accompany us.

Everybody—even the child herself—protested that she had work to do. But I said rather abruptly that, in such case, I would not go.

For certainly, I added, she had little fun in life. Let her brothers do her work for at least one day.

Nobody in the household wanted to lose their guest. Father and eldest son held a conference, and finally, at a nod of Daibutsu-in-the-corner, little Miyako sped upstairs to change into her best kimono.

In all her eleven years, I don't think little Miyako had ever been anywhere except to school, for even the suburban streetcar ride to Jozankei was a thrilling experience to her for whom a red-letter day was beginning so beautifully. She kept her face pressed hard against the glass of the car window, and when on rare occasions she turned to exclaim about something, she looked at me with gratitude that more than repaid me for my chagrin at having been taken for a sucker by her utterly worthless brother.

There are probably hundreds of hot springs in volcanic Japan—so many that only the most accessible are developed as this one was. They are well patronized by the bath-loving Japanese. Some are so hot that bathers are said to shout to the accompaniment of beating drums to give them the frenzied enthusiasm required to undergo the extreme heat of immersion. Bathers remain in others for weeks at a time, even eating and sleeping in water up to their necks—sleeping sitting down with a stone on their laps to keep them from toppling over.

Jozankei was pretty, with hot water gushing in many places from the side walls of a canyon through which flowed a crystal-clear river—a river that was clean simply because the Hokkaido hills above it were uninhabited.

Perched along the sides of the canyon wall, and clinging to it like ivy, were a dozen bathhouses, each with long, narrow pools dug out of the rock on the one side, and built up as masonry terraces on the other, like roadways along cliffs.

There were places in Jozankei, I later found, which were commonly patronized by visitors from Sapporo who were there for only a few hours, as we should be, and who required only the brief use of dressing rooms instead of the rather luxurious rooms provided by the inns for overnight visitors. But of these my Japanese companion did not tell me. He led me to the finest of Jozankei's inns, and rented for us a room for the day. He then ordered a luxurious dinner to be served there after we finished bathing, though I did not know it until

the meal arrived while we were dressing, some hours later. Nothing but the best for Miyako's brother when he had a guest in tow.

We undressed in our room, left our clothes there, and, wearing the kimonos they had given us, we were led down long corridors and winding staircases to the little pool that was the perquisite of guests of the inn.

A branch of the hot spring poured out of the canyon wall into a rock-lined basin where the water was hottest. There crouched a dozen Japanese, of both sexes, mostly elderly, and all quite naked. They sat utterly motionless and with extreme fortitude for as long as they could bear the heat. Then they moved off to recuperate in the less-hot water of the elongated pool, where swimming was possible.

When the women walked along the pathway that led from basin to pool, they held their hands before them in a fluttery, coy, September-morn-like gesture. I think their autumn-leaf modesty was due partly to the fact that I was a foreigner. But once in the pool they quite forgot it.

Our pool had in it a number of rough wooden dugout canoes which would tip over at the slightest mishandling—intentional or accidental. But that did not matter in this hot-water lagoon. Miyako, for whom this was indeed a lovely holiday, liked to cling to the inside of the little canoe and be capsized, remaining in the air pocket of the overturned boat until I rescued her. The child had no fear of water whatever—perhaps because this was so warm, and because she had not been taught to fear it. And because of lack of opportunity, she had never learned to swim. I tried to teach her. She learned rapidly. By midafternoon she could really swim a little.

Miyako and I were the only ones here who were having any fun. Her brother took his lazy ease in the warm water, not stirring—a true son of his father. He did not attempt canoeing.

From the edge of our pool we could look down on another, larger and more populous, near the bed of the river. Here was more activity—younger people, those who came for only a day from Sapporo and had to make the most of a holiday they could not often afford. I wished I had looked around a little and chosen this place in spite of Miyako's brother. From the number of good-looking Japanese girls in the pool below, I should have imagined that would have been the one he would have preferred, instead of this one, operated in con-

nection with a hotel that seemed largely patronized by elderly people of ample means. But not that lad. There was nothing—not even fair maidens at the bath—that would overcome his desire to have always the very most expensive of everything that someone else's money could buy.

When the shadows grew longer, and then engulfed the whole canyon, we went to our room. As we were dressing, and as I was thinking about taking little Miyako and her brother down the hill to a lunch counter that stood near the pool where the young mermaids were, three jochus came with dinner for us—dinner that included such things as mountain trout, roast chicken, crawfish, and several kinds of fruit.

"I order for you," said Miyako's brother, simply.

Also, he ate. For one so lazy, he had one of the most remarkable appetites I have ever encountered. And how easily and gracefully, for one whose home life was so poor and frugal, did he adapt himself to the luxury of a jochu to wait on him. A reigning Indian prince couldn't have appeared more at home with such service, and with such food, than he.

The meal, with the hotel room, bath, and service, cost more than ten yen. That was enough, expressed in other commodities, to buy 100 lacquered hardwood rice bowls, to travel more than 1,000 miles by rail, to buy 200 shoeshines, 50 haircuts, or 200 baths in the fine commercial bathhouses in Japanese cities. I was beginning to fear I'd never get to China.

XIII

John Batchelor and the Ainu

DETERMINED to free myself of my companion, when we had returned to Sapporo I told Miyako and her brother that I had an important errand. I asked him to please take the little girl home, saying I would be there again that night to sleep, but perhaps very late.

However, I couldn't get rid of him. He put Miyako on a street-car, asked me for a coin for her fare, and insisted on accompanying

me. I had not told him where I was going, but I intended to visit old John Batchelor, the authority on the Ainu.

To get to Batchelor's home we *walked*, though the young Japanese surreptitiously signaled several taxis in the hope I would break down and hire one of them. I had told him only that I was going to visit a friend, and I had previously obtained Batchelor's address.

At last we reached a big old frame house built quite in an English style that was common in America, also, half a century ago. There was not the slightest thing Japanese about it, from the garden gate to the railing around the porch. It might well have been picked up, yard and all, by Aladdin's jinni and dropped here in an alien land. My Japanese companion knew who lived there—so did everybody else in Sapporo—and at the gate he balked for the first time. He seemed a little afraid of John Batchelor and said he'd wait outside.

"I'll be here several hours," I said.

"I wait," said the Japanese.

At the door I was greeted by a huge man with a full white beard—a man with a firm handshake and a general air of well-being that belied his eighty years.

"I'd ask you to sit down and stay for the evening," he said. "It would be pleasant, for visitors are our best contact with the world outside—a world that sometimes seems far away. But my wife is very ill—the doctor is here now. But tell me, do you get up early? If you can be here by five-thirty, come have breakfast with my daughter and me."

I accepted with eagerness, but asked permission to wait a few minutes longer until the young Japanese at the gate might have sauntered far enough away for me to elude him.

"That's easy enough," Batchelor said. "I'll let you out the back way. But who is he, anyway—a secret service man?"

Briefly I told the old man the story, and he slapped his knee and chuckled.

"I've heard of that fellow," he said. "There are others like him in Japan—many others. Of course you didn't meet him in Tokyo—you didn't meet him anywhere. It's his racket. He hangs around the station and pretends to have met every foreigner he sees. Since every foreigner at some time or other visits the Imperial Hotel, that's where he says he met you. Oh, they're clever. But you got off easy. Only

thirty or forty yen so far. Sometimes he talks people into hiring cars owned by his friends, and goes off with them on long tours across country."

"My gosh!"

"Then the fellow does cost something," Batchelor continued. "Don't let him lead you shopping to places that will pay him a commission on everything you buy. That's how he makes a living. And for goodness' sake don't let *him* guide you to an Ainu village."

I didn't tell the Englishman I was going back to that crowded little room above the drugstore to sleep that night. But I'd already decided it would be safely midnight—after everything was closed where I might be inveigled into more expenditure—when I got there.

"Please lend me a book," I said.

"What kind of book?"

"One of your own books about the Ainu. I'm interested in them; I want to talk to you about them. I'll return it in the morning."

"Be sure you *do* return it," Batchelor said, with the air of a man who has had sad experience in lending his books. "Not all the people we invite to our breakfasts really show up at five-thirty."

"I'll be there," I said.

And so, while my racketeering companion leaned on the gatepost, I departed via the back door, and took side streets back to the center of the city. There, sitting in first one restaurant and then another, but staying away from the railway station, I read a hundred pages or so of Batchelor's book—at least enough so that I wouldn't on the morrow ask too-silly questions about his beloved Ainu.

Then, as midnight approached, and as the provincial city became dark and its streets deserted, I found my way back to the little drugstore, where Miyako's mother sleepily let me in. I crawled up the stairs softly, got my midget alarm clock from my furoshiki bundle, set it by matchlight for four-thirty, and immediately dropped off to sleep with the alarm clock muffled in a handkerchief beside my ear. That was one advantage of sleeping in a Japanese house—nothing will ever roll off the bed onto the floor and get smashed—not even an alarm clock.

Even so, the alarm woke the whole family, and I felt badly about the whole thing—having come in so late and now leaving so early. And I felt especially inconsiderate when both Miyako and her mother

immediately arose and were about to get a breakfast of rice for me. I explained as best I could with my poor Japanese that I was to have breakfast with John Batchelor, which awed them considerably.

But I had Miyako write her name and address on a page of my address book, in Japanese, planning to tear it out later and use it as a label for addressing a package with a doll for her. For if ever there were a Japanese Griselda, it was she.

This strange family formed the basis for much of John Batchelor's conversation at breakfast. Batchelor assured me that these people were not typical of Hokkaido, which I knew. He agreed with my observations that in general a more progressive and higher type of Japanese lived here than lived in southern Japan.

With the extension of railways to the island, and with fast inter-island boat service and the general development of Hokkaido, the island seemed less forbidding and remote—much less, Batchelor said—than when he first had come. At that time, I could be sure, Hokkaido was even more so the last place the average Japanese wanted to be—that was the reason the aboriginal Ainu were driven off to this then-so-desolate region where few Japanese were willing to live.

And now, if only it were given freedom from the oppressive tax burdens required to build giant navies, the island might well become to southern Japan what Scandinavia is to Europe, a region where life in most aspects is better. And perhaps the Ainu, too, would benefit in the end, though perhaps not as some of American Indians did who were shunted off to lands nobody else wanted and became rich at last with the discovery of oil beneath their bad lands.

My railway ticket routed me by way of Asahigawa, far to the north, where, the Japan Tourist Bureau had assured the American Express, was "the best place to see the Ainu."

"Rubbish!" said John Batchelor. "That's what they're always doing. They've got a showy Ainu village—mostly fake—up there that they built to attract tourists."

It was also farther away, so that to reach it one had to make the longest possible railway journey, to the profit of the Japanese Government. I would find, said the man who knew most about the Ainu of any person alive, a much more natural, more real Ainu settlement at Shiraoi, not far away, and on an alternate route to Hakodate—the logical way for me to go.

But to change my ticket, even though I would get a refund of a few badly needed yen, would require a visit to the railway station, and probably a long argument.

"I'll go with you," John Batchelor said. "For a long time they've been routing people to that village they built for tourists just to get extra railroad fare. It will be a pleasure to tell the Sapporo station-master what I think of the whole business. He'll probably report me to Tokyo for meddling. But that won't matter—not now. Once it would have mattered, maybe, but not now. I've been meddling in behalf of the Ainu all my life. And when a man gets to be eighty, there's little the officials can do about him."

None of his conversation interfered with his appetite. Beefsteak for breakfast! And lots of it. No wonder John Batchelor's breed of Englishman was able to accomplish so much in a hostile world.

His adopted Ainu daughter was meek and quiet, but I could see that she worshiped her foster father. He had sent her to England to be educated, and she talked with a delightful English accent. In looks and manner it would be hard to tell that she was not a native of England. I think that John Batchelor's idea, apart from the humanitarianism of having provided a home for an orphan, was to prove that this Aryan people, given English upbringing and an English education, did indeed become "people like us," as Batchelor expressed it, and therefore worth very special consideration from England. In this aim he had succeeded admirably. For, except for her dark complexion, which in a few generations might have paled in the English climate, she looked and acted so English that it was hard to believe she was but a single generation away from illiterate, superstitious savagery.

I found myself wondering what might have happened to oriental history had the Aryan Ainu been strong enough to resist successive waves of Japanese invaders and keep their homeland for themselves. If, then, the numbers of Ainu had increased enough to populate the islands, Japan would have been Aryan, and not oriental.

After breakfast John Batchelor gave me a look at his library. Especially interesting were the rather elaborate Ainu dictionary and grammar he had compiled, and the Ainu reading books for children to study. One of the first books, of course, that had been translated into the Ainu was a part of the Christian Bible, which I suspect had

been the principal reason for reducing the hitherto unwritten tongue to printed words.

Constantly, too, I was startled to find The Ven so thoroughly English—even to its furniture, the carpets on the floor, and the pictures on the wall. I had heard that wherever an Englishman lived there was a little fragment of England, but never before had I seen an example like this.

Mrs. Batchelor was some years her husband's senior—perhaps eight or ten years—and was now nearly ninety, and ill. But in her younger days she had been a fine painter. Scenes, therefore, familiar to both of them were on the walls beside the china closet, above the magazine rack, above the piano, beside the whatnot in the corner, and over the umbrella stand in the hall.

The house looked much lived in, as indeed it had been. And of the hundreds of Ainu people who had visited this home, I'm sure the more imaginative among them had glimpsed there the spirit that is England, the spirit that made England great, and free, and tolerant, and as charitable as she was comfortable to live in.

Thereafter I was often to hear the plea of "Asia for the Asiatics," and I would always counter with one of my own: "Fine. And let's start with Japan for the Ainu."

And why not? Individually, the Ainu are strong and virile men, kept in subjection for centuries by the superior numbers of the Japanese. They have been in every way a simpler, more honest, less aggressive, and more straightforward people than the Japanese. This has been their racial misfortune through the centuries when men as well as animals lived by the rule of fang and claw, and by their cunning.

But would it not be a kind of poetic justice if, in the era of freedom of opportunity which they say is to follow World War II, the Ainu should increase in numbers and, becoming a relatively powerful people, regain some of the land the Japanese took from them so many centuries ago? Even before I visited their villages, I knew we could do with more Ainu, even if there had to be fewer Japanese.

As we started out at last for the station I photographed the stalwart old man on his porch, and later sent the enlargement of the picture to his daughter in memory of the beefsteak breakfast.

As we headed toward the station the old Englishman picked up my

furoshiki bundle and carried it, despite my protests. He did not think my baggage peculiar at all.

"This is one Japanese custom I approve of," he said. "It's sensible. I've often traveled with a furoshiki myself. No, don't try to take it away from me and carry it yourself. As my guest, your only possible argument for not letting me carry it will be that you are a young man and I am an old one. And if you use that argument, I shall be offended at your impertinence!"

The stationmaster was much impressed by a visit from John Batchelor, who, I was beginning to think, could awe anybody. The railroad official bowed us into his private office, served us tea, agreed completely with Batchelor's contention that Shiraoi was a better place to see the life of the Ainu than Asahigawa was. As for routing tourists to the latter place, it was a mistake of which he'd never be guilty.

But maybe, he volunteered, grinning candidly, the Japan Tourist Bureau was a little like the taxi man who, when asked to take a fare "to the park," avoided the one around the corner and drove instead to the one across the city.

At any rate, he gave me a new ticket promptly, and a refund of several yen.

It was on the train for Shiraoi that I met the rich Japanese steel-maker vacationing in Hokkaido, whose only baggage was a washbasin, soap, and a washcloth tied in a furoshiki like mine. The man and his wife sat in solitary splendor as the only occupants of a first-class coach. When I fell into conversation with him at a junction point where we had a long wait, it was he who apologized for riding first-class. It was just one of those things that was expected of him, he said. Back in Osaka, where he knew everybody, they knew he could afford a first-class ticket, so that was what they sold him. Personally, he'd prefer third class. The ride was monotonous, with no one else in the car. He then invited me to ride in first with him. Conductors didn't mind, he said—it was like having a guest for a few hours in a hotel room.

I found the man, who had been well educated in America, to be actually better informed on American economic and internal affairs and foreign policy, even after many years' absence, than most Americans are. Interesting to me, in the light of his ample information about

the United States, was his opinion of certain economic trends in my own country as they might have encouraged Japanese so well informed as he to have a part in starting a war against us.

"When I lived in America," said the Japanese, "your people were the most imaginative, chance-taking entrepreneurs the world had ever known. Every American seemed willing to try anything that might make him become rich. Very many—most, I think—went broke instead. But some succeeded, and always everybody continued try. Ones who succeeded were men who developed everything that makes the United States so successful. Now is different, I think."

I thought so, too, but I asked why he did.

"Maybe ordinary man no longer try become rich when Government say: 'Security for everybody without try.' That costs plenty money; rich man pay. So more reason remain poor, less reason become rich."

"Isn't it like that in Japan, too?"

"Taxes very much in Japan—much more than America. But everybody pay. And Government does not say: 'Security for everybody.' Japanese must work or nothing for eating. If no job for five yen one day, he get job for four yen; if no job for four yen, he get job for three yen; if no job for three yen, he get job for two yen; if no job for two yen, he get job for one yen. He get job for anything—enough to buy rice."

"That means a low standard of living," I said.

"No! Not that. That means standard of living get better—except for taxes. Japan way is way of United States fifty, sixty years ago. Make strong country when everybody must work for anything he can get. Because everybody try to get more. You see in few years!"

The steelmaker told me stories of how Japanese got by when they could get no jobs. He knew one family that earned its living for a year by trimming grass with hand sickles from tiny areas of unused land—along roads and beside factory walls—and drying it to sell as hay. Other people planted vegetables in as many as fifty tiny, scattered tracts of wasteland sometimes of only a square yard or two.

Others were scavengers—and what a difficult way to earn a living that was in this land where so little is thrown away! One of the reasons there is never any broken glass to be seen lying about the streets and alleys and yards and vacant lots of Japan is that every

scrap of it is picked up and used for remelting. The familiar glass balls that float the ends of Japanese fish nets and which, breaking loose in storms, drift across the Pacific to be cast up on American beaches, are made of that scrap glass. It is the mixture of colors in the scrap that gives them their always-different tints, ranging from green to amber—tints so admired by collectors.

A family that is up against it can always make something that will sell—something of straw or of wood. And there were brokers ready to buy such homecraft at the market price if the makers did not choose to peddle it themselves. People could always fish and catch something. And fish would always sell at the market price. The economy of the country, little interfered with by paternalism, was that of the America of yesteryear, when the little man had to earn his living as he could, and often grew rich and strong. Japanese peddlers had no licenses to buy, no laws to stop them from working, no sales-tax collections to make. And as a consequence, there was always something a poor family could do when faced with the need of earning money.

Our train was an hour late. When the steelmaker learned of it he took me to dinner in the station restaurant and we continued our conversation there. I could not induce him to talk about his plants; I gathered they were engaged in making steel for shipbuilding, and the Japanese were not then talking to foreigners about the production of weapons of war.

But we did talk some about the Emperor.

"You are a highly educated Japanese," I said, "without superstitions. Tell me, do you, deep down in your heart, really believe in the divinity of your Emperor, that he is actually the Son of Heaven, or do you think this is a fiction invented because it is a belief that is useful to those who rule in his name?"

The man, by hesitating thoughtfully before making his simple reply, and by looking at me quizzically the while, actually answered before he spoke, and answered in the negative.

But what he *said* was: "Yes, of course, every Japanese believes!"

The steelmaker was a little man, small even for a Japanese. I doubt if he weighed more than one hundred pounds. He was sensitive about his size, and displeased when I commented about it. But he brightened when I reminded him that Napoleon had been a small

man. Childishly pleased, he said he'd never realized that Napoleon was little, too.

We went together to the Ainu village at Shiraoi, which at that time numbered about 150 Ainu. I told my companion many of the things I had learned from John Batchelor and his books—that the women always walk backwards out of their huts when men are at home, because it is disrespectful to turn their backs on a man. I told him how, for the same reason, Ainu women (except for widows, who never remove their hoods) always take off their hats or head-dress upon meeting a man, then place a hand over the mouth and look downward. I wondered if perhaps the Japanese had not learned more about how to handle their women from the savage Hairy Ainu than they were willing to admit. The steelmaker's wife laughed at that, and he wondered too—but it was so long ago that who could tell?

I noted that my companions called the Ainu by the Japanese name, "Aino," instead of by the word ending with "u" which these people use to designate themselves. I did not tell him, because there was no point in making him aware of it, that the Japanese called them "Aino," which means "mongrel" or "half-breed," because of a degrading Japanese tradition that this long-despised Aryan people had descended originally from the union of a human being and a dog. Obviously, his use of the old familiar word that John Batchelor so deplored carried with it no personal obloquy.

But it was fun to quote from what Batchelor called the oldest book of which the Japanese can boast, written in A.D. 712, which said: "When our august ancestors descended from heaven in a boat, they found upon the island several barbarous tribes, the most fierce of whom were called Ainu."

Then I said that I thought Japan ought to be given back to the Ainu, as the first step in re-establishing the supremacy of Aryans in Asia.

The Japanese laughed.

"People in United States used to joke, too, when things became bad, suggesting to give country back to Indians. I had forgotten. Yes, there are times when we, too, would say likewise."

The Ainu village comprised a group of some twenty-five or thirty houses built almost entirely of poles and straw. Each was sur-

rounded by a rather considerable fenced yard that contained an ill-tended garden, and which served to isolate each house from the others and prevent the spread of fire, which is even more feared by the Ainu than by the Japanese.

Around the yards were fences of stakes cut from tree limbs—fences decorated with bear skulls. For Ainu have traditionally hunted bear, and in former times they used to fatten captured cubs in back-yard cages for feast days, at which times they beat the animals to death to make the meat more tender. That custom, happily, has passed with the coming of the missionaries, as did many another savage rite.

But such cruelty on the part of the Ainu is not difficult to understand when one considers how they, in turn, were treated by their Japanese conquerors. Batchelor said that in olden times—in the golden days of the knightly samurai—an Ainu, seeing a Japanese soldier approach, was obliged to get down on all fours and literally grovel. He had to wipe his face in the dirt as a sign he was part dog. The luckless aborigine who failed to show his respect to his conquerors in this manner might have his head lopped off at once and without ceremony. For of course the Ainu had no recourse to civil law—nor did his widow. In those days the Ainu were denied weapons of any kind, just as the Koreans are today. Thus they were forbidden to hunt. And as they were forbidden to learn the Japanese language, they were also forbidden the use of Japanese money, and all traffic with these luckless people was by barter. Is it any wonder then that they became unkempt, dirty, and cruel in turn to animals?

One principal item of barter, according to Batchelor, was sake, or Japanese rice wine, which the Ainu, with rare sense of humor, call “official milk” to this day. Such treatment down through the centuries has helped to make of the Ainu the miserable, filthy, lousy, drunken creature-without-hope that he was when John Batchelor found him.

That his lot is so much better today, after so few short years of being called a human being, shows what he might have become during the same long generations—since long before the time of Christ—when many another Aryan people rose from savagery to civilization, had it not been for the incredible cruelties of those who had conquered and ruled him as half human, half dog.

When I consider what has happened to the Ainu and to the Ko-

reans—both of them independent rulers of their own destiny before the Japanese took them over—and when I see that both Aryan and oriental people fared so ill under the suzerainty of Japan, it is deeply disquieting. What if Japan comes to rule all the peoples of Asia? What if, in the new scheme of things that follows World War II, she comes to rule the people of the Philippines, the people of the Indies, the Chinese? We have already seen how, in conquered parts of China, opium has been used to demoralize the people—opium, a faster and more potent weapon of occupational warfare than the “official milk” the Japanese gave to the Ainu for whatever they had left.

When one gets to know the Ainu people as John Batchelor knows them, “there are no more friendly, kindly, or generous folk.” Particularly, he said, could they be counted on to help a man in trouble.

If only I could have stumbled into one of their villages, hungry, on a cold, wet night!

But I tried to find out what manner of people they were by every way I could. For example, I showed my magician’s tricks to a couple of men whose patriarchal gray beards made them look much older than they were—for Ainu become gray while yet fairly young.

When the tricks were finished, I admiringly felt the biceps of one of the men, then started an impromptu wrestling match with him on the grass. We drew spectators, and both he and his friends enjoyed it, laughing heartily as first one of us, then the other, gained advantage. I noticed that he entered into the spirit of the horseplay with excellent good nature and real sportsmanship. He knew a trick or two himself, and there were times he might have pointed up his superiority to the stranger by making me wince when he had the advantage. But he did not. He had all the gentleness of a big, shaggy, good-natured dog who liked to play and who couldn’t possibly be induced to hurt anyone even a little.

By the way he wrestled with me I knew that here was a man, unlike the Japanese, utterly without sadistic tendencies. That pleased me, for it meant that so far as he personally was characteristic of his people, they were sporting and they were kind. Perhaps it was a slight test, but there were ample other evidences that, once they were handled with kindness and equality, they were fine and good-natured people.

Another little circumstance gave me a clue to the nature of the

Ainu. They were not at all mercenary. They had things to sell, but they seemed just as well pleased when one admired but did not buy.

In the village was one house that had been especially prepared and furnished to show the best of the Ainu tradition. There were, for example, clothes of the olden times, hand-woven of the fibers of the bark of the elm tree, and they would show visitors that these stiff and brittle garments became pliable and extremely strong when damp. And they showed me looms and utensils and mustache lifters—for it is not polite to get one's mustache in the food if one is a Hairy Ainu. Of course you paid something to see the house, but there was no attempt to coerce the visitor into paying much. It was all most genial, and I doubt if they would have minded much if a visitor paid nothing.

XIV

Adventures on a Volcano

THAT NIGHT I took the train for Muroran, but I had delayed so long in the village of the Ainu that this was not the train I should have taken. As a consequence I had to wait several hours for a connection at a village called Higashi Muroran, which I took to mean "Muroran Junction." There was no station here, just a roof over a short railroad platform. A light rain was falling, and there was a chilly wind. For the first time, without a coat, I was cold, and soon I began to be hungry as well.

So I walked through the darkness to the village, which was some distance away, and I knocked at the first house that showed a light. The family was preparing to retire, for sleeping mats were being spread upon the floor. My appearance so startled the entire group that I knew none of them could go to sleep immediately anyway, so I kicked off my shoes and walked in to give them a better look at me. I deposited my furoshiki on the floor and said I was hungry.

I told them I'd been traveling all over Japan. That was easy to tell—all I had to do was to rattle off the names of a dozen towns and cities along my route. I told them I was going to Muroran and had to wait more than two hours for my train—which of course they would

know. I had been all day at Shiraoi, I said. Tomorrow I was going to climb Mount Komagatake. I would like some soft-boiled eggs—and I put down a yen to show them I was willing to pay for my eggs.

All this reassured them, and they seemed to think my presence strange no longer—and forthwith sent one of the children somewhere for some eggs. Later I learned that, not long before, an outmoded United States war vessel, purchased for scrap, loaded with more scrap, and navigated to Japan under her own power, had been disabled in a storm. She was driven off her course and finally put into the shelter of the Bay of Muroran, unannounced. There was an invasion scare similar to that which followed Orson Welles's Martian broadcast.

One reason, I suppose, why the Japanese always seemed to have invasion jitters was that army propaganda was constantly hammering home to the people, as a means of selling them on the current war program, the imminence of invasion. I do not exaggerate; one of the propaganda lines of the military was that Japan had to be prepared against enemies who would strike without warning when least expected. That line, too, had the later effect of enabling them to say of Pearl Harbor, "We struck first," and be believed.

Of course I attempted to talk to my inadvertent hosts, and I thought I was doing rather well for one who knew so little Japanese. For children dashed out and returned with neighbors one after another, until soon they had to slide panels back and enlarge the room to accommodate the crowd I drew.

Before long, however, a boy in his late teens arrived, rather out of breath. "I have come long way on bicycle," he said, "because I am student in the Middle School."

Thereupon the lad devoted himself to putting questions to me about the United States, questions suggested by his elders. One of the things they wanted to know was "What do American people think of Japan?" and "What do you think of Japan?" That was an ever-recurring question—it was usually the first thing I was asked by the supersensitive Japanese. My only answer was rather lame.

I said that actually Americans knew much less about Japan than Japanese knew about the United States. Therefore opinions varied, according to the information—or lack of it—of those who held them. Personally, I liked Japan. The better-educated Americans held Japan

in great respect, because she was progressing faster than most other nations. This seemed to satisfy everybody.

All the while the children sat in a row against the wall, with colored crayons, drawing my picture in childish fashion, and later presenting the weird caricatures to me. In each of them my dark-brown hair was red, an old trick of Japanese artists to designate foreigners.

The boy from the Middle School had brought with him his English grammar and his reading book that he might consult their vocabularies if hung up on a difficult word. I looked at them. The grammar illustrated its rules with dull and unimaginative sentences instead of the bright quotations that might have been collected had the author not been too lazy.

But the reading book more than made up in interest for what its companion volume lacked. It was like my old McGuffey. It told stories so interesting that even backward students struggled to read on. But this was McGuffey-with-a-theme, Japanese model.

As I leafed through the book, the schoolboy pointed to a picture. It was Nathan Hale's. Beneath was a legend in simple words: "I am sorry that I have only one life to give to my country." An accompanying story said little about principles, for which the captured Revolutionary spy so bravely died. But it was a fair account of his life, with accent on courage.

The book contained a score of yarns like that. William Tell, who shot unflinchingly at the apple on the head of his fearless son; the Dutch boy who plugged a leaky dike all night with his fist; Robert Bruce, who watched a spider try and fail, try and fail, and try again; the brave old Roman who, threatened with torture, held his fist in a fire to show that he could take it; the lad of ancient Greece who stole a fox, hid it under his coat, and let it gnaw his vitals rather than reveal he had it.

The whole book was a symposium of bravery through the ages and across the world. The theme of it seemed something like this: "Japanese are the bravest, most fearless of death. But boys and men in other nations have been brave too. Here are stories of them. Japanese boys must always be braver still than they, for who knows when they will be our adversaries?"

It was impossible to tell, quite, whether Japanese educators had picked a subject of certain interest that boys would really *want* to

translate, or whether they were taking advantage of the surer remembrance of what is hard to come by. Perhaps it was a little of both.

The entire assembly of perhaps thirty people escorted me to the train. They assured me it was a bad train indeed, and much too slow. They were right. It took at least five hours to arrive at Lake Onuma, from which I planned to set out for Komagatake.

The lake itself was misty and beautiful in the dawn as the train skirted its shores. They call it the "Matsushima of Hokkaido" because of its many islands. It was formed, as most Japanese lakes are formed, by the damming of rivers by ejecta from volcanoes.

Dawn in August is early, even for a Japanese, and few people were stirring in this town by the lake. Yet some were already up, sprinkling the streets and sidewalks in front of their shops with little sprinkling cans as they do so much in Mexico. How many millions of man-hours that task consumes each week!

A few early-rising artisans were at work, and there was here and there a noise of tools from scattered little shops. In one I talked with a maker of clogs—for clogmaking is still largely a local enterprise. From him I learned that in half an hour a ramshackle electric car that looked as if it had been purchased from some bankrupt line in the United States would start on one of its infrequent journeys over the countryside, and that, if I asked the conductor, he would let me off at the very foot of Komagatake, at a place where there was no station but where the mountain climbers' trail crossed the railroad right of way.

The fare was about twenty-five sen and saved many miles of walking. I had intended this time to buy a lunch and take it with me, but neither of the two little restaurants I found was open. Early risers appeared to eat frugally at home. In the end the best I could do was to get two more soft-boiled eggs from the clogmaker's wife and eat them on the spot. She promised to wash and iron my spare shirt and trousers while I was gone, for I knew from Fujiyama that I would need clean clothes when I came off the mountain. She started to prepare a lunch for me, but when I saw the crew of the electric car slowly get their battered old conveyance under way, I had to leave my lunch behind, facing the prospect of climbing another mountain on a day's ration of two eggs. I knew it would be nightfall before I returned.

But unless I began traveling faster I should run out of money before I reached China. I could have skipped Komagatake, but I just had to climb an active volcano in Japan. Not to do so would be like going to Minnesota and missing an intimate association with at least one of the lakes. Japan has dozens of active volcanoes. I knew that Komagatake had erupted only a few years before, spreading desolation for many miles around it. But even so, volcanoes are so commonplace in Japan that this one was rarely climbed. I knew there would be none of the emergency facilities along the trail to the summit that there were on Fujiyama.

So, still hungry, I boarded the old trolley car. Its route climbed only a couple of hundred feet around the shoulder of the mountain, for the peak seemed to lie between Lake Onuma and Uchiura Bay. As we neared the mountain I began to see dead trees, killed by the hot ashes of the last eruption. Near the lower slopes of the peak they became more frequent, until at its base there was a ghostly dead forest of graying tree trunks. Here the ash was light and had drifted down in light particles to a depth of two or three feet. The ash seemed incredibly fertile, for already the earth was green with young plant life and vines that climbed the dead tree trunks.

The last eruption, one of many in recent years, was so serious that for a time it threatened Hakodate, only seventeen miles away. But with a shift in the wind, most of the ash blew seaward and dropped harmlessly into the bay.

The mountain trail wound through lush undergrowth that helped to explain why farmers in land-hungry Japan are willing to cultivate the perilous lower slopes of many a volcano, and why some of them even make their homes within the huge outer crater of rumbling, smoking Asosan. For here was soil absolutely virgin, wet with Japan's abundant, all-season rainfall, crying only for seeds. Here the birds and the winds had already begun their sowing, and when I pushed my way into the undergrowth I again found berries, as I had on Fuji. This time they were on bushes—rich, ripe, red berries of large size that looked a little like the red salmonberry that grows so abundantly in the Pacific Northwest. I tasted them. They were good. Such a delicious berry, I was sure, could not be poison, and it wasn't, for I ate my fill of them and soon forgot how little breakfast I had had.

Komagatake is almost 4,000 feet high, which makes it a midget

compared to Fuji. But because it rises from sea level it seems much higher, and it was perhaps twice as high before it blew its top in some prehistoric cataclysm. Because of the loose volcanic ash that sometimes almost obliterated the trail as it worked its way down the mountain, ascent was relatively slow.

Torrential rainstorms, which are always cutting canyons in mountain slopes, have dug new ones in new locations since the last eruption of Komagatake. I ascended one of them. Its walls became higher and steeper, until they towered scores of feet above the canyon bed. Mute evidences of past eruptions were visible in that wall. First there would be a layer of volcanic ash and cinders, several feet thick, ranging from the coarse material on the bottom which had fallen first to the extremely light and powdery stuff that drifted down from smoky skies after the main force of the eruption had subsided. On top of this powdery ash was a layer of humus of varying thickness as plant life had thrived during peaceful decades when the volcano was inactive. Then there were layers of charcoal, as tree limbs had broken off and were buried under the hot cinders.

These repeated strata told the story of several eruptions and the fight of nature to make the mountain green and full of life again. One could tell about how long, relatively, it had been between eruptions by the thickness of the layer of humus-filled soil and the depth of the buried roots. The top such layer was about six feet from the canyon rim, and from it a veritable hedge of green vegetation crept upward, often peering over the rim at the gray desolation of the mountain slope. These growing things had come from seeds buried deep and safely in the damp leaf mold during the last eruption, and now exposed to warmth and sunlight with the cutting of the canyon through what had been their tomb.

For many decades, long ago, the volcano had been so peaceful that people had lived on its lower slope. In one place I saw charred parts of a house, and in another the charcoal spokes of what had been a cart wheel.

The canyon ended in a cul-de-sac with a dry waterfall at the head of it, and walls so steep I could not climb out. So I retraced my way down the canyon bed and took to the trail again.

Volcanic ash on the slopes of Komagatake was sharper than what I had encountered on Fuji, and long before I reached the summit

there were holes in both my shoes. I made insoles of paper as tramps do and continued the climb, though I had to stop often and renew them.

It was about noon when I reached the summit. It was an inferno-like place, for when the top of the mountain blew off it left a rough crater that built up into a shaggy plateau about a third of a mile across, a place of hot stones, weird shapes, hissing steam vents, and growling fumaroles. From one end of this awful plain rose a jagged fragment of the mountain that did not break off. On its outer side that pinnacle kept unbroken the slope of the mountain which once had risen perhaps to a perfectly symmetrical cone. But now it only served to remind me that the solid rock over which I picked my way so carefully might at a moment's notice be blown into the distant bay.

Here there was no ash, just hard and flinty rock on which the trail was scarcely discernible, so little mark was left there by the footsteps of the few mountaineers who crossed it.

But the view from the inferno on the mountaintop was unforgettable. The crescent-shaped bay around which the train had traveled so slowly from Noboribetsu and Shiraoi the night before stretched far away in silver-flecked blue, with fishing boats moving languidly across its tranquil surface. In another direction was Lake Onuma and its islands, and the little town. In all directions were the green hills and rolling countryside of this never-level land.

Across the forbidding plateau I picked my way, careful lest I slip and fall into one of the yawning holes that had their beginnings far down in the bowels of the earth. It was clear enough why lovers so often climbed volcanoes together to keep suicide pacts. For to drop into one of these hot fissures would mean such certain, instant death! And there would be no chance whatever for one of the pair to survive and to remember.

Dark clouds were gathering overhead and to the west, blown eastward by the prevailing wind from the Sea of Japan. The clouds grew blacker, and there came a sudden rain, which slowly turned into thick, sulphurous mist as the raindrops evaporated from the warm lava rock that crusted the live old crater. Before the mist had obliterated the sight of everything, I made my way to a dry shelf beneath a large rock overhang and just sat for more than an hour while the rain pelted down through the mist. It would be dangerous to leave

this refuge, for now in the thick fog not even the steam vents were visible. And I could not possibly find the trail down the mountain. So I continued to sit, knowing that sometimes volcanic peaks were almost constantly shrouded in thick vapor, and wondering if this might not be one of them, and if I might not be forced to remain here for days.

At intervals there came a series of peculiar musical notes—a sort of ghostly whistling. At first I attributed them to the passage of high-pressure subterranean steam past pockets in the lava rock that might act like organ pipes. But after a while, as I crawled out from under the shelter of the rock to listen better, I perceived it was a human whistle, and so I emitted my best and loudest yodel—one that reverberated among the rocks I could not see through the pungent fog.

Presently a little, grinning, Japanese face appeared through the murk, as glad to see me as I was to see him. The little fellow sat down beside me and we had, in an hour, a talk that could have been accomplished in ten minutes had we been possessed of a common tongue. He was a telegrapher in Hakodate, he said, working the night shift. He had set out from home this morning, after work, to climb Komagatake, and had to be back at work early this evening. The rain would prevent him from returning in time for the two-hour nap he'd planned to have—if indeed it did not prevent him from returning altogether. Every year he had a week's vacation, but this he used for trips to far-away peaks like the Diamond Mountains of Korea.

He was a friendly little fellow, of great good nature and all the love of adventure possessed by an American youth. I have wondered why some Japanese in Japan seem more adventurous than those in the United States, by whom we were inclined to judge all Japanese. My conclusion is that the kind of Japanese who emigrated to America were not the kind who went away to seek adventure. They went for economic reasons, usually for the sole purpose of making money. If all they wanted was adventure, that they could find in Asia.

The boy was the kind of fellow the Army would pick for an Aleutian-occupying expedition, for he was tough and resourceful, for all his friendly disposition. He carried a pack on his ascent of the volcano, and I think he was prepared to remain a week if necessary. He had plenty of reserve rations for emergencies. One item was a large packet of smoked and dried octopus meat. It was so tough and hard

to chew that as a food, he said, it went far because it took a long time to eat it.

But he had also a routine lunch of perishable food, and this he shared with me. When I spoke of the lack of water, he led me to a place where he had unrolled and spread out a very thin, large, and light sheet of oiled silk in such a way that it would catch the rain. It had already collected enough to fill twice his folding drinking cup, and he gave me half of it. It had an unpleasant taste of the oiled silk, but a few moments after I drank I had forgotten the taste and was no longer thirsty.

It was midafternoon before the rain stopped, but the sulphurous vapor hung low and thick over the plateau for another hour. Then a brisk wind came suddenly and whisked it away as if by magic. The young Japanese shouldered his pack and we started off across the mountain and down its side together. I had difficulty keeping up with him as we descended the trail. Like most Japanese I encountered, he was accustomed to hard physical exertion and I was not. At the berry patch near the railroad he paused to eat some of the berries I showed him, and then, too impatient to wait for the old trolley, trotted off down the track toward Lake Onuma.

If he missed the Hakodate train, he said, he would borrow a telegraph key, tap out his alibi, and walk ten or twelve miles more to Hakodate. There seemed no limit to his endurance.

I recalled a passage I had stumbled across in a journal of Dr. Erwin Baelz in the library of his widow in Tokyo. As I recalled it, the doctor had said: "I was going to Nikko, by carriage. And I went at night, because of the intense heat through the day. The journey was about seventy-five miles, and as we were starting I fell into conversation with a jinrikisha man. 'Where are you going?' I asked. 'Nikko,' he replied, and I saw his fare, a full-grown man. 'All the way?' 'All the way!' We changed carriage horses six times in the seventy-five miles, and with these constantly fresh horses it took us twelve and a half hours. Only a half-hour later the jinrikisha man arrived at our hotel, having traveled almost as fast as our relays of horses. And," Dr. Baelz had continued, "the jinrikisha man rested a few hours, then started back toward Tokyo with another fare, making forty more miles before he rested again. Moreover, he expended this huge amount of human energy on food with about 50 per cent

of the fat content, and 70 per cent of the protein content, that we consider absolutely essential to normal European diet."

Baelz was talking about the Japanese of half a century ago. They are stronger today, and their diet is better. As I watched the young telegrapher's pack disappear in the distance, as I thought of the climbers on Fuji, of the coolies who load boats, of the old sampan man, I understood what Dr. Baelz meant. His books were widely read in Germany, if not in the United States. There in Germany, I think, the Japanese were held in greater respect as fighters than we held them on December 7, 1941. And thinking about it now, I can see that this ability to withstand hardship is what will make them so difficult to dislodge from islands we have held to be uninhabitable. Nothing will do it but machines of war, and more and more machines of war.

How dirty I was when I reached Lake Onuma! The sweaty exertion of climbing, the dusty ashes of the trail, the rain, the fact that I hadn't shaved—all this helped me look like a young derelict beyond all hope. To add to my unkempt appearance, I hadn't had a haircut in nearly a month.

But at the clogmaker's shop I picked up the shirt and trousers his wife had washed and ironed so nicely for me. I folded them, and wrapped them, and stowed them in my furoshiki bundle, which was now rather dirty from sooty trains. Then I started for the railway station.

There, waiting for the train, was a merry party of English people, chatting gaily until they noticed me. They had been on a picnic by the lake, it appeared—and there was a lunch hamper on the platform beside them. I was extremely hungry, and the sight of it made me famished. The berries had been more juicy than sustaining, and I had eaten but little of the telegrapher's meager lunch. So I started off for a restaurant, and as I turned away from the English party I heard one of them make a remark, of which I caught only the words "filthy-looking tramp." Halfway to the restaurant I had seen at dawn that morning before it was open, the train whistle turned me back. This time I approached the station from the side, purposely out of sight of the English party. It included two pretty girls, and I was embarrassed. But they were still talking about the tramp—speculating on whence I had come, how I lived, what was my nationality, and

rather seriously annoyed that I was here at all. For "one bum like that can undermine Japanese respect for all Europeans!"

All of them heartily disapproved of me except one whom I could not see from where I stood. His voice was masculine and youthful, and in argument with the others he said: "I'll bet the fellow just ran into hard luck somewhere. We should have spoken to him."

But one of the girls snapped back: "Well, whatever his luck, he doesn't have to be so dirty!"

The short, local train pulled in, and I noticed that the party boarded the single third-class coach. That told me they lived in Japan, probably Hakodate. For only a resident would have sense enough to buy a third-class ticket for such a short ride. I let them board the train first, then shouldered my furoshiki and got on behind them. They saw me and suddenly stopped talking.

For two weeks now I had had no opportunity to talk with a European except during the brief time I was with John Batchelor. I really wanted to talk to them.

At last one of the women, moving a lunch basket, remarked: "I wish we hadn't made so many sandwiches. What'll we do with them before they spoil?"

At that I walked to her seat, where she sat facing two extremely class-conscious-looking Englishmen who eyed me with extreme distaste as I started to speak.

"Ma'am," I said, meekly, "I heard you say you had too many sandwiches. I'm very hungry. Could I possibly get one or two of them?"

Then they *knew* I was a bum.

The entire group looked me up and down. By my request, I had lost whatever right I had to be free of their direct criticism. But one of the men, looking at me not unkindly but still obviously annoyed at my appearance, refrained from hurting me. He didn't say what he thought of a man who would let himself get into such a sorry state of dereliction. He said: "Of course, if you're hungry—here!"

And he handed me not one or two sandwiches, but a whole package of them. I reached into my pocket, took out my billfold, and handed him a five-yen note, which disconcerted him mightily.

Then, with a sympathetic gesture, he said: "Put it back. You may need it. And we couldn't possibly take your money anyway. You look as if you've been having a little hard luck."

"In a way, sir," I said, "but it's my own fault, I guess."

"How's that?" Everybody was curious.

"Well, sir, it rained on Komagatake awhile ago, and I couldn't see to get down on account of the mist. Hardly any breakfast, only berries and a doughnut for lunch. Almost missed the train, and there wasn't time to eat."

"Komagatake?" The man's attitude suddenly became respectful. It certainly had towered impressively above their picnic ground on the lake shore.

During the rest of the ride we had an interesting talk, but none of them asked me to his home, as any European would have done in this region under ordinary circumstances. I didn't blame them, for I knew they would have done it had I been presentable. This was the first actual handicap I had encountered that was brought on by my way of travel—missing a chance to talk longer with these long-time residents of a land I wanted so much to learn about.

But among them was the young chap of eighteen who had been my only defender when first the group had discussed me. As I left the party at the Hakodate railway station, I asked if he would wander around the town with me—after I got cleaned up. I asked him to have dinner with me, and he agreed to meet me at the station again in a couple of hours.

First I went to a barbershop for a shave and haircut, at thirty-five sen, or ten cents. Then I got a shine for five sen, or one and a half cents. After that, very embarrassed by my dirty clothes, I went to one of the brand-new, excellent public baths where, as in Tokyo, the price of a bath was another five sen. At the bathhouse I stowed my soiled clothes in the grimy furoshiki, and after a shower, a good soaking in hot water, and drying operations with a wrung-out washcloth in a blast of warmth from a ceiling fan, I put on the clean underwear and trousers and shirt. The girl in the bathhouse who handed me my clothes had noticed the dirty ones I had taken off, and she was so pleased at the transformation that she remarked aloud about it. I said, "Komagatake. Dirty," and she nodded.

The clogmaker's wife had charged me twenty-five sen for washing and ironing, which came to about seven cents.

Of course my shoes still had paper insoles to keep my feet, literally,

off the ground. But no one would notice that if I were careful where I put my feet.

Thus, for twenty cents in American money I had effected a complete transformation in my appearance. True, I had no coat, I didn't wear a tie, and I was therefore not dressed for a formal ball. But I could now go anywhere with complete self-respect. How crisp and clean the trousers felt, and how fine the shirt looked! There is probably no other modern country in the world where such a transformation could be effected for twenty cents. Certainly, I was to find, it couldn't be done in China.

It was significant that when I met the young Englishman again he was now willing—even eager—to invite me to his home for the rest of the evening, after we had eaten and walked a bit about Hakodate. Thus for twenty cents I had become socially acceptable.

There was something strange about my young companion. He was obviously English in manner, education, and appearance. But he became so pathetically friendly, almost as if he were one of those sexually irregular young men who, fastidiously dressed, sometimes haunt the parks and boulevards of American cities seeking tractable male companionship. Yet obviously he was not such a person. Sometimes when his face relaxed into philosophic repose, losing its animation, it became almost oriental. And yet I could not single out even one of its characteristics and call it oriental—at least none of the physical ones.

He told me that he'd appreciate it if, when I returned to Yokohama, I would telephone a girl of his and greet her for him. Weeks afterward, when I did so, I learned that my young friend was one of those lost souls whose lives are so tragic in the Orient and everywhere else—a Eurasian. He was half Chinese and half English. The girl he liked so well was Canadian. She was fond of him but, like most European girls, had a prejudice against his racial mixture. She would never marry him—nor would any other girl who appealed to his sensibilities and his delicate good taste. Perhaps he could have had his pick of oriental girls, but to marry one of them would be unthinkable—he resented things Japanese or Chinese simply because the part of him that was oriental had so cut him off from that which the English part of him desired so much.

Yet he was in no way bitter; instead I found him, that evening

in Hakodate, deeply sympathetic and understanding of everything around him, just as he had been the only one of his party to view with sympathy my uncouth appearance at Lake Onuma.

But of all this I did not then think, for I did not know he was Eurasian. I only thought of him as a remarkably brilliant and kindly young man whom it was a delight to know. I have since heard that the union of Chinese and Irish produces superior people, but they cannot be nicer than he was.

Perhaps one of the ways in which our shrinking world may achieve the unity, peace, and understanding internationalism there must someday be will come through intermarriage of the white and yellow races in spite of Kipling's melancholy edict that "never the twain shall meet." I think good would come of it. However, its real pioneering, self-sacrificing heroes would not be those who intermarried, but their children. When the term "Eurasian" ceases to be a consciously polite synonym for "half-breed," when it ceases to make those whom it describes wince at the thought of it, then perhaps the peoples in lands washed by the Pacific will come to understand each other better. To that end, the term "Eurasian" ought to be the same kind of pioneering badge of honor—though inadvertent honor—that comes with descent from *Mayflower* ancestors.

The young man lived, or was visiting, in the home of the kindly older man who'd given me the sandwiches. It looked as if it might have been the finest mansion in Hakodate. In treaty port days, it seems, it was the British Consulate, and it was as imposing as the best of diplomatic buildings anywhere in the world. This is apparently the main function of diplomatic architecture—to be impressive.

But now the British Government had use for it no longer, and so this British shipping man and fish canner lived there like a prince—and, without intending to do so, roused envy in the Japanese who even then had ceased to be awed by the Union Jack and what it stood for. The policy of Western nations and their nationals to "put on the swank," as it were, to live so much more luxuriously and in such imposing fashion, had been a most successful kind of bluff for many and many a decade. For ever so long no native group of consequence would dare to attack or to incur the wrath of or even to slight the peoples whose way of life was so fabulous by comparison to their own.

There is a wide belief that architecture is a symbol of power—and so it is, in a measure; and yet, with native peoples becoming better informed on the world, they have begun slowly to realize that the Europeans who dwelt in their marble halls were not supermen, but just ordinary mortals like themselves, who knew the tricks required to get the money they needed to live like kings. And in their envy they forgot the contributions and the imagination and the enterprise of these men. They were resentful, not of Europeans' power, but of their wealth and way of life.

"Overawing the natives"! It was a formula that had worked so long and so well that there seemed no need to change it. And so they did not change it, not even when Singapore was threatened, or Hong Kong was stormed from the rear. You cannot change a lifetime of reliance on wealth and native servants and imposing dwelling places as a means of instilling respect.

Not that these English folk weren't fine people when one became acquainted with them. For they were. They were kindly and generous, and imaginative, and extremely courteous to me, once I was cleaned up. My only point is that they felt themselves superior to the Japanese—which in most ways they were—and, what was tragic, they showed it. They were right. They were better people. But it had been a mistake to let the Japanese realize they thought so, and to let them at last come to realize that much of the "white man's magic" was simply architectural bluff. Some of the Japanese might think it *all* was bluff.

But that was one thing the Japanese did not imitate. They did not attempt to outshine the foreigner in architecture. They merely set out to outbuild him in warships—the warships that had first given him supremacy in Asia—and they let the architecture go.

Actually, this Englishman had done much to help build up the country by his imaginative pioneering. And the Japanese might have realized it. Probably some of them did. Probably the Russians realized it, too, on the coast of Siberia, where the Englishman had operated fish canneries.

"We lost them, of course, when the Bolsheviks came into power," he said. "But we saved our machines—we lost only buildings and foundations. It took the Russians a year to confiscate their way across

Siberia, and we heard they were coming before they got to us. So we worked a crew of men day and night to remove equipment and load it on ships. We kept watch for the first sign of the Bolsheviks, and when they came our ships had steam up and sailed away—leaving very little behind us but the shells of buildings.”

The old Consulate in Hakodate which was now the Englishman's home contained lavish full-length paintings of the women of his family. I was told they were the work of a great Russian artist, once connected with the court of the czars. With the Revolution he had fled, made his way across Siberia, arrived broke at last in Japan—broke, ill, and hungry. Of course the canneryman took him in; he was a generous man. For some years the Russian remained there, resting, getting back his health, painting pictures of the family “to earn his keep,” as he would express it. At last his host staked him to a trip to America. I was told that now the artist was successful in New York.

Many another international wanderer, White Russian emigree, and soldier of fortune had found refuge here and had been helped by this imaginative Englishman. I know he would have aided me had I needed it, for all his definite ideas about the importance of “face” and all his disapproval of a man who would go native and let the Japanese see him as they saw me.

Today his enterprises and his home have certainly been seized. And, as a British subject, he may be interned for the duration of the war. And if he is interned, the kind of living to which he has been accustomed will make his internment that much more bitter. How hard it will be for him to endure the cramped quarters, the chill rooms, the beds on the floor, the inadequate diet of the Japanese who will hold him prisoner. They will see no reason, now that they have the upper hand, for him or his family to be given anything better than the poorest of them have; and they are not thoughtful enough of creature comforts to understand how bitter it will be for their American and British prisoners, after their lives of luxury, to live as the Japanese do. Or if they do understand it, they will take a sadistic pleasure in imposing Japanese ways on those who have spurned them so long.

For the Japanese will live up to the Geneva Conventions if they give to prisoners of war (interned aliens, not covered by the Geneva cove-

nants, will fare worse) the same treatment given Japanese troops of equal rank. But it will be cruelty, nevertheless, however bland the Japanese may be about denying it.

The answer is old: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." We did not, when we lived in Japan, do as the Japanese did; we made them envy us too much. Even as they admired us and tried to like us, we made them resolve to defeat us someday in war. And whatever the outcome of the present struggle, it will be at a cost we should perhaps not have had to pay had we been satisfied with simpler things in a simple country.

To have stayed in Hakodate for a while would have been fun; but I did not. I bade good-by to my friends, and again I took the night boat across the strait to Honshu. This time I was so sleepy that neither the crowds, the lack of sleeping mats on the decks, nor the cacophony of singing insects disturbed me in the slightest. And by now I was becoming used to such things, for I did not waken until the boat had been moored at Aomori and a deck hand shook me from my slumber. I almost missed the boat train, and sprinted to catch it.

XV

Down Japan's West Coast

NOW I WAS STARTED ON a leg of my journey that was to be in some ways the most interesting of all—southward along the west coast of Japan, along the railway-fringed shores of the Japan Sea, where usually the traveler almost never goes.

On the train, as usual, I found a Japanese who spoke a little English, and he told me something of the country I was to see. Summers were cooler on the west coast of Japan than on the east, because of prevailing westerly winds that blew across the Sea of Japan. This relatively narrow body of water separates Japan from the coast of Siberia. It is not wide enough to affect the summer weather to anything like the degree that the broad Pacific affects that of San Francisco. But it does make for slightly cooler summers.

But in winter, the winds are bitter that race across from the Siberian plains, bringing cold and snow that remain for months, and sometimes making for terrific blizzards. As a result, therefore, the weather-sensitive Japanese prefer to live on the milder east coast and in the south of Japan, despite the hot summers. This western coast, however, is far more populous than Hokkaido.

South of Aomori we passed tobacco fields, source of the crop that supplies the Government with its highly profitable monopoly. My companion told me that when green tobacco leaves first formed on the stalks, before they were ripe enough to pick and to cure, the Government sent inspectors to the farms to count the individual leaves. The farmer was then compelled to turn in the same number of leaves, whatever their condition. In this way he was prevented from curing even one leaf of his own crop for his own smoking. He was obliged to sell every single leaf to the Government and, if he wanted to smoke, to buy back his own leaves for perhaps twenty times what he had received for them. The annual count of tobacco leaves was a costly business, but if it were not done there would be far too much illicit tobacco smoked in rural Japan.

That night I reached Niigata, the metropolis of northwestern Japan. It was a city built in some ways like Venice, on low land, with street-canals everywhere, teeming with boats. But it was an ugly place by comparison—ugly and rather dirty.

The season was now Indian summer, as we would call it, and already little country fairs were beginning to open. There had been one in Akita which I missed. There was another in Niigata. These were not one tenth as elaborate as country fairs at home, but nevertheless there was plenty to see. People brought exhibits and won prizes. Though there were no fat pumpkin pies, nor patchwork quilts, nor exciting Mason jars of home-canned fruit, there were huge melons, giant sunflowers (the Japanese eat the seeds like nuts), and amazing exhibits of pickles. The Japanese make sour pickles from fifty different things, and they taste so bad that I suspect them of being for the express purpose of making plain cooked rice taste better.

There is a great deal to be learned about the life of country folk everywhere in visits to their fairs.

Astonishing was the elaborateness, popularity, and relative techni-

cal excellence of a chamber of horrors. It was laid out along a one-way path through a dark, fearsome, synthetic jungle. Ingenious trip levers actuated by the weight of passers-by popped at them all manner of horrendous "shapes and shrieks and sights unholy." Snakes slithered down from tree limbs onto the shoulders of the jungle pedestrian; great, black bats with flapping wings and demoniac grins headed straight for him, then veered away. Here and there lay bloody and dismembered parts of the human anatomy, as if discarded casually along the trail.

At times the wayfarer encountered quite suddenly jungle glades, lighted in ghastly blue-white, where stood such things as realistic, disemboweled men. Other "corpses" hung by their necks from trees, swaying in a moaning, phony wind.

Turn a corner suddenly, and the traveler encountered a horrific, leering, bloated face, or a child impaled on a spike. And every so often from somewhere came a muted groan. The most startling exhibit was saved until the last. It was a well that looked somehow very old and deep and innocent—like the ones we use for nostalgic trade marks sometimes. But when the visitor gazed downward into its dim-lighted depths, he saw it was filled with partly decayed corpses that were so real they seemed to smell of none-too-recent death.

The Japanese are not alone, of course, in their love of being horrified. Vivid in my memory as I write are many American horror films, the wax figures in the hold of the old convict ship *Success*. I remember the Eden Musée, and Madame Tussaud's in London. But none of these was *all* horror—there was always some comic relief. This, however, was single-minded, sheer, consummate artistry—this dank and fetid, corpse- and shape-ridden jungle in the little country fair. Perhaps it may be explained by thinking of the animals that endure living deaths, of hara-kiri, and of the intimacy and ordinariness of seeing people die in crowded Japanese homes. Perhaps it is that horror and death are so usual in Japan that it takes a more lurid creation of professional horrification to be worth the ten-sen admission fee. From the technical perfection of this exhibit, weighed against the crudity of others, I simply concluded that the Japanese liked to be horrified but that horror was hard to accomplish.

But the most imposing exhibit of all in this Niigata fair was one so much more elaborate, even, and so well staged that it probably

represented forty times the cost of all the rest of the fair put together. That was the military exhibit.

This was housed in an elaborate building that appeared to be demountable, so that it could be moved from town to town and from fair to fair. If it was not, then it had been built expressly for this purpose, with fixtures especially designed for the war exhibit.

Because of the millions of Japanese over the Empire who must have seen this particular display and others like it, and because so much of the Japanese civilian's idea of war has been created by such means, I shall be as detailed in my description as notes and memory permit. And in describing what I saw I shall take the standpoint of an ordinary Japanese civilian spectator for whom it was created, because obviously only by so doing can I convey the *effect* of the exhibit—which is the only thing about it that matters.

First, and simply fascinating to some Japanese, though not so to others, were physical examples of Japanese war equipment, mostly of the mobile type. There were self-propelled field artillery units, a small tank, machine guns of several types—one mounted on a motorcycle. There were anti-aircraft guns; there were bombs; there were torpedoes; some cut-away working models. Included seemed to be every single piece of offensive or defensive artillery that was portable enough to be displayed, though I had the feeling that it was all obsolete enough to divulge no secrets.

There were charts and maps hanging on the walls showing the relative strengths and weaknesses of various branches of Japan's Army, Navy, and Air Force—in ships, men, planes, tanks, etc.—in comparison with other world powers, especially Britain, France, Germany, the United States, and Russia. The emphasis, however, was not on "see how strong we are," but rather the idea they conveyed was: "Japan is strong, and growing stronger, but we've still far to go to catch up." This was in decided contrast to Mussolini's bombastic boasts of power that I later saw in Italy. There was none of America's "pointing with pride" to immensity of resources and matériel. The effect intended was obviously to sell the observer on the need for preparedness, and to tell him it was not yet *fully* achieved.

Other charts went into great detail to show the dietary requirements for a people and an army of maximum strength. Emphasis here was on Japan's deficiency in various items like meat, dairy prod-

ucts, fats, protein, high-vitamin vegetables. Farmers were urged to grow more of them, and the people were urged to eat more of them.

To explain graphically the value of sea power there was a large table-top ocean surrounded by a railing, with a humming noise of clockwork below. Across the painted sea there moved and maneuvered two fleets of toy ships—one Japanese, one of the Enemy. These tiny ships at last engaged in a great maritime duel, in which the Japanese, because of faster vessels, finer courage, more skillful gunnery, emerged victorious. Accompanying legends in Japanese, however, appeared to point out that such victories could not be achieved unless Japan continued to build always more and better ships.

Another boxed-in table top, a huge affair, stood in a dark corner where it might be most effectively displayed. It was a miniature relief model of the city of Tokyo, complete with buildings, streets, and myriad flickering lights, so that it looked a little as the city had appeared at night from the summit of Fujiyama.

At first all was quiet and peaceful. Then suddenly tiny sirens sounded. Section by section, the toy city was completely blacked out. Then, moving from somewhere along hidden wires, there came a fleet of bombing planes. Needles of light from tiny searchlights picked them up and followed them. Anti-aircraft guns blazed forth. Squadrons of fighter planes advanced to meet the bombers as there were flashes of light from bursting bombs in Tokyo's streets. But of course the attackers were driven off with greater losses to themselves than to the brave defenders of Japan's capital.

This amazingly realistic miniature, or one like it, I later found, had been much displayed in Tokyo, where, with printed matter and pictures, it had made the average citizen air-raid conscious for more than ten years before Pearl Harbor. One thing the Japanese will do now, almost instinctively, in case of an air-raid alert, will be to douse their charcoal fires.

Another significant thing was the blacking out of Tokyo apparently in sections by the pulling of master switches, rather than by individual householders' turning off their lights as provided for on our side of the Pacific. Reasons are easy to find. Japan is virtually 100 per cent electrically lighted, a circumstance due to the abundance of rainfall and mountains, which have made nation-wide hydroelectric power easy and cheap to manufacture and, because of short transmission

distances, easy to distribute. However, the wiring is rather primitive. Few hot wires run in conduits of any kind—certainly not in iron pipes. Therefore, without central switch-pulling many a fire would be caused by short circuits of wires inside individual, bomb-wrecked, inflammable homes.

But there was still more—much more—to the war exhibit at the little Niigata fair.

One whole section of this war building was devoted to a series of cycloramas giving the Japanese an idea of the difficult conditions under which their troops were trained to fight. For here, although I did not then know it, were the steamy jungles of Borneo, the swamp-land back of Singapore, the cold and forbidding, fog-bound rocks that are the Aleutians.

In every case the figures in the foreground were life-sized pieces of artistry in wax, carefully costumed. In every case they represented but a single Japanese soldier, facing bitter conditions of fighting, and sometimes insurmountable odds.

The soldier was always a clean-cut, handsome young fellow, the cream of Japanese young manhood. Consider the cartoonist conception of a Japanese fighting man in American newspapers, then imagine the exact antithesis of this leering, toothy fellow, and you have the idea. The Enemy was always represented by ugly, tough-featured, treacherous-looking devils of unidentifiable nationality—but obviously rascals and ruffians in any language. For as the Japanese were cast in heroic roles, so the enemy was always cruel and sometimes cowardly.

In one cyclorama a fine-looking young chap—a sort of Japanese Clark Gable whose face I remember with pleasure even now because of its magic charm—was singlehandedly standing off three Enemies with only his sword, while a fourth skulking figure was sneaking up from behind with an upraised knife aimed at the Japanese back.

In another group a Japanese officer with the face of an oriental Christ—if such there be—had stopped and was kneeling before a wounded man who wore the uniform of the Enemy. He had laid down his gun. With one hand he lifted the head of his fallen foe, and with the other he was giving the poor fellow a drink from his canteen. The scene was desert, and from the high uptilt of that canteen you could see that the Japanese officer was giving up the last drop

of his precious water. Behind him, stalking silently in the soft sand, came two men wearing the identical uniform of the soldier who lay wounded on the ground. But they came with outthrust bayonets, to make the brave young officer pay for his act of compassion with his life.

There were other cycloramas of the same kind, each with only a slight variation of the same theme. The net result of this kind of propaganda was to make the average Japanese feel unconsciously that the typical fight his soldier-countryman would be apt to engage in was one in which his part was one of honor, of courage, of compassion—withal wholly noble—and in which he faced enemies who were mean, treacherous, and cowardly by comparison.

When I was a boy an effect had been created in my own mind by the stories I read and the movies I saw, which made me believe firmly that "one American soldier can lick six foreigners." I really thought that—for a long time. And I knew the belief was not unique when many of my fellow Americans predicted a quick defeat for Japan after Pearl Harbor, simply because they believed the Japanese to be inferior fighting men.

Japanese propaganda was just as effective but more carefully considered to be constructive of a specific desired effect—not that Japanese were such supermen, but that they were always on the side of right and justice, and always beset by enemies who were without honor. This gave the Japanese, perhaps, the excuse to fight in kind. The mental pictures created in Japanese minds by these cycloramas were really diabolical.

The last thing I saw as I left the military exhibit building was its psychological masterpiece at the exit. Carefully laid out in a glass case, face down, was the complete uniform—from shoes to cap—of a Japanese soldier, battle-soiled and torn. In the *back* of the tunic, or coat, was a rent with clotted blood around it. It was a uniform that might have been taken from one of the soldiers modeled in the cyclorama after his treacherous enemies had made an end of him by knifing him in the back.

On top of the case, on a little easel, was a large photograph of a smiling young Japanese soldier—allegedly the one who had worn the uniform in the case below. There is a conventional standard of handsomeness and likability in Japan, just as there are Arrow Collar

models in America. This boy was one—hand-picked with utmost care.

Beside the case stood two large bowls. One contained incense in powder form; the other was nearly full of coins. Between them was a burning pyre of incense. For a long time I stood at one side near this exit, watching Japanese by the score file past and gaze with sad reverence at the photograph and the bloody uniform beneath it. Then, virtually without exception, these poor, simple, more-than-usually kindly country folk, who had no thought whatever of war when they had come to the fair, sadly dropped coins in one bowl, took a finger pinch of incense from the other, and dropped it on the fragrantly smoking pyre. Then they filed out, almost with tears in their impassive, slanting eyes.

And this was just one of the ways a people was being prepared, even then, to approve of Japan's next war.

Down the coast I went from Niigata, pausing at Naoetsu, Toyama, Kanazawa, Fukui, and villages between, sometimes walking a few miles between stations, buying meals at fishermen's houses, staying the night in the littlest and crudest of inns, and seeing never a foreigner.

But, in comparison with the rest of the country, I liked this rugged, rocky, and storm-swept coast. Here the houses were more sturdily built, with never the roof of thatch that is so typical of the east coast of Japan. Here the roofs were of flat tile, weighted with heavy boulders to prevent storms from blowing them off the houses.

The villages snuggled close against every rocky headland. Their houses ringed every tiny cove. They took advantage of every natural barrier, however slight, that might give them protection against wind and snow and winter's bitterness. The people here were a tougher, saltier lot, able to stand the rigorous climate and to wrest a living from the inhospitable coast that was their dwelling place. I liked them better than I did the Japanese who kept to the sheltered, lee coasts so crowded with people. And naturally this region, windier and less inhabited, was cleaner and more picturesque in its ruggedness.

It must have been men from these regions, as well as those from the even less hospitable west coasts of northern Hokkaido and Saghalien, and from the Japan Sea island of Sado, who were chosen as

occupation forces for the Aleutian Islands. For conditions on the Aleutians, while *never* experienced by Japanese from the regions of the sheltered Inland Sea, would perhaps stir memories of some of the tougher storms encountered by men from the coastal regions I have mentioned. And when men have even once experienced the kind of weather they encounter in a new environment, they are less afraid of it. It may even be welcomed.

From Maizuru a local train took me to Amanohashidate. Here is the "Heavenly Bridge of Japan," by which, tradition says, the first Emperor descended to the earth from his home in Heaven. There is a long, narrow, pine-clad peninsula, little more than a stiletto-like sandspit, extending far out into one of the tributary bays of the Sea of Japan. Above it is a high promontory reached by an incline railway. On clear and calm days, when the waters reflect the blue and white of a cloud-flecked sky, an observer can stand facing inland and bend over forward until he can look between his knees at the panorama below. Then the peninsula actually does appear to be reaching skyward as they think it did when Jimmu Tenno descended from the sky, and before the bridge thereupon fell into the sea.

A Japanese of about sixty who said he had learned English forty years before had been my companion for a while upon the train. At first he was interesting, for his teacher had been Lafcadio Hearn. He bought fruit for me, and then two huge bottles of sake. I declined the one he offered me, whereupon he drank both himself. Before long he became overfriendly and unbearably affectionate. At Amanohashidate he followed me off the train, insisting on being my guide. I declined, finally with some sternness. At last he slunk away like a whipped dog. Occasionally, in the course of the day, I saw him after that. He looked at me reproachfully but did not again come near.

To get the feel of treading the heavenly way in the footsteps of Hirohito's first majestic Imperial Forebear, I walked down the peninsula. It was rather pretty, being covered with rugged pine trees, and with ancient stone lanterns lining its pathway. Offshore was a little barge, scene of operations of a crew of Japanese divers salvaging a wrecked vessel.

Before I reached the end of the pine-clad landmark it began to rain hard. Other pedestrians had a simple answer to the problem of how to keep dry in a cloudburst where there were no buildings. They

dashed—men and women alike—for the momentary protection of a pine tree which would soon become no protection whatever. There they hastily shed their clothes, rolled them up, and stowed the bundles beneath the fairly capacious peaked roofs of the stone lanterns. Then they all went swimming.

That was fun, too, and I swam out to the wreck-salvagers' barge. A crew of air pumpers were working only in breechcloths. They did not object when I climbed aboard to watch them. Their equipment was utterly fantastic in both its crudity and its disrepair. The divers wore old helmets, much patched, and weights on their feet, but no diving suits. Air hoses were old and leaky, and on the deck the pumps that supplied them were battered and wobbly, with worn-out parts, so that they not only appeared ready to fall apart but were really inefficient to operate, requiring too many men. Yet far under water the crew was doing a good job, removing valuable equipment from the sunken vessel and preparing to raise the hull. Even when they have but incredibly old and miserable equipment, the Japanese are perhaps the world's most thorough salvagers. Today they are doubling Japan's national wartime resources, by intensive salvage in conquered lands.

When the warm rain was over I swam back to shore, retrieved my clothes, and soon was on the train again. There was a part of Japan I had not seen—the highly important area of the Inland Sea, with its industrial cities. But I thought I might visit it on my return from China. I had \$45 left, plus my ticket, and that would not go far. Yet if I had to, in Japan I could now get by on incredibly little. I could sleep in parks by day, when it was warm, and roam about at night. I could shave in bathhouses when I got my one-and-a-half-cent baths. I knew what foods were cheapest—rice and grains. For meat I could eat octopus and mussels—they had plenty of food value. In a pinch, now, since I had my ticket, I knew I could travel back from Shimonoseki to Yokohama and see a lot in a couple of weeks, on maybe \$2.50.

But in China I did not know what I should find. Somehow, and for no particular reason except that I knew the Chinese were ever so poor, I fancied it would be even cheaper to travel in China than in Japan. But I did not know.

I had already obtained a visa for Manchuria, for I intended to go

to China via Korea and Manchuria. None was required for Korea, which was called an integral part of Japan. But the Japanese were going great guns on the fiction that Manchuria was an independent nation under the sovereignty of one of its own people—weak-eyed “Emperor” Henry Pu Yi, a prince of the family of Manchu rulers of which the old Empress Dowager of China had been a member—a family that had long ruled China.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen’s Revolution had of course dethroned Pu Yi’s Manchu family, which no longer ruled China when it became a republic. This was in a sense a restoration of Manchuria to the Manchus—or it would have been had Henry Pu Yi actually been a ruler—which he wasn’t.

But to maintain the fiction the Japanese did not miss a single propaganda trick. They called Manchuria “Manchukuo,” or “Manchu Empire,” and referred to it constantly as a “friendly sister power to the Japanese Empire.” Then somebody in Tokyo got an even brighter idea; as a result they began calling it “Manchutikuo.” The syllable “ti” means “great,” so that the Manchu Empire became “the Great Manchu Empire”—which was supposed to make the Manchus feel better about everything.

The “restored sovereign state” was given its own money, its own postage stamps—everything to help advance the pure fiction that it was independent. And so it was with the passport visa. It didn’t cost much—two yen fifty, or seventy cents, I think—so revenue wasn’t the primary object. But the visa stamp was large and impressive, and the office where they issued it was dressed up with all manner of props—such as Pu Yi’s picture, his chest covered with medals, as befits an emperor; maps of the country, its coat of arms, and other mummery. Besides that, they asked a lot of questions, just as if the authorities of Manchutikuo hadn’t already the answers from the master files in Tokyo.

Nor did they lose a chance to take a crack at China. When I asked the English-speaking “Manchu” where I’d find the Chinese Consulate in Kobe, he told me politely enough, but added his own description of the Consulate: “Dirty place. Will charge you ten dollars—in gold. That is almost fifteen times charge of Manchutikuo. We encourage travelers. *They* do not ask you questions. Just ‘Ten dollars!’ with-

out even a 'Thank you.' That is all they want. Just money—just for graft."

In one sense the description was correct. The Chinese Consulate in Kobe was certainly in a poor, old building, though it wasn't dirty. There was a picture of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the liberator of China, a Chinese flag, and some rather shabby furniture. The fee *was* ten dollars in gold, and while the Chinese asked few questions, they appeared to need the money and to be glad to get it. But there was certainly a feeling of bitterness between the consulate officers. After I had talked with the Chinese awhile I told them what the "Manchutikuo" Consulate had said.

Words alone failed the Chinese for a moment. A look of utter hatred came over the face and into the eyes of the man to whom I'd been talking. He actually bared his teeth. For a moment he could not speak. Then he told the other Chinese. They reacted likewise.

One of them staged for me a bit of pantomime. He rose from his chair, advanced toward one of his fellows, bowing and hissing as the Japanese do, and smiling synthetically from ear to ear. Finally he put his arm around his colleague, and as he did so he whipped out a knife.

Then for an instant I thought he'd gone mad and stabbed the fellow, for the victim slumped down on the floor. Thereupon the first Chinese, his smile gone, made a sardonic gesture of finality with his hands, sat down, and appeared to resume his work.

But the second Chinese got up from the floor, nodded to me, and said: "Japanese."

It was all most eloquent, and it happened in the Chinese Consulate in Kobe.

Just as Aomori was the port of embarkation for Hokkaido, Shimonoseki was the point of departure for Korea and Manchuria. I took the train for Shimonoseki directly, planning stopovers in Japan again after I returned from China. I found Shimonoseki a large, tawdry, terribly crowded, and rather dirty city, which compares with Tokyo as Naples compares with Rome. It was a city with street after street of shops, cheap bars, and amusement resorts catering to sailors and soldiers embarking for Korea, Manchuria, and China—or the Siberian frontier. The shops gave the men little for their last few yen.

The evening I spent there was sultry and unpleasant. I used it to shop for food which I could carry in my furoshiki bundle—canned

food that rats could not get. I had heard that costs of everything were much higher to the north.

At ten o'clock I boarded another crowded vessel. It was much less pleasant than the one I had taken to the northern island. It seems that in every country in the North Temperate Zone the standards of living, cleanliness, and comfort progressively deteriorate the farther south one goes into warmer climates, especially if the southern regions have been settled long enough for the relatively enervating effects of climate to get in their work. For where winters are cold and long, men prepare for them, and in so doing they acquire habits of industry that serve them in other ways.

On the boat were all manner of people—Koreans, Chinese, Manchus, Japanese. There were students returning to school, Japanese settlers going to the conquered countries, returning Japanese businessmen who had sold out their stocks of cheap merchandise to conquered peoples and had been in Japan buying more. And there was the usual complement of very petty officials going back to their political posts after visits to their homeland—officials who did not travel here in the style they did when they went to the United States.

Baggage was cruder and cheaper; people were more poorly dressed; faces were different from those I had seen on the Hokkaido boat. These vessels linking Japan with the Asiatic mainland sailed to the shores of a part of the world where people are as much poorer than the Japanese as the Japanese are poorer than Americans.

I looked at the schedule that had been prepared for me in Yokohama. This particular boat would require eight hours to make the trip. There would be no time in the Korean tip-of-the-peninsula port of Fusan unless I wanted to stay all day, which I did not. There was a train that met the boat, and I had a ticket for it.

In Japan trains had been frequent, punctual, and cheap. In Korea the railways were few and trains infrequent. Travel played but a tiny part in the dull lives of the people.

For all the discomforts, the boat trip was interesting. Here again were stiff straw cages of singing insects, each parked right beside its owner. Several were near me; so many and so noisy were they that I knew I could not sleep. So I gently gathered up a dozen of the tiny cages and hung them on a row of hooks on a bulkhead beside the sleeping deck.

XVI

"Express Ticket" through Korea

THIS TIME I was up at dawn for the thrill of looking for the first time upon the shores of a new continent. What I saw was dirty water and a low, washed-out, shabby shore line. But there were boats, and they more than made up for the drabness of the coast. And such boats! They ranged from crude canoes with outriggers to heavy junks with those multicolored, patchwork sails that artists love so well. The people in them fished or hauled freight and seemed to keep no hours whatever. And why should they? The craft were both homes and livelihood for entire families, whose quarters were so crowded that people slept by turns. Later I was to see those boats at closer range and find them less glamorous but even more interesting as I understood the pattern of life they represented.

The boats scurried out of the way as the steamer approached them, then bobbed so crazily in the turgid wake that some of them appeared ready to disintegrate. But they didn't. Our boat docked at the ugly port of Fusan, and I swung ashore with my furoshiki bundle, then strode along a pathway across a weedy and dusty railroad yard toward a train I saw waiting with lazy wisps of smoke drifting from its stack into the morning sky of early autumn in Korea.

Someone behind me yelled at me, and as I turned a Japanese came running. He was a badly dressed fellow who knew a little English, and with that little he began asking me stupid questions. I resented them and started to walk away, whereupon he flashed a badge and said he was a "policeman."

But what a stupid chap he was! I remember that my already bad opinion of the Japanese secret police dropped to a new low after I encountered this fellow. He was so very shabby; he was clumsy; and he didn't find out from me anything I did not want to tell him. Finally he let me go.

But looking at him now, hindsightedly, I wonder if he was anything like as dumb as he seemed. It might well have been that men like him were planted to give foreigners the idea that the Japanese Secret

Service was composed of slapstick comedy cops, so easy to outsmart that one didn't have to be careful. At the same time, smooth fellows like Yozo Nomura in Yokohama, whom no one would suspect, were picking up real information.

When I had traveled in Japan I had almost always taken the slowest local trains in preference to express trains or limiteds. Not only were they cheaper but, being slower, they gave me a better look at the country. They were patronized by local people—farmers, teachers, and peddlers—people who were always getting on and off with bundles and brief cases, and who made the trip more interesting by making me feel closer to the country through which we were passing. More interesting still, local trains made long halts at stations in country districts where people brought things to sell and where something was always happening, when there was time to see it.

In how many human stories—if all the world's a stage—is one scene of parting or reunion laid in the railway station. At Japanese railway stations I had seen families saying stoic good-bys to soldier sons; I had seen relatives come to funerals without a tear; I had seen wedding trips beginning—or ending—and had watched in vain so often for a look or a gesture that would bespeak a trace of romance, and found it seldom.

These railway vistas had helped me to understand Japan. In a land where dreams and emotions are different—so different—from our own, and where great imaginings of wonders yet to come have so little part to play in human lives, men do not have the civilian preoccupation with their own plans that we do in America. That is a wartime source of immediate strength, for such a people can be quickly regimented for war, whereas we cannot. But once regimented, those engaged in war have none of the habits of bold planning and dreaming that Americans used to have.

And so it was that I wanted to ride on a local train through Korea and had arranged beforehand to do so.

Seven o'clock. The detective had talked to me so long that I thought I might miss the dusty train. But I did not. I got aboard just as it began chugging off toward the interior of the country.

A Japanese conductor, accompanied by an armed guard, came along and asked for my ticket. I gave him the one I had used so long, the complicated affair that had been good for 6,000 miles of travel.

He looked it over, nodded, then reached out his hand as if he wanted something more, at the same time saying something in Japanese which I found wholly unintelligible. At any rate, I shook my head. He insisted on whatever it was he wanted, but since I didn't know, I didn't worry about it.

He went away finally, and I looked at my ticket. It had been prepared by the Japan Tourist Bureau, a government agency. It was good for transportation over government-owned railways. I knew it was in order, and therefore, unruffled, I sat back to observe the other occupants of my third-class car.

Most conspicuous among them were a dozen men dressed all in white—but not in the substantial, tightly woven tropical suits of Europeans. These were of a rather sheer, loosely woven cotton fabric, a little like dimity or a plain white net window curtain. These garments were rather elaborate and effeminate, with flounces and ruffles. The whole ensemble was topped by a hat of woven horsehair—a hat with a tiny crown. It looked ridiculous here and would have looked ridiculous anywhere except on the head of an American woman.

Tradition explains the Korean use of white. It is the mourning color in Korea. In olden days when a ruler died mourning was decreed for a considerable time. The mourning period increased as the surviving retainers of each king—or whatever they called him—tried to outdo their predecessors. Mourning periods soon were lasting for a decade, then for twenty years. At last the years of official sadness for one departed ruler never ended before another ruler died. In time it came to be that Koreans had worn nothing but white as long as the oldest patriarch could remember. And so Koreans wear white today as American men wear buttons on their coat sleeves, and never think why.

The Japanese are pleased with the custom, for it makes of the Korean a gentleman of leisure who commonly engages himself in such pursuits as sitting on his haunches and chatting with his friends, or drinking in moderation. Such pastimes will not soil his immaculate attire until he can get home and change into another outfit that his wife has washed. Thus Korean men are as averse to physical labor as a group of clubmen in white tails would be. Therefore their objection, most of the time, is only academic when the Japanese take over the best of their farms and prove more enterprising than they.

As the train rolled along I could observe that the Koreans' wives did not share their leisure. For even in the early morning the women were washing white stuffs in all the streams we passed. They did not, however, seem to be washing garments, but rather just swatches of thin, white cloth.

This puzzled me until I studied the crisp, white garments the men on the train were wearing—garments already being soiled by smoke and dirt, in spite of the fussy care their wearers gave them. With close observation, I saw that the clothes had literally been pasted together with starch, and not sewed at all. Each morning, when their wives went to the river to wash their husbands' white garments, these clothes actually "came all to pieces in the wash" and had to be reassembled and made over at ironing time. What a tedious daily chore that must be! I later heard it estimated that the dutiful housewife of a typically fastidious Korean had to use a third of each of her days merely to do her husband's washing. And since she had most of the farm work to do on top of that, it was no wonder that the standard of living here—despite great potential wealth—was lower than in Japan.

It would have been possible for the Japanese to establish schools in Korea to emphasize the importance of bathing instead of merely wearing clean clothes, and to relieve the Korean women, eventually, of the routine of making over clothes every day so that they might turn their energies into fields more productive of the general good of the Koreans, but Japan seemed not in the least interested. In fact, the more primitive the ways of the Koreans could be kept, the less trouble they would give their conquerors. The policy seemed to be to disarm them completely and then, on the pretense of letting them alone, actually to encourage them to remain the backward people they were when they first were conquered.

It is an old trick of the empire builders, well learned by the Japanese. Consider that at the time Korea was first conquered Korea and Japan were about evenly matched, and that in naval engagements, with her sixteenth-century ironclad warship, she was actually superior. Consider her now—poor and weak and backward and utterly impotent. There is the pattern of what Japan will continue to do in her "co-prosperity sphere." British policy in India has been thoroughly enlightened, by comparison. For who ever heard of a Gandhi or a

Nehru operating in Korea? There are patriotic Koreans working for their freedom, but they don't live in Korea.

The freedom of the Koreans has been intolerably restricted since 1910, although Japanese have ruled Koreans since 1592, when firearms were used by the Japanese for the first time in subduing the peninsular people.

The Japanese governor has almost absolute power over the inhabitants, and he was responsible only to the Emperor until recent years, when the military clique took over the powers of the Son of Heaven and made him a figurehead. The governor, nominally bound to look after the "welfare" of the Koreans, approves all Japanese-promulgated laws and vetoes none.

The country, of Chinese culture and largely Buddhistic faith, is divided in its legal, social, economic, and intellectual life into two distinct parts—one for the Japanese and one for the Koreans. In salary, Japanese officials receive 40 per cent more than Koreans of similar rank and post. In the schools the Korean language, the history of Korea, and the history of Western nations such as the United States are not part of the curriculum. Such teaching is prohibited. Every book or paper published in Korea must first be submitted to the censor. Spies are constantly employed to keep a "fatherly Japanese eye" on Korean scholars, lest some get out of hand in learning and preaching too much about freedom.

An idea of the inexorable nature of Japanese "justice" will come from a look at the figures on Korean "crime," taking those figures from official Japanese statistics. A few years ago the annual report spoke of 56,013 cases, involving 82,121 offenders. Of these, 81,139 were sentenced to fines, flogging, imprisonment, or exile, 952 were "pardoned," and *only 30 were found innocent*. It is obvious, therefore, that real justice as known in America—and even as it is known in Japan proper—has reached a stage of advanced decay. When 82,121 persons are arrested, the law of averages is certain to allow a reasonable proportion of them to be innocent.

Korea has a population of about 20,000,000. Koreans seldom leave; there are few Koreans in other lands. In ordinary circumstances the Japanese will not immigrate to Korea, for they will not go to a land of lower living standards than their own. As inducement, they are given all manner of subsidies—including land. It was estimated a few years

ago that more than a fifth of the richest lands of Korea were already in the hands of Japanese, who are few in number except in the large towns and cities, where most of the business is in their hands.

The most intelligent and patriotic of the Koreans are Christians, and there are many Chuntoists—who preach absolute human equality. The lot of the Korean has been much worse since March 1, 1919, when 200,000 Koreans had come to Seoul—which the Japanese call Keijo—to see the funeral of the late Emperor, who had been only a nominal ruler. An unarmed revolt (the Koreans have long been denied arms of any kind) was led by thirty-three men, of whom fifteen were Christians, three Buddhists, and fifteen Chuntoists.

As a result of this ineffectual uprising, more than 11,000 Koreans were flogged between March 1 and July 1 of that year. Yet the ferment in Korea is sharp and desperate and marked by a national agony and a hatred of Japan of which the Japanese are well aware. During the earthquake of 1923 Japanese alarmists feared that the long-down-trodden Koreans would take the opportunity to stage a more successful revolt, and a movement was started to kill off all the Koreans in Japan. Nobody has the figures on the resultant slaughter, and perhaps the estimates are exaggerated, but it has been said that more than 9,000 Koreans were massacred at that time.

As I was thinking about Korean folkways and of the lot of the Koreans, of which I had read so much, the train conductor returned. He had found someone on the train who spoke a little English. The conductor was courteous enough, but rather firm when he instructed his companion, as a guard stood by, to say: "You must have express ticket."

"Is this an express train?" I asked, looking out the window and noting that it moved more slowly, if anything, than local trains in Japan.

"Yes."

"Where can I get off and get on a local train?"

"You have ride one hour. You must have express ticket."

At this point I began to wonder what would happen to a foreigner if he refused—making his refusal as reasonable and gentle-sounding as possible—to comply with the request to buy an express ticket. Would I be thrown off the train in some little village? What would happen to me then?

Thereupon I got out my schedule, which had been typed by a Japanese employee of American Express in Yokohama from information supplied by the Japan Tourist Bureau. I pointed to a note about the 7 A.M. train from Fusan. "You see," I said, triumphantly. "It said nothing about an express ticket. It says *this* ticket good on *this* train. And this comes from Japan Tourist Bureau, owned by Government."

I didn't mention the American Express, since this was becoming a game in which I was likely to be embarrassed. I did not want to reflect discredit on an American company.

After vainly trying to argue with me for a long time, the conductor and his interpreter departed. They were so utterly disturbed by the refusal of a passenger to conform to the rules of the railroad that I felt sorry for them. Since the railroad belonged to the Government, this was a serious defiance of law and regulation. I reflected that in the United States there was a comparable situation. Stealing a watermelon from a farmer was a much less serious thing than stealing a stamp from a United States post office.

But since the Japan Tourist Bureau had sold me the ticket, and since both railroad and tourist bureau were branches of the octopus-like Government, and since I hadn't wanted an express ticket anyhow, I thought I had a good enough case on which to base what the Japanese would call an unco-operative attitude.

Nevertheless, I thought I might eventually buy the ticket, after I had extracted all the interest I could from the situation. In all, it was only seventy-five sen, only twenty-one cents, only the price of fifteen shoeshines or of fifteen public baths.

But before the conductor and guard got around to me again, there occurred the incident, related earlier, of the Korean boy who was so badly treated for stealing a ride on this very train. After that, I felt really unco-operative and decided to see what would happen to *me* if I held out to the end—to me, who was better able to defend myself. So, although the conductor reappeared several times, each time with a guard, a new interpreter, and a still more stern demand for his seventy-five sen, I refused to buy the ticket.

The train rumbled northward over the Korean countryside. The land was somewhat forested, but it seemed rather drier than Japan. Streams in the valleys through which we passed were not large, and vegetation was not quite so lush. The farmland generally was poorer

than in Japan. But this was partly because the land had been nowhere near so intensively terraced, or cleared of stones, or carefully cultivated, or so thoroughly fertilized, as the farmland of Japan.

Korean villages, too, were cruder. The meat-platter-shaped roofs of the houses were almost universally thatched, whereas in Japan thatch was rarer than tile. Also, mud was used much more generally as a building material than it is in Japan. Sometimes through the open doors of the little huts I could see mud floors on which sat men with nothing better to do. I would observe little gardens that needed tending and which yet were untended. It was harvest time now, and there would have been little reason to dig weeds or to cultivate the land. Yet this had been neglected even before harvest time. And beside these plots of farmland, low-lying, there were usually brush-covered hills.

In Japan the industrious farmers would have been out early and late, grubbing out brush and stumps, building terraces, clearing the little patches of their rocks, spading under every kind of animal and vegetable refuse that would decay before another planting time. Perhaps some Koreans did likewise, but they were few. There was little industry here, and almost no enterprise. I seem to be saying that the Japanese are better farmers than the Koreans, that they work harder, make fuller use of what they have. And, actually, this is true. But after centuries of servitude, high taxes, oppression, the Korean was beaten down. Why try to build a better farm, why try to get ahead, when if you succeeded your farm might become the farm of some Japanese? Why not just produce the bare needs of life—food to eat and white clothes to be gentlemen in—and possess nothing your conquerors might covet? That was just what the Koreans were doing. That was just what every people in similar circumstances has always done, and what every people will always do, once that people is convinced there is nothing to strive for. And it doesn't matter who their rulers are.

In America as we have known it, there has always been something to strive for—always a goal ahead. Here there was nothing. Little matter how hard a Korean worked; if he acquired a fine farm and a degree of prosperity, a way would be found to relieve him of both, usually by some new tax. And so most Koreans are lazier than most Japanese, and nobody can blame them.

And as a country's total well-being is only the sum or the average of the well-being that individual citizens have achieved for themselves, so Korea is a land to give an American the shudders. Yet what might it not become if it were really free—as free as America was for so long?

At length, after passing through and halting briefly at more scores of towns and villages, and after having been visited twice more by the conductor demanding an express ticket, the train rumbled into old Seoul, the capital of Korea and its largest and most important city.

Through the high fence around the huge station I could see a good-looking street. I reflected, as I thought how pleasant it would be to walk there, that while railroads at home were so plebeian that even tramps without money could travel by rail, and that therefore the poorest part of many an American city was “down by the depot” or “across the tracks,” that this was not so true in the Orient. Certainly it was not true in Korea, where the railroad was a luxury that only the Japanese rulers and the rich could really afford.

I thought, from the look of the street beyond the platform gates, that perhaps I should find some of the best shops in the capital rather near the station. But I was not to go strolling for a long time yet. As I attempted to leave, a forewarned station guard asked me for my express ticket, or for seventy-five sen in lieu thereof. Again I refused to pay it. I did not see the conductor, but soon there appeared several men from the ticket office, some of whom spoke good English.

“We sell tickets to many Americans,” they said. “Always they understand must have express ticket for express train.”

Again I showed them my schedule, repeated my story, refused to buy a ticket, said I had been misdirected by the Government, which owned the railroad, didn't want to ride an express train, and had been refused permission to alight and take a local.

But my arguments were unimpressive. I *must* buy an express ticket before I left the platform. “I'm not going to buy one,” I said to the group of men around me.

“You stay here until you buy.”

“All right,” I said, “then I stay here.” I opened my furoshiki bundle and got out a tattered English copy of *Sherlock Holmes* that I had picked up for ten sen in Shimonoseki. I tied the furoshiki again, sat

down on it with my back against a post, and began to read. The group of Japanese chattered in annoyance.

"Take me to jail if you want to," I said, "but I won't buy that express ticket."

They left one of their number on guard, to see that I did not depart, and I sat reading. *Sherlock Holmes* has always fascinated me, and soon, despite the circumstances, I was deeply engrossed in the old book. I scarcely noticed the occasional returns of some of the ticket men from the big station to see if I was ready to capitulate. I was not.

At last, however, they motioned me to follow one of them. This gesture is not a beckoning as we know it. It is rather a flutter of the extended palm as if one were waving good-by to a child.

I still don't know what was the official position of the executive to whose office I was being led. But I do know Japanese offices and what they look like, and I know this one belonged to an extremely high official. He may have been the head of all the Japanese railways in Korea. For he had a big outer office with a corps of stenographers and clerks. He had an inner reception room with a couple of secretaries and a telephone girl. From here I was ushered with grave politeness into a huge inner office, sumptuously furnished, and found myself in surroundings more elegant than I was to see again for many a day.

High-placed Japanese officials do not sit on matting floors, usually, to transact their business, as they do in their homes. This place had easy chairs and carpets, bookshelves, and a hardwood map case. There were even—if I remember correctly—Venetian blinds. In one corner a blue alcohol flame burned under a polished copper-and-brass samovar.

A Japanese rose from his big desk to greet me, walked briskly halfway across the room to shake hands, smiled with extreme cordiality, and asked me to sit. Then he made me some tea with hot water from the samovar, gave me a cigarette, and made me feel like an honored guest. In perfect American English he chatted with me for ten minutes or more about the United States, asking even of my home state, and commenting about it so accurately that I knew he was very well acquainted with the United States.

"I was educated in American universities," he said, "and have traveled much in every part of your country."

Then he smiled, as if he were a superior person who realized full well that *he* knew how to handle Americans.

"There was some misunderstanding about your ticket?" he inquired, pleasantly.

I repeated the story for about the tenth time.

"Ah, yes, a mistake," he said. "They did not sell you an express ticket in Yokohama because those tickets are not obtainable there. You could use your through ticket for an express train. They were correct in routing you. They didn't mention that an express ticket would be required, simply because the cost is so small—seventy-five sen—that no American is inconvenienced by it."

Well, he had me. Certainly his explanation, so clearly and pleasantly stated, made me feel a little silly for holding out. He was right, and I was wrong.

Nevertheless, the Korean boy had been wrong also in stealing a ride, and when I was tempted to give up the argument I thought of the guards gouging the lad with their sharp sticks. Technically I was in the same position. I was wrong; so had the Korean been. But I determined to persist in my refusal simply to see what would finally happen.

So I shook my head. "I'm afraid," I said, smiling as cordially as he, "that I'm not going to buy that ticket."

"But you *must*!"

"Or go to jail? All right, I'll go to jail."

The railroad executive ignored the remark. "When I was in the United States," he said, "I often made some small mistakes like this one. I was in a strange country, and its customs were unfamiliar to me. Such small amounts I always paid. It saved trouble. Now, if you pay to me seventy-five sen we will have everything straightened out pleasantly."

Of course I should have paid him. But I shook my head and watched him. For a moment he said nothing, and his jaw set in a firm line. The cordiality left his voice.

"If you are gentleman," he snapped, "you will pay!"

At that I laughed.

"I am not a gentleman," I said.

His hands gripped the arms of his chair until their knuckles showed white. His face grew hard. At last I was seeing something I shall

never forget, how a cultured Japanese looks and acts when he becomes angry and loses the smiling poise and politeness for which he has become famous.

He rose, pointed to the door, and said in an angry, barking voice: "You may go!"

It was unbelievable at last. I must have looked puzzled. "You mean I can go *without* buying that ticket?"

"You may go!" he repeated, as if he could not much longer refrain from flying into physical rage and throwing the telephone at me.

"You mean, sir, that I can walk out of here without having any conductors, station agents, interpreters, or gatekeepers stop me again? There will be no train guards to poke me with sharp sticks as I leave? I can go—wherever I please—without buying that ticket?"

The eyes of the Japanese were narrow slits.

"Yes! You may go! At once."

At that point I fished seventy-five sen from my pocket, laid it on his desk, laughed again, and turned to depart.

At first he just looked at the money. Then he grabbed it and rushed toward me, extending it in one palm and pointing to it with the other.

"But why? Why? You refuse to comply with ten demands for this money. You refuse always. Finally you refuse even me. I say you may go—free—without paying. Then you pay instantly. *Why?*"

"You figure it out," I said, as I picked up my furoshiki bundle and left his office, left him with his mask off and his feelings stripped quite naked.

There is always a strange exhilaration about a new city, and particularly is it exciting to see a new capital of a new country for the first time.

This *was* a new country. For, though Korea is called "Chosen" by the Japanese, and although it looks like part of Japan on world maps, it is definitely another country, with all its own folkways, its own architecture, and its own history. However, this new capital was being carefully Japanized. There were Japanese stores, restaurants, yadoya—and I found it easy to follow the same methods I had used in Japan for getting along with little money and keeping clean and freshly laundered though traveling light. I found a Japanese tailor, left my clean clothes to be ironed, and left the furoshiki while the work was

being done. Next I hunted a restaurant, but the only Korean place I found was unkempt and a little run-down.

Certainly there must have been better Korean restaurants in that part of the capital, but I did not find them that afternoon. The Japanese had already so relegated Koreans to positions of relative poverty and backwardness that even Korean restaurants were second- and third-rate. Defending his countrymen later of the accusation that they were a bad influence in Korea, a Japanese told me: "Here everything bad before Japanese come."

Even so. The Japanese may have been perfectly right about that. The answer is that a few decades ago things in Japan were bad, too. Since then the Japanese have made great advances in modernity, in sanitation, while Koreans under Japanese rule have not made corresponding advances—nor, in fact, any advances at all. They have retrogressed, if anything, since the days of the first ironclad vessel. I do not think the average Japanese wants actually to enslave the Koreans. But certainly, since he looks upon them as a people inferior, it would please him just as well if all the Koreans would die off and let the Japanese inherit their peninsula. So why teach them that houseflies carry typhoid?

That night I saw a Japanese movie and stayed in a Japanese inn. Prices were higher than in Japan, but both the inn and the movie house were new and seemed to be prosperous.

Next day, in order to get a look at country life, I took a long bus ride—far out through the suburbs into the farming country beyond. And for several hours I walked through little villages of thatched-roofed houses. Nowhere did I see any spirit of enterprise. The attitude of the people seemed rather to be one of philosophic resignation and academic despair. Things were not as they should be, but they'd always been the way they were, and nobody seemed to care.

I noted that on this rather chill day—a day when the first tang of Asiatic autumn was in the air and I could keep warm in my thin clothes only by walking constantly—the Korean men sat around on the earthen floors of their huts, talking and smoking tobacco in pipes with the tiniest of bowls.

The frugality was necessary in Korea, where taxes on tobacco provide so much of the government revenue.

Womenfolk tended fires so arranged as to carry the heat under the

earthen floors through multiple flues. This provided the huts with those extremely enervating "warm floors" which do so much to discourage physical activity. Nobody likes to leave a warm-floored hut and go forth into the cold. Here was a fundamental difference between Japanese and Korean life. The wooden, ash-filled tubs of Japan, with their tiny charcoal fires, scarcely took the chill from a Japanese room in winter, and did little to encourage cool-weather lolling.

In a Korean house you were warmer if sprawled on the floor than anywhere else. And so people sprawled, and work went undone, and nobody seemed to want to change the custom, or to build better houses, or to raise their personal standards of living. Perhaps education of the children would have been part of the answer. But the Japanese seemed not to care at all about raising the economic level of their wards, and Japanese—not Koreans—controlled the schools. It was the story of the Ainu all over again.

American missionaries seemed to be the only people who were attempting to teach Koreans better ways of life, and, despite the fewness of the mission schools, they did accomplish something. But even these were restricted rigidly by the Japanese, and what lessons they taught about cleanliness and modern living were learned by a fragment of Korean childhood too tiny to have any appreciable effect upon life as a whole in this miserable country.

In short, the tactics used by the Japanese in their dealings with Koreans were the same as those used to reduce the Ainu people to near-extinction. It was the exact opposite of the policy pursued by the United States in dealing with our own Indian wards, for example, who are taught modernity and left to choose for themselves between the old ways and the new, with some preferring to live in cities and others choosing the tribal villages of their forefathers. The policy is different, too, from that followed by America in its dealings with Filipinos. Already the people in the Philippines are learning that, despite the fact that Japan will, *at the outset*, do a better job of selling Japan in the Philippines than we expect.

That afternoon I returned to the capital city and strolled in the crisp autumn sunshine through the compound of the great Severance Hospital, operated by Americans—missionaries—on a semi-charitable basis. Several youngsters were playing tennis. I sat awhile eating grapes and watching them. When the game ended they came to talk

to me. There are few enough Europeans in Japanese-dominated Korea for a newcomer always to be noticeable.

They politely accepted some of my grapes. One was a girl of twelve, and there were two brothers named McCloud who were a little younger.* We talked of Korea and of the United States. The children had lived their whole lives, virtually, here—yet they were as American as children in small Indiana towns. The boys' father was a doctor in the great hospital, and their friends were the young sons and daughters of other members of the American medical staff.

For some years afterwards the McCloud boys wrote to me regularly. The last of their letters, received not so long before Pearl Harbor, was written semi-jestingly on a long strip of toilet paper, merely as a way of telling me that life was becoming difficult.

I think often of Severance Hospital now, with its fine plant and its high-grade American equipment. I know it is no longer operated by Americans primarily as a training school for young Korean doctors, secondarily as a way of alleviating suffering among a subject people neglected by the march of medicine that had so cut the death rate in the land of their overlords. Severance today would be a Japanese military hospital, fitting wounded soldiers for further service against the people whose free way of life and generosity provided that hospital.

One of the McCloud boys asked, "Where are you going to stay tonight?"

"Oh, some little Japanese hotel," I said.

"Where are you going to eat supper?"

"In a restaurant," I said.

"Swell."

"Why do you say 'swell'?"

"Because you aren't staying with somebody else, and that means you can come and stay at our house."

I knew of no reason why not, except that the lad was only ten years old. But I couldn't offer that as a reason for refusing his invitation, since he was self-assured and bright, and didn't think of himself as a little boy. So I said:

"I *always* stay in hotels and eat in restaurants when I'm traveling."

"But you don't *like* to, do you? Daddy does, too, sometimes, but he

*These people are real; names of some are fictitious, because they may still be in Japanese-occupied territory.

doesn't like to. He stays in hotels when he doesn't know anybody in the places he goes."

"But I don't know anybody here——" I started to say. He checked me.

"You know *us*," the other brother said. "You better come."

"Your father and mother won't like the idea of you bringing a stranger home," I said.

"Sure they will. We don't see many Americans, 'ceptin' those at Severance, and they like to talk to Americans."

Anyway, it would do no harm to walk home with the McCloud boys, and so I did. At the door they called their mother. Soon I stood embarrassed in the parlor of a typical American home.

"Mr. Patric was afraid to come when we asked him to stay at our house tonight," one of the boys said.

"They are a little overenthusiastic in their hospitality," I said.

"But you didn't think their parents might be?" Mrs. McCloud smiled. "We have a guest room built especially for travelers like you. Our old home-town friends from the States *never* get to Korea, so how else can we use a guest room?"

She handed me a book like a small hotel register, and a pen. "Just sign our guestbook," she said.

I glanced through it. In half a dozen years several hundred names—of people from all parts of the world, but mostly from the United States—had accumulated in it.

"My husband and I used to do all our own scouting for guests," she said, "but now that the boys are growing up we give them *carte blanche* to rope in any stranger they find and bring him here."

At dinner, which was extremely good and extremely American, the McCloud family continually asked me questions about conditions as I had left them in the United States. And I was astonished at how much better informed they were of our homeland than many an American who lived in the United States.

I sensed that they did not like the ways of Japan with Korea. And yet, like every foreigner who values his peace and comparative freedom, they appeared careful to say nothing that might jeopardize their position as foreigners under the flag of the Rising Sun. It was not that they were being especially careful about talking to me—it seemed they were habitually careful, even in talking to their children, lest

they get into the habit of saying things that might, reaching the ears of the Japanese, be construed as criticism of Japan's way of running Korea. I believe the threat of reprisal was a rather vague, nameless, and haunting fear that did not take specific form or shape.

Here I was seeing some aspects of the transition between a day when the white man was almost a demigod in the Orient, when he could—and did—get by with anything, and the day when the yellow man was willing to take the risk of attacking the United States and Britain simultaneously. You sensed that change, but you could not know quite what it meant. You still saw so much humility—or seeming humility—everywhere, and you did not encounter arrogance except in the military and in government officials. But Americans in Korea lived under a shapeless fear of the future.

At dinner I told the story of the missionary-schoolteacher I had met on the *Heian Maru*, and whom I had so embarrassed by filling out a phony questionnaire.

"She's here—here in Seoul!" Mrs. McCloud said. "And she's the talk of the whole foreign colony! She's going to marry a Korean!"

"What difference *whom* she marries?" I asked.

"But he's *Korean*—don't you understand? And a woman's place in Korea——"

"Suppose he *is* Korean? They went to college together in the States, didn't they? He's taken up American ways, probably, pretty much."

"But this is Korea," repeated Mrs. McCloud, as if that alone should settle the argument. "Why, women are slaves here. Women are so unimportant that they cannot complain if their husbands keep several other women in the household. And you think any Korean *man* will hold himself up to ridicule—just because he's been away on a trip for a few years? Do you think he'll treat his wife as American husbands do? Not on your life. He'll revert to type, and she'll be miserable."

"Yet wouldn't enough intermarriages bring real international understanding at last? And isn't that what missionaries are really working for?"

"It doesn't succeed," Mrs. McCloud said. "If you lived in the Orient, you'd know it. So we're doing everything we can to delay that marriage until the girl sees enough of life over here, and learns enough about oriental men to get some sense."

She told me that "the Americans"—working in cahoots with the American Consulate—had listed all the seldom observed technicalities that might stand in the way of an East-meets-West marriage. But they were not invoked all at once. One by one, instead, these obstacles were tossed into the altar's pathway. And one by one, with fierce patience, the girl had overcome them. Her bridegroom-to-be may have helped her some. I didn't know, but I got the idea that he left most of the work to her, as is right and proper in Korea.

"The best thing we did was to get the consul to require her father's consent, though she's been of voting age for years and has earned her living since she was in her teens. She got consent by cable. But the consul said it had to be in *writing*. That'll take several weeks. Meanwhile we're being very nice to her—entertaining her and all, and trying to talk her out of it before we run out of delaying ideas and it's too late."

"Is she coming around?"

"Not much. She tries not to show it, but I think she's becoming a little resentful of our interest."

They told me I ought to see the girl, take her out, give her an old-fashioned rush that would make her forget her illusions about Koreans. But of course I couldn't—I'd tried that on the ship.

Despite all the tempests in Seoul, I later learned, she married him at last, after her weary and well-intentioned countrymen gave up the fight. And the couple started their little school with her money, just as they had planned. For a long time they sent me letters—long letters she mimeographed on a machine she'd taken overseas. I had the feeling that she was trying to sell everyone she'd ever known on the idea that she was busy, useful, and happy. I think she was. I hope she was—the letters never spoke of the domestic habits of Korean men.

XVII

Manchuria: Pattern for Blitzkrieg

A FEW DAYS LATER I approached the border of Manchutikuo. Background history was this: Manchuria was not a part of China proper,

nor was it within the Great Wall. It was the home of the Manchus, who conquered China, placed their own rulers on the Dragon Throne, and then were virtually assimilated by the Chinese they had conquered. Thus Japan, in "restoring" Manchuria to the Manchus, was simply liberating the already overthrown conqueror from his conquests.

But Japan was meticulous in maintaining the fiction that she was a liberator and the fact that she was a maintainer of order—her own kind of order.

There was as much formality as ever, I learned, at the Korea-Manchuria border. I got off the train at Antung, just north of that old frontier—a town which had been a Japanese administrative outpost prior to the occupation. The place had been and still was crowded with army men and Japanese bureaucrats. To serve them and to impress the natives, the Japanese had built and superimposed upon a part of the old town one of their own typical modern metropolitan areas. There were inns and cafés and stores and office buildings. Streets were newly paved, and there were electric lights, telephones, and water systems. As I crossed and recrossed the well-defined line that set the new Japanese town apart from the old, I could see how and why the Japanese could claim that theirs were the ways of sanitation, modernity, law, and order.

One age-old way that governments of conquerors since the time of the Romans have convinced their subjects of the futility of resistance has been to build imposingly and to maintain order. The procedure is simple, and it always works until it becomes so top-heavy that it topples of its own weight.

And so it is with the Japanese Government on the Asiatic mainland. With impressive edifices, police, troops, and armored trains, it is sold to the people.

I stayed at a Japanese inn filled with government functionaries en route to Manchuria. It cost two or three times as much as similar inns in Japan. And I breakfasted in a Russian café that served my coffee in a water glass too hot to hold. Seated near me was a Japanese traveling salesman who spoke English. He was eager to show me, not only his samples of cutlery, but also the town in the two hours he had to spare. We went walking. I remember that the scenes he showed me were the kind that illustrate Japanese propaganda folders

designed to document the "Great Forward Progress" of Asia under Japan.

But I insisted on walking along the levee of the broad and dirty Yalu River. Even here he reminded me of the "superiority of Japan."

"In Russian war, Japanese soldier one side of river," the salesman said. "Enemy other side. Wintertime. No bridge. No much boat. Enemy soldier think Japanese soldier same like enemy soldier. All go sleep. One night big regiment all Japanese soldier swim in river other side, win big victory for Japan."

Trying to think of a comparable American feat of arms, I could only remember Washington crossing the Delaware. But the Delaware is a placid creek compared to the Yalu here, and I didn't mention it. Anyhow, Washington used boats.

Autumn winds were already cold. We paused where some Chinese coolies were huddled round a fire that they fed continually with dry stalks of weeds that grew along the river—there was no wood. They let me warm my hands. I gave them some cigarettes.

Some distance farther upriver stood part of a ruined sod house, roofless and forbidding. It never had any windows—only a door. From this crumbling entrance the wind from the river whipped a thin plume of blue smoke. My hands were cold again, for I was still dressed in the same white cotton pants and Fuji silk shirt I had worn in hot and humid Japan. I had no coat. Buying one now would have meant several fewer days in China.

We approached the ruined sod house and found it even less of a shelter than it had appeared from a distance. A tiny triangle of roof remained over one corner of the single room. But the place was the home of an entire family that appeared to be Manchu—a father, mother, and five little children, dressed in rags. The floor was earthen, and there was no furniture whatever—not a stick of it.

The family slept, apparently, huddled together in the corner where the bit of roof was. But now they sat around a tiny fire of weed stalks on which a sooty can of river water was heating. Beside it on the ground were the ingredients of a stew that was destined to feed the entire family. The stuff appeared to have been picked up after rather far-flung foraging operations.

There were a few weed roots that had been chopped with a piece

of tin, a handful of dirty potato peelings, the head of a fairly large and smelly fish, a few green leaves, some big insects, and seven minnows that had been dead so long that they had turned white. They apparently had been floating in a drainage ditch.

That was a meal for a family of seven in this Japanese-occupied town. And in this land of scarce food, that little had taken real work to assemble. Even my companion, used to the poverty and frugality of Asia, remarked that this was "very bad." And it was in time of peace. Manchuria had already been occupied for some years and was now part of the "co-prosperity sphere." The undeclared Chinese war had not really begun.

The thought of that family has haunted me ever since. They had been flooded out somewhere upriver, the salesman found by questioning them in the few words of their language he knew. They had come here weeks before with no possessions whatever, and since then had been wholly engaged in hunting scraps of food to keep them alive. That they were industrious was apparent: the heap of weed-stalk fuel had taken time and work to gather, and the miserable little pile of food that American pigs would have scorned had required hours to assemble. Directly it was eaten, I knew, the father would go on the prowl for more.

For all the modernity and all the imposing Imperial Japanese Government buildings, there seemed to be no charity, no provision to feed hungry little children. There was not enough "co-prosperity" in the sphere to provide any kind of job for the father—even at twenty-five cents for a twelve-hour day. I gave the mother some coins and my companion did likewise, with far more generosity than I. He was Japanese, but he was no soldier trained to hate every foreigner. Nor was he a bureaucrat sent here to "administer" the country. He was only a Japanese traveling man.

We walked through a district of little shops where things were sold that had been manufactured on the premises. We halted once to watch the workings of a hat factory, making winter headgear of dog fur. Great piles of dog hides stood tanned and ready for use. Many of them were from dogs that had died a natural death; all were, I suspect, from dogs that had been eaten.

Intensely interesting to me was the way the "felt" foundations of

the hats were made. Rags were used to make them. But to get the whole life cycle of fabrics in this impoverished land, perhaps I should tell the whole story of, say, a cotton coat.

The first purchaser pays a good price for it—considerably more than the coat would have cost in the United States. But he is a “rich” man and can afford it. Only the rich hereabouts can afford new clothes. The first purchaser wears it until it gets shabby. He gives it to his number-one servant, who wears it until it is still shabbier, and who then passes it to someone further down the social scale. The garment becomes thin and torn at last, and it is then converted into a warm winter garment by a clever Chinese seamstress who pads it with many layers of soft, warm rags.

The coat wears out completely, at last. Some processor gets it then—someone who rips it to pieces, saves the padding, cuts the coat into pieces of cloth like the original pattern, and offers them for sale. Into his shop wanders a man who lives on a junk—a junk with a torn sail. Not only is the sail so torn that it must be repaired, but certain sections of it must be cut out because they are rotten and will not hold wind even when the sail is reinforced by crosspieces of bamboo that are often no more than four inches apart. The master of the junk could not conceive of a stout sail of canvas strong enough to hold a brisk wind all by itself. Instead, he buys pieces of the old coat and fits them into the old patchwork sail that must so often be repaired because none of it is ever new.

The pieces of rotten cloth that he has cut out he takes with him to the secondhand cloth store, and they go towards the purchase of the parts of the old coat with which he will repair his sail. These bits of rotten cloth are sold to people who pad coats and pants against the winter, simply by sewing rags together into thick quilts that line the garment.

Eventually even the padding wears out and becomes so completely rotten that it will no longer hold together. So another secondhand cloth dealer will remove and separate all of the padding cloth—no matter if the pieces be as small as postage stamps—and stack it up for sale.

It is this cloth—too small and too utterly rotten for any normal use—which goes to the hat factories. And this is how they use it: They place on a table top a double sheet of an American newspaper

—much American waste newspaper is exported to China. Over that newspaper is brushed a layer of paste, much as a paper hanger would do it. Then, fitted over the paper like a jigsaw puzzle so that every bit of its surface is covered, are these fragments of rotten rags. They are pressed down firmly, then the rotten-rag surface is treated to another good pasting, and a newspaper is laid over that and pressed down. The result is a sort of sandwich. The upper surface is pasted again. More rags are applied, then more paper and more rags. Finally there is another layer of paper, and the whole wet, soggy mass is put into a hot die press that turns out a perfectly shaped hat crown after the material has dried. The result feels and looks—except for the news-print surface—like a piece of papier-mâché. The hat crown is then covered with some good cloth, such as a cheap corduroy, and dog-fur ear flaps are affixed—flaps that fold up and out of the way, exposing lustrous-looking fur. I bought one for a quarter and tied it up in my furoshiki against the time I could wash it or dip it in alcohol or have it dry-cleaned before wearing it—for nobody apparently gave any thought to washing the rags or cleaning the fur of the dead dog.

The story of how completely cloth is used is the story of all China—poor and humble China, where a gift of a little means so very much. At last I left my friend, the Japanese traveling man, lugging his satchels into a small bazaar. I took the train for Manchuria.

This is not a book about either Manchuria or China. Yet one can understand Japan better if he visits even briefly the Asiatic mainland, for it is to the mainland that Japan is looking, and it is here that we see her pattern of conquest and military occupation.

Railroads in Manchuria, like those in Korea, appear to be all standard-gauge, with much heavier and better and generally more modern equipment than is used in Japan proper. Armored trains stood on sidings, manned with troops and ready for action. Every railroad station was a miniature fortress, with round pillboxes protruding like warts from two opposite corners in such a way that the machine guns they contained could halt an assault from any direction.

These country railroad depots, actually, had become in many cases headquarters for Japanese occupation-troop commanders. They had telephones, telegraph, quick communication, and lights and other facilities. Such stations, with the equally well-guarded bridges and the heavily armed and soldier-manned trains themselves, gave me

the feeling I was being suffered to ride on a military railroad just for the sake of my fare.

On the train, of course, I rode third-class—on hard wooden seats in boxlike stalls, because that was all I could afford. Even so, it was far more expensive than in Japan. I had always supposed that I should find extremely poor people riding third-class in Asia.

But I found all kinds. Very few of my fellow passengers were poor, by Asiatic standards. There were on that train—even in a single car—one of the most diverse aggregations of humanity I have ever seen gathered in one spot.

There were ragged professional beggars, horribly crippled and with loathsome sores which I suspected were encouraged not to heal. They were moving to new pickings. There were well-dressed American missionaries who carried bottles of alcohol and soft rags with which to wipe the apples and other fruit they bought. The Chinese have lived in a germ-saturated atmosphere so long, and they eat so many billions of germs each day, that they have built up, if not complete immunity, then at least a resistance unmatched by anything Europeans can ever acquire. There was an imperious, fiftyish daughter of the Church who wore an old-fashioned choker. She was dipping grapes, one by one, in a little jar of alcohol. I noticed that she did not let the alcohol evaporate completely, and wondered if she were not as fond of the antiseptic as she was of the grapes.

In one compartment were four Japanese soldiers, taciturn as always, part of a company assigned, I was told, "to guard the train against Chinese bandits." The bandits, of course, were why Japan had come to Manchuria in the first place. And now all persons who resisted the Japanese in Manchuria, singly or collectively, were still "bandits." There were merchants in the car, inscrutable Chinese for the most part, who had not yet lost out to the smiling Japanese with whom they must now compete on rather unfavorable terms. But always, everywhere, there must be merchants, no matter what the government. The true politician looks upon his merchants as upon his cows or sheep or honey bees. They must be allowed to operate, and kept alive, for they produce the money upon which he feeds. In the car were students—young men studying the Japanese ideologies with the aid of scholarships. After exposure to the proper amount of propagandistic education, they would rarely again be able to think inde-

pendently. I learned from some of the Chinese lads that there was virtually no limit to the help by which the Japanese encouraged them to study in Japan.

There were no women in this car—travel was seldom for them. But there sat opposite me a Chinese of the kind I remembered reading about when I was a small boy in school. He was a man who took much genteel pride in never working. And he must let no one make any mistake about his status. So his fingernails, curved and polished outside, rather dirty underneath, were almost two inches long. He could have done no work whatever without breaking them, and the fact that they were not broken or even nicked proved that he was no laborer. He wore a fine embroidered robe and sat in his corner with an air of regal disdain, clicking his long nails together with a spine-shivering noise that made his fellow passengers squirm. For a long time I watched him, a sort of symbol of a decadent dynasty of yesterday in China—a dynasty that had made the poor old country the victim of defeats, Boxers, revolutions, extraterritoriality, bandits, famine, and now Japanese aggression. Perhaps there were lazy men in Japan, but I had seen none who flaunted their lily-like philosophy of “toil not” as this man did.

Finally I dug impatiently into my furoshiki bundle and fished out the nail clipper the old doctor's widow had given me in Tokyo. I looked at those long fingernails, curved like claws. I shook my head with an air of disgust, showed him on one of my own nails how to work the clipper, and handed it to him.

Probably, I thought, the Chinese would be insulted. But it didn't matter; I didn't care.

He wasn't angry. He looked at me for a moment in astonishment. I think he had a great respect for Americans. Perhaps that is why he had been putting on the nail-clicking performance—to impress me. Now he merely looked stunned. Then, to my astonishment, he clipped off his two-inch nails, one by one, and each clicked its last as it dropped on the dirty floor of the unkempt third-class railway car. Then, grinning, he handed back the clippers. I grinned, too.

From time to time, as a man might regard his face after having shaved off a twenty-year-old mustache, the regally robed Chinese glanced at his fingers. I think he was pleased. Probably he had been long considering cutting his nails. Anyhow, he got off at a good-sized

town near Mukden, and after he had gone I salvaged the ten nails to send, later, to long-nailed young women back home who, my accompanying notes were to say, "might find inspiration here."

In one compartment at the end of the car a tough and sullen Japanese guard was handcuffed to a Manchu prisoner who sat glassy-eyed and motionless, staring straight ahead as if fright had frozen on his face and begun to melt into a coma. His mouth had hung partly open so long that his lips and tongue were dry and cracked.

Most of my fellow passengers, especially two young Chinese, were interested in the prisoner. I asked them what his story was, but they lacked the English to tell me. Finally, after puzzling over the problem for some time, one took a scrap of paper and wrote: "To die."

He then indicated by a meaningful gesture that the condemned man had been given a hypodermic injection of something to make him docile and uncomprehending, and that he would be shot tomorrow in Mukden.

Shot. Not electrocuted, nor gassed, nor guillotined, nor hanged upon a gallows. No fancy special equipment for taking human life. Just fifteen-sen worth of rifle cartridges—and the Japanese would salvage the shells to make more cartridges. Frugality and the "use of existing equipment," even here. But all according to the Japanese rules of law and order.

What the man had done, no one in the car was able to say. The doped prisoner could not; his guard would not—or perhaps he didn't know. But certainly the man's individual crime—whatever it was—could not possibly have been worse than the collective crimes of the Japanese that were incidental to the occupation of Manchuria.

A Japanese in the car, when he saw my interest in the prisoner and when he saw me try to give the man a cigarette, came and sat down beside me. He said that his country was "supervising to bring law and order to Manchutikuo," and asked me if I did not find Japan adequately and fairly policed. Was Japan not a well-ordered country? I could be sure, he said, that this prisoner was a bad man, or he would not be executed. His very looks were enough, the Japanese thought, to convict him.

Well, he was no angel face, I admitted. But I told the Japanese

that neither were we. I argued that Japan's closely regimented social system, its homogeneous people, its insularity, all made for law and order. That the Japanese kept things under control in Japan did not mean they could do it on the Asiatic mainland. At home, I said, we had law-abiding communities of several thousands of people where the police had virtually nothing to do. But it would be a mistake to assume that these police were so efficient that they should be put in charge of a precinct station in a tough part of Philadelphia or Chicago. The Japanese, I said, were a naturally orderly people who obeyed the rules. The Chinese were not.

Two young Russians sat near by. White Russians, they had fled from the Bolsheviks nearly fifteen years before. Manchuria and the Chinese coastal cities were full of them. Once they had been members of upper-class families in czarist Russia. As a people they had been quite distinct from the working class and the peasantry. They had wealth, education, and whatever form of "culture" they chose.

They were much better-looking than the lower-class Russians—virtually a distinct race of people. That always happens in a highly class-conscious country. For whenever a peasant girl or the daughter of a factory worker grew up to be beautiful, some rich Russian married her, or took her as a mistress. The next generation of his own class was that much handsomer for it, and the average peasant that much plainer.

White Russians, today, lived beyond the frontiers of their native land. Usually they were poor; usually they lived lives of shabby gentility. Seldom were they able to regain, because of lack of ancestral lands and wealth, anything like the physical standards of living to which they had been born. Yet they retained their culture, and their manners, and the languages they had learned in Russia—languages of other lands. Some held humble and respected white-collar jobs. Others lived precariously on their charms.

The Russians I happened to meet were not anti-Japanese, and they did not seem to resent the Japanese occupation of Manchuria. They had felt that with the weakness of the Chinese Government at that time, plagued on all sides with bandits and with war lords, it was a case of either Japan's or the Soviet Union's taking Manchuria. And they hated the Soviet Union, for the Bolshevik predecessor to

that regime had taken away their place in life and killed so many of their friends with the zealous ruthlessness that marked the Revolution.

Now the Japanese, seeming to understand the peculiar feeling of the White Russians for the government that would probably someday be the adversary of the Japanese, sought in many ways to encourage it, perpetuate it, and capitalize upon it. It seemed to me that the Japanese tried not to interfere too much with the lives of the Russian emigres—much less than they did with the affairs of other Europeans. And Japan gave them sanctuary, this people without a country.

It seemed to me, too, that the White Russians were likely to be used often by the Japanese Intelligence Service, for they could gain entree to many places where the Japanese themselves would be suspect. Many of these people were such accomplished linguists that they could have passed as nationals of other countries.

The White Russians on my train were pleasant, goodhearted fellows. They were going to Harbin on the following day, but they were spending the night in Mukden. With easy friendliness they asked me to share their droshky to their hotel, which they assured me I could afford. We had some Russian coffee when we got off the train, and soon we were rattling over the rough streets of Mukden behind a Russian pony.

The good hotels in Mukden—an expensive place—were far beyond my purse. But the hotel patronized by the Russians cost about the equivalent of an American dollar.

When I saw the place I was utterly appalled. Yet I'm glad I stopped there, because it is worth remembering. The shanty-like guest rooms were small, dark cubicles, about thirty in number. They were not clean. Each had a hard bed with a straw-filled mattress. Each was locked with a padlock on the outside—a padlock chained to its hasp so that guests could not remove it. In a central courtyard, roughly paved with cobblestones, stood something that looked partly like an oversized samovar, partly like a steam-engine boiler. It was the hot-water supply, to which guests brought their pitchers. Before I retired—though "retire" is the wrong word for such a place—the Russians brought me a spiral of brown punk. Unrolled, it would have been two yards long—the kind we used for lighting firecrackers when I was a boy.

"Light it. Put it under the bed. It will burn all night and keep the bugs away."

The hot-water supply was doubly welcome. After repeated trips to the old boiler with my little cracked jug, I had accomplished a sponge bath and had washed socks, handkerchiefs, my three shirts, and both pairs of pants. The tiny room was festooned with laundry, which I had carefully turned inside out to keep it from getting visibly soiled again while drying.

In the morning it was all quite dry in the crisp air. For the first time I put on an unironed shirt and trousers, while the others went into the furoshiki bundle. I started out afoot, through a poor old section of this international city of Mukden, toward the center of the business district.

On the way, at a terribly filthy restaurant, I bought some very hot tea and a couple of boiled eggs—in the shell. If I could not trust the freshness of that breakfast (though the eggs *were* fresh) I could at least be sure it was safe. No sane American drinks water anywhere here unless he knows it has been boiled.

All over the world I have been comforted by the universality of eggs. No matter what chickens eat, no matter what disease-ridden filth they feed upon, an egg is dependably an egg. No matter how dirty the rest of the available food may be, a traveler will find an egg clean inside if he breaks the shell. Scrambled eggs or fried eggs—no. Some scientist may someday tell me that a boiled egg can carry typhus or parrot fever or yellow jaundice—but I won't believe him.

On this bright morning I again found a side-street tailor shop just before I reached the more aristocratic section of Mukden. I remember seeing a man who looked American. I ducked him. Weeks later I met Hillis Lory. "I ducked, too," he said. "I was afraid you'd try to borrow some money. That old bundle of yours—those clothes that looked as if you'd been through a rainstorm . . ."

The Chinese tailor quickly pressed one shirt and one pair of pants, and said he'd keep my furoshiki bundle. I got a cheap haircut and then, with full confidence, strolled out into the warm morning sun toward the big and costly Yamato Hotel that had been built by the Japanese in 1930. At the same time they had erected the huge and modern South Manchurian Railway hospital. Both these establishments had served the Japanese well at the time of the Manchurian

"incident." One was virtually General Army Headquarters, and the other a military hospital. It is commonly believed they were a part of the preparedness for that well-planned incident.

There is always a comforting thing about traveling cheaply anywhere in the world. I have been asked if it did not deprive me of the chance to meet the right people. But it did not. If an American *keeps moving*, keeps clean, he can sleep in the poorest of hotels, travel on the worst possible conveyances, eat as I had to eat, and carry his luggage tied up in a big old handkerchief. He can cache that luggage somewhere and then go anywhere, head up, and be as good as the next man.

"Where are you stopping, Mr. Patric?" a canny traveler has often asked, by way of getting a line on who I was and deciding whether I was important enough to merit real consideration.

"Oh, I just got in. Expect to push on tonight," I'd say airily. And no one among the Europeans knew that my economic status, always low, was hitting bottom.

Thus it was that I could mingle with the guests of the Yamato Hotel and talk to them about Mukden and Manchuria. It was mighty interesting. For this, indeed, was a historic place. Here had already occurred, though I did not appreciate its real importance then, the first and most significant battle of World War II.

On the night of September 18, 1931, about 10 o'clock, there was a small explosion on the tracks of the South Manchurian Railway at Mukden. The road was owned, just as the Korean railway was owned, by the Japanese Government, although Manchuria was then a part of China. The explosion took place near the Chinese North Barracks, and it was so minor that it did not delay the punctual arrival, at the Mukden railroad station half an hour later, of the south-bound express from Changchun.

But the Japanese Army called it a serious act of sabotage—serious enough to warrant an attack on the Chinese barracks. Several hundred Chinese soldiers were killed. Simultaneously, along the entire length of the Japanese-owned railway system throughout Manchuria, the Japanese Army, assisted by several thousand armed reservists among the civilian Japanese, had seized the military barracks, airfields, and fighting equipment.

By the next morning, says Edgar Snow in his thoughtful book, *The*

Far Eastern Front, "a survey of points held by Japanese troops showed them to constitute the framework of an area roughly the size of Italy, and encompassing one of the richest regions of Asia. The plan, many phases rehearsed in advance, worked with scarcely a flaw. Japanese troops occupied more territory in a single night, and with fewer losses, than has any army in modern military history."

Edgar Snow was in China then, and he came at once to Mukden. His book helped my understanding of the first real hostilities in the long chain of battles, campaigns, and *coups d'état* of a war that remained undeclared for almost a decade, as the three Axis partners became ever bolder and more imaginative in their efforts to graduate from the "have not" class of nations.

A chap who lived in the Yamato Hotel lent me Snow's book. "I knew him," he said, "and I knew he'd write this book. I brought my copy in through China. But don't let the Japanese catch you reading it. It's probably forbidden."

I took the volume to a quiet and rather aristocratic café where things were cleaner, and paid a few more precious coins for coffee while I read some of the background history of the troubled land of which Mukden had so long been the capital.

Snow's foreword consisted of three significant quotations from high-placed, policy-making Japanese, originating a few months apart.

The first, part of a note from Foreign Minister Baron Shidehara to Secretary of State Stimson on Christmas Eve, 1931, ten years before Pearl Harbor: "The Imperial Japanese Government is determined to remain loyal to the League of Nations Covenant, the no-war treaty, other various treaties. . . ."

The next, four months later, from Minister of War Araki: "Japan may never withdraw her troops from Manchuria. . . . We need not pay any attention to what the League of Nations may say. . . ."

The third quotation, from Count Okuma, late Japanese Minister to China, in his published papers: "International relations are quite unlike relations subsisting between individuals. Morality and sincerity do not govern a country's diplomacy, which is guided by selfishness, pure and simple. It is considered the secret of diplomacy to forestall rivals by every crafty means possible."

How helpful it would have been, when Kurusu came on his peace mission to give Japan time to prepare for Pearl Harbor, to have ex-

amined the foreword to Edgar Snow's book, published seven years earlier!

XVIII

Paths on the Great Wall of China

FROM MUKDEN, that sunny morning, I so wanted to go to Harbin and Changchun! I wondered if I might not catch a glimpse of Henry Pu Yi, once the boy Emperor of China, whom the Japanese had set up as puppet Emperor of Manchutikuo, as part of a propaganda plan to turn chauvinism in Manchuria to Japan's own ends.

But to have gone to Harbin—or anywhere else in Manchuria—was out of the question. I could travel in cheap Japan comfortably on a dollar a day or less. But here, it cost several times that much. I had almost \$20 left for use in China and return to Yokohama along the Inland Sea. I had written Yozo Nomura and asked him to sell my typewriter so I would have a little money when I got there.

So I took the train to Shanhaikwan. Low and muddy, it lies on the border between Manchuria and China proper, on a narrow coastal plain that fringes the Gulf of Liaotung. It is the northern gateway to Peking. It is the terminus of the Great Wall of China.

In my furoshiki bundle I had the old American post-card-sized Kodak that I had bought for five dollars at an auction in Eugene, Oregon. From the States I had brought a dozen rolls of film. Only one roll remained unexposed.

Next morning, after a talk with the many-tongued proprietor of "Shanhaikwan's only first-class European hotel" about how to get there, I set out on foot toward the Great Wall, to see one of the still existing seven wonders of the ancient world and to take a few pictures of it and the life around it.

There had been a shower a couple of days before, and how muddy the roads were! They were not just muddy roads in the sense that Americans think of muddy roads. Here they were incredibly rough, much as they must have been in Marco Polo's time, or perhaps not even as good. Sometimes there would be a dry and rocky hump between two morasses into which wheels of huge diameter would

sink hub deep. Many Chinese, in fact, resorted to pack carrying and the use of pack animals instead of vehicles. Strange what a wonderful invention was the wheel! Stranger yet that here its value was questionable still. A man or an animal could *carry* as much as he could pull. Strings of Manchurian ponies went by, and men and women, each carrying two equal loads balanced like Chinese scales at the ends of a shoulder yoke-pole that had a crook in the middle of it.

After a considerable walk along the edges of that terrible Chinese road, I had my first disappointing look at the Great Wall of China. That Maginot Line of ancient times held off invaders for—if I remember aright—a couple of centuries before it was overcome. It is disappointing at first glance, but only because one thinks of it as he has seen it in pictures—pictures taken from some high point from whence the wall stretches off into the distance, winding and twisting over the tops of the ridges across succeeding ranges of hills until it finally disappears into the far horizon.

The wall, though, was fascinating to study closely and to walk upon. It was as wide on top as a good highway, though so overgrown with brush and weeds that pedestrians kept to well-defined pathways. There were frequent ruined ramparts and towers that must have been manned by troops in sufficient numbers to resist sudden, unexpected forays and scaling attempts at any point along some 2,000 miles.

Great sections of the wall were in ruins now; it was obvious that the Chinese for a time had simply used it as a quarry, removing the face brick and letting the earthen fill settle into a gentle mound. This, I suppose, went on during the years the Manchus controlled both sides of the wall. No brick had been removed, though, for a long time. The condition of the masonry revealed no fresh quarrying.

I learned later that some Chinese—and this is a land of rugged individualists, where opinions differ, which is one of the reasons China never could be an aggressor—still thought the wall might be helpful in delaying invasion forces. Others were averse to destroying, particularly near cities and towns, an attraction that brought occasional travelers with money to spend. And so today, I understand, it was a grave offense to obtain building material from the Great Wall of China.

In places the wall was a balcony seat—choice location in most of

the world is the balcony seat—from which to see Chinese life and work and play below. For here and there a few houses or a village suburban to Shanhaikwan nestled against its ramparts for protection from storm and wind.

Once a funeral procession wound through the street, with candles of pork fat, and with paper banners flying. The rite looked more gay than somber. I reflected that at nightfall there would be another burial mound on the face of the Chinese earth, a burial mound forever sacred to the memory of an ancestor. It might never be defiled by plowing or planting, and there would be that much less land in China. One of the reasons why famine can strike so easily and swiftly at China is that, in the face of increasing population, so much of the productive earth is given up to burial ground and is thus inviolate. Families have lived for generation after generation on constantly shrinking farms that were none too large in the beginning. Century after century, more and more of the land China needs for crops becomes sanctuary for ancestral bones. The rest must be farmed with greater and greater intensity, and sometimes it cannot be.

From San Francisco's Chinatown there have been shipped at great cost, far out over the Pacific, the bones of an incalculable number of old Chinese who have ploddingly toiled for years at menial, low-paid tasks—primarily to insure at last their burial in China. What a waste it is! What a price the living, hostages to the dead, must pay as tribute to ancient superstition.

The Japanese are more practical. I knew one, once, in Oakland, California, who shipped his father's ashes back to Kobe by parcel post at the cost of about a dollar—and probably bought Imperial Japanese Government bonds with the money he saved thereby. Probably the Government bought scrap iron with it.

Whether the custom of cremation in Japan is wholly universal I cannot say, but I do know that the bodies of slain soldiers are returned to Japan as ashes, when they are returned at all. For why waste cargo space, that could be used to transport scrap, for the bulky coffins of dead men? Their service to the Emperor is ended. Their spirits, even now, are consorting with those of the bravest of the ancient samurai, and both are entertained, perhaps, by the spooks of the geisha of yesterday.

I had walked far along the top of the Great Wall, and had halted

at last to rest before beginning the long return jaunt to Shanhaikwan. Where I rested there was a tree that had taken root in a crevice in the wall just below a depression that collected water during rains. Thus the tree roots remained moist even now when the rest of the wall was dry. The little tree was of such exquisite shape, with such beauty to the curve of its trunk, that it had been spared, apparently, even by the avaricious gatherers of fuel.

As I sat there a young Chinese couple approached from the far distance, and as they came near to the tree, I knew that it appealed to them as a place to sit as much as it did to me. Disappointment at seeing me there was written on their faces—the Chinese have never seemed to me as impassive a people as they are said to be.

After all, this was their country, this their wall, and this their favorite trysting place. Besides, there seemed more of young romance in China than in Japan. So I arose to go away and leave them there. The Chinese lad, polite, in English as good as my own, said: "You must not go away. You were there first."

I said I had rested enough. But for a time I stayed and talked to them. Both lived in Shanhaikwan. The girl could speak no English whatever—not even pidgin. The boy had been attending school in the United States, as so many Chinese do.

"In Japan I was offered scholarship," he said, "but I preferred go your country."

This seemed a fine opportunity to ask a question that had long been puzzling:

"Japan," I said, "has been an adversary of China for a long time. Your people have long considered Japan an enemy. You lost Taiwan many decades ago, and now the Japanese call it 'Formosa.' You are still losing land to the Japanese. Many centuries ago you built this wall. You feared invaders then. Now why have you Chinese, four hundred millions of people, not united and built an army and defeated your enemies forever and long ago?"

"Chinese people," the boy replied, "for long centuries cherished scholarship and learning. I also. You have been in Japan? Ah, yes. I also have been. Then you must know how very much honor in Japan there is in fighting. How little honor in mere learning. We study and revere our philosophers, who lived by seeking truth. Japanese honor their samurai, who lived by sharp sword."

"If I were Japanese, not Chinese, and devoted life to study, no one would look much up to me. If, instead, I became officer in Japanese Army, I would have much honor upon my family.

"But in my own country it is different. I am respected because I have pursued learning alone. If I had become soldier, I should be looked down upon by even Chinese who think soldiers necessary.

"That was true also in ancient times. Habits of centuries not easily changed. Here is story to show mentality of Chinese people:

"Long time ago in Peking were examinations. Examinations decided who was greatest scholar in all China. The winner had much honor—same as heavyweight boxing champion in America.

"Once there was poor young scholar in far province. So very poor. He became bearer coolie for rich mandarin because must come to Peking for examinations.

"In Peking all Chinese scholar took examinations locked up many days in little room. So many days that mandarin finished visit, began return journey without that one bearer coolie.

"But after many days of travel, runner overtook party of rich mandarin. Announce that one mandarin bearer coolie proclaimed greatest scholar of all China.

'Immediately, mandarin turned back. In Peking he asked scholar ride back distant province, while rich mandarin himself help carry palanquin.

"Perhaps," said the young Chinese wistfully, "story never happened. But it *is* well-known story. It illustrates difference in feeling between Chinese and Japanese people. Another thing. Scholar who reads and studies much cannot easily believe propaganda, or clamor of vast multitudes people who move with spring winds as tall grasses move. Instead, he is what you in America called 'rugged individualist.' When he becomes soldier he is hard to lead. Particularly when he does not know just what fighting is about. Particularly when he sees nothing for himself in fighting. Banditry, yes, for that is understandable. For united China, no. But for China new day is coming. Someday we may have United China as you have United States. Then will be difference."

After all these years I do not remember every detail of what he told me, but the sense of it is crystal-clear as I recall it now. And he was right, for there does appear today to be a China more united than

it has been for centuries. And given equal weapons, the Chinese may be as good warriors as the Japanese, especially in guerrilla fighting. The Chinese may lack Japanese fanaticism, but they are as tough and as used to hardship—perhaps even more so. And a Chinese, like an American, can think for himself.

Back for the evening in the lobby of the "European" hotel, I noticed that the proprietor—he with the gift of many tongues and uncertain nationality—observed with some interest and envy my operation of removing from my post-card camera its last roll of film.

I owed the fellow ten or fifteen dollars Mex for my room and for some food. Mex was then a little less than two for one—they called it "Mex" because China, years ago, bought the entire monetary system—coin and currency, "as was"—of old Mexico.

If prices of food and lodging were as high in Peking as they were here, I should have only enough, after I paid him, to stay the night in Peking, move on to Tientsin, return to Japan, and home again.

But I thought I saw a chance for a mutually profitable deal. I began to set the stage for it with all the skill of my Yankee ancestors, sharpened by depression years in the United States.

"Got some fine pictures of that wall," I said. "Had to take them. Couldn't buy any. None for sale in Shanhaikwan that I liked."

"Often I have wished," he said, "that I had post cards to sell in my hotel."

"Can't you buy them?"

"Perhaps—in Peking."

"But let me advise you. You must buy local pictures," I said. "Pictures of the city, of the Great Wall, of the water front, of the railroad station, and of the entrance to your hotel. A shot of your Chic Sale establishment——"

"Of what?"

"Chic Sale was a great American philosopher. He would sit yonder and meditate . . ."

"Oh, my little garden! Would that make a picture?"

"Of course. Anything will make a picture for one skillful enough as a photographer. But anyhow, you must label them with 'Shanhaikwan' and the name of your hotel. Then the people to whom they are sent may want to come here. Do not be fooled into buying pictures of the Forbidden City or the Dragon Screen or the elephants on the road

to the Ming Tombs. Do not let them sell you pictures of the Yamato Hotel in Mukden. No. You must glorify Shanhaikwan, the Great Frontier City of China. Help make it famous—call it 'Shanhaikwan, the Sun Valley of Asia.' Why, mister——"

"But perhaps I cannot buy pictures of Shanhaikwan," the hotel man said.

"Then you must have them made. This is a city of a hundred thousand. Isn't there a photographer here?"

"I don't think so," he said. Nor had I seen one in my ramblings.

"Then you can order a camera from the United States. Five hundred dollars Mex will buy the very latest model—much later than mine. Here, I will give you the address of the factory." I wrote down "Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York, U.S.A."

But in the end his agile and cunning mind became interested in my own camera. After all, no one who carried his luggage in a furoshiki bundle had any business with a fine camera. Somebody might steal it. He knew it wasn't a late model. He knew that miniatures were the vogue, and he knew that costs of film were less.

But I explained—and correctly, too—that, while miniature cameras were fine for tourists who took snapshots of everything and then made single enlargements for kodak albums of only the best ones, for making pictures for sale an original post-card-sized negative was far superior, since it would capture more detail and result in a clearer, sharper picture.

In the end that battered old camera paid my hotel bill and gave me twelve dollars Mex extra. I made a little profit on the deal—quite a little. He made a good buy, too. The camera was no longer useful to me without film—and a roll of film cost about two and a half Chinese dollars.

I undertook, next morning, to show the man how to operate the camera, what kind of pictures to take with it, and tried really to be helpful. I think he felt rather guilty in the end for paying me so little for such a fine camera. I should have felt better about it all had he felt guilty about overcharging me for crumby rooms, because he treated me to a fairish lunch before I left for Peking, and topped it off with a really good Manila cigar.

On the train to Peking I smoked that cigar, sitting again on the hard wooden seat of another third-class coach. This time all my com-

panions appeared to be Chinese—workingmen, and probably rather skilled to be traveling on any kind of train, because on a mileage basis here the fares are so far above the Japanese level that they come nearer to approximating coach fares on the Western roads in the United States. By the crudest kind of estimation, I figured that a Chinese coolie would have to work a month to be able to ride half a day on a train, whereas in Japan a couple of days' work would be a day's ride, as it would in the United States.

It is hard to understand how a reasonably intelligent American could possibly seek the adoption of communism in the United States. Nor can I understand—and for the same general reasons—how communism could conceivably appeal to the average Japanese. But by the very same line of reasoning, it is hard to see why a normally intelligent Chinese coolie would *not* believe in it. The politicians wouldn't let competitive enterprise in China keep enough to offer him anything. And at that time communism was spreading rapidly into China and was hated bitterly in Japan. That fact had a strong bearing upon Japan's attitude toward China.

My Chinese companions smoked long and slender pipes with brass bowls little bigger than the eraser on a pencil. They filled these tiny bowls at rare intervals with tobacco so finely shredded that it looked like clippings from a curly brown dog. Tobacco so cut burned completely in their pipes. A pipeful amounted to but four or five puffs. Then the men cleaned their bowls of a little ash and put them away for another hour or two. But how they did appear to enjoy it when they smoked!

Two of the men sitting opposite me kept their tobacco in round metal boxes, one covered with filigree and the other with cloisonné of such considerable worn beauty that I suspected they were heirlooms passed down from their ancestors. Another fellow, seemingly more practical and less a connoisseur of art and ancestors, kept his in a fine little leather pouch closed by a drawstring. Puffing gently on my own cigar, I asked if I might examine the pouch.

It was a perfectly shaped, well-tanned little bag, and I wrinkled my brows in puzzlement at how it had been made of leather. The Chinese deftly plucked a pencil from my pocket—as deftly as a Peking pick-pocket later did with both pen and pencil—and drew a picture on an English-language Chinese newspaper I carried. No wonder the

pouch appeared to be such a perfect piece of leather craftsmanship. It had been a dog's scrotum, and was shaped to begin with.

Was there *anything* the Chinese did not use? I knew they ate insects, with relish, after centuries of necessity, for I had not only seen them ready for the stew kettle beside the Yalu River but also I remembered seeing barrels of them, dehydrated like dry shrimp, for sale in San Francisco's Chinatown.

Dog fur I had seen made into clothing at Antung. Now here was a dog's scrotum become a tobacco pouch. What happened to the rest of the dog? It was easy enough to guess.

XIX

Design for Living in Peking

IN PEKING I found myself a little better off financially than I had expected, mostly because of the sale of the old camera. I found a forlorn-looking and somewhat forsaken old French hotel, the Rue de la Paix, where a tiny, dark little room cost \$2.50 Mex per day but only ten Chinese dollars for the whole week. And I had to stay that long to make connections with a cheap Japanese boat that sailed every ten days from Tientsin to Kobe, on which I already had a ticket, good for deck space only, that cost five American dollars for a three-day voyage.

I paid a week's rent and strode out into the crisp afternoon. The old hotel was set somewhat back from the street. Hazy memory has it that in front of it or beside it was a yard containing a few scraggly trees, a yard that looked like a typical vacant lot in an American city except that there was no rubbish.

What *is* rubbish except paper, tin cans, old boxes, dry weeds, and such? But here that was all valuable, far more so than in Japan. For example, anything that would make a rubbish fire would also provide heat for some poor family in winter and was carefully gathered by the children. Every scrap of wood of whatever kind had a cash market value, and so did every tiny rag. Bits of paper or of metal were, of course, saved. Scrap glass could be and was remelted, so no broken

bottles lay about. One day I saw a Chinese picking up oddments of small stones and broken pottery and bricks. He explained that he sold them for road building. There was plenty of gravel hereabouts, but there were no Gargantuan gravel trucks to bring it in. Orange peels? Apple cores? These were food, and the Chinese ate them. Cigarette butts? Weren't they still tobacco?

And so the neglected yard didn't look half bad. As I crossed it, an old Chinese—he later proved to be thirty-four—was waiting in the shade with a ricksha.

"You Mlelica man want licksla? V'lly tsleep!"

He did not say "velly" to rhyme with "jelly," though that is the way it is often written in dialect jokes. It sounded more like "vlee." His "cheap" can't be written exactly as it sounded, but "tsleep" comes rather near.

I tried to shoo him away.

"I'm broke," I said.

"Bloke? Mlelica no bloke!"

I walked away—off toward the station to get my furoshiki bundle, lightened by one camera and the last of my Japanese canned goods. He followed me, arguing plaintively and yet quite soundly that both of us would lose if I did not hire him. I had to see Peking. He knew Peking. He knew where were the best bars and restaurants. He also knew where to find me a "plitee missee." He had worked for many Americans. The Rue de la Paix—miserable old wreck—was his favorite hotel. Always its guests were his best patrons.

In vain I pleaded that I had scarcely enough money left to eat on. Of course he didn't believe me. I was an American, wasn't I?

This discussion continued all the way to the station, with the persistent Chinese pattering along beside me, pulling his empty ricksha. When I saw a narrow, tree-bordered sidewalk I took it, to get rid of him. But there was always an end to it, and there was no shaking the fellow. At the Peking railway station I killed a little time, reading my paper, hoping he'd get tired and go away. And I tried to sneak out the side door.

But he was beside me again before I'd gone fifty feet. I thought he'd look askance at my furoshiki, by now rather dirty and considerably chewed by rats. But he didn't. He took it and put it in his ricksha.

"You go back Ludalapay?"

He had that pretty good except for the "R"—which wasn't astonishing, considering his long service to guests of the moth-eaten hostelry. I supposed he had grown old with the hotel, as people do, and fancied it was still what it had been before they built the magnificent new ones of the tourist age.

At that moment I had a flash of inspiration. It didn't work, but it proved in the end to have been one of my best bits of luck in the Orient. I had the equivalent of \$9.40 in American money. I figured, judging from prices generally in comparison with those of Japan, that a ricksha might cost around two bits an hour—or say a dollar for the next morning.

I liked the guy. I liked him better, for some reason that I can't explain, than anybody I'd met so far in the Orient—and that was saying a great deal. I thought I'd show him how little money I had, then hire him for one morning, say, with his firm promise that after that he'd let me alone.

"All right," I said, "how much for you and your gocart?"

He didn't understand "gocart," but there isn't a Chinese in China—at least none that a tourist ever finds—who doesn't understand "how much."

The answer was six Chinese dollars for the whole week. That was \$2.25 in American money. Why, if I hired him for a week, I'd still have \$7.15 to eat on, to get to Tientsin on, and to get back through Japan to Yokohama on—though I did have transportation paid for by Japanese boat and train. And I did have \$10 in Yozo Nomura's safe, plus whatever he had been able to wangle for my portable typewriter—a relic almost as old as my camera had been.

It didn't occur to me that the ricksha man, asking \$2.25 for a week's work, would probably have cheerfully accepted \$1.50; that in fact he had asked \$2.25 to be in a tactical position to reduce the price, as Chinese have done from time immemorial. I liked him, and \$2.25 for a ricksha for a whole week was an utterly fantastic bargain in transportation.

I fished out my thin billfold, peeled off six ragged Chinese paper dollars, and handed them to him.

In turn, I think, he was as astonished as I had been. He was being

paid his asking price, and he was being paid in advance! He grinned as thoroughly as I have ever seen a human being grin.

From his pocket he produced a thin, tar-paper package of cigarettes that had an inner factory wrapping of old trimmed newspaper, and prepared to celebrate the contract with a smoke that, next to a pipe, was the cheapest in China.

"Gimme one," I said, without realizing how large a fraction of an hour's hard work I was asking him for.

Instead of complying, though he did not seem displeased, he dropped the handles of his ricksha, groped around under its seat awhile, and came up with a single, battered cigarette, which he handed to me. I twirled it in my fingers. It was an American brand, and that single cigarette was worth as much in China as a whole package of the kind he smoked. He had been saving it for some Occasion. This was it.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Ma," he replied.

Mal I'm sure that wasn't his name. But he knew every American could remember it, and it served as well as any. Ma took me back to the Rue de la Paix, in the French concession of old Peking.

There I sneaked upstairs with my ragged furoshiki and hid it under the bed. Carrying luggage that way is not a Chinese custom, and while I had no self-consciousness about it whatever in Japan, here it was terribly conspicuous. Europeans sometimes glared at me balefully, and I knew why. Every time a European in China did not in public act the part of a superior being, he made it just that much harder for the rest of the Europeans to keep face and maintain the fiction of intrinsic superiority.

"A fellow like you ought to have sense enough," one man suggested, "to borrow the money and travel like a gentleman."

And I know that I could have signed a chit for almost anything. My credit rating would have mattered little; it was enough that I was European. That was one good result of the tradition of Europeans in China. As a class they keep their credit good, for it wouldn't do to owe a Chinese and never pay him. Nothing would more quickly have knocked us off our carefully erected pedestal—no, not even traveling cheaply with a furoshiki full of ratholes.

But the respect in which "the white man" was held in China was

based on no real affection. We were envied as a wealthy people who always had money and to whom the slightest work was repulsive. That begot no love for us in the hearts of hungry coolies. The Japanese in China did not operate the same way. They could not, even had they tried (which they did not), pass themselves off as a superior race. They looked too much like Chinese for that. And as a consequence, they observed less scrupulously the conventions we observed, and if they were disliked they seemed at least more human and more understandable, and hence were much less envied.

That has been one of the weaknesses of the "white man"—I call him that for want of a better term to distinguish him from the Asiatic, and only as a synonym for the less onerous "European"—in all parts of Asia. That is why Japan has been strong where we have been weak. For in every city where our people have lived, there are resentful natives who, professing loyalty to their overlords whose flag they fly or whose orders they obey, nevertheless are gleeful when the white man gets his comeuppance at the hands of anyone of color—anyone at all, including even the disliked Japanese.

China has different sentiments today, only because we became her ally in a struggle which already had crystallized public opinion even in that highly individualistic land. Had we fought Japan first, when she was not fighting China, and had we then sought Chinese help, it would have been a different story. I say that in no criticism of the Chinese, but only in criticism of ourselves.

When I emerged again from the hotel I had the ever-tiresome errand of getting my clean shirt and pants ironed. This so repetitious matter I would not mention again, except that this time Ma was concerned.

Ma was waiting for me, and I made brisk motions of pressing a pair of pants. He nodded understandingly and took off in the general direction of the ritzy foreign shopping district of Peking, pausing at last before a conservative and rich-looking tailoring establishment like those in England that price their worsteds in guineas and pay their rent with the extra shilling over a pound that guineas have.

I demurred a little at entering the place and tried to suggest that this wasn't the kind of shop that catered to ironing a pair of pants and a shirt for a guy who'd washed them himself.

But Ma was grinning happily at having so expeditiously carried

out his new master's first request. He made vigorous motions of pressing pants on the mudguard of his ricksha and, nodding, pointed to the entrance. I've heard jokes about how dictatorial servants can run their masters' lives, and now I understood these stories. I had never had a servant before, nor have I had one since. But now I had Ma, and I couldn't turn away from the place without better reason than the hunch I had that I'd picked the wrong tailor.

Rather sheepishly I entered the shop. A tall, distinguished-looking Englishman, in striped pants, batwing collar, white-edged vest, walked imperiously down the avenue of bolted English woolens and Scotch tweeds and bowed.

"I don't like to bother you, mister," I said, "but I got a pair of pants here and a shirt. They're clean. I washed 'em myself last night. Could you just—ah—just press 'em a little?"

The fellow picked up each garment between two finger tips and held them at some distance from his striped pants. Doggone it, those clothes *were* clean, even if they were beginning to get a little gray as clothes get after a while when you wash them yourself without bleaches.

"Very well, sir," he said. "They will be ready next week."

"Next week? The clothes I've got on are pretty dirty. How—how much?"

"That will be two dollars, sir."

I gathered them up and departed.

"Ma," I exploded, when I was out again by the ricksha, "that guy wanted two bucks Mex to press these things. I guess he figured on sterilizing 'em first. That's a third of what I paid you for a whole week!"

Ma didn't understand much of what I said. But he did gather that I thought the price too high. Unruffled, he trotted off to another and somewhat less pretentious tailor shop, where the price was a dollar twenty. Again I objected. But the next place he took me was only fifty cents. I should have paid it had it been the asking price at the striped-pants-priced-in-guineas establishment. But I had noticed that none of these places were operated by Chinese, and that all of them were in the foreign concession.

Only then did I remember that there was in China an institution called "cumshaw," or, in more understandable American, "the kick-

back." Under this system a ricksha man could return after hours, or maybe send his little boy, to the places he had brought his master and collect a generous commission on the business. I do not criticize Ma for that; it is the custom of the country and it existed in the time of his more distant ancestors. It exists in business and in politics, high and low, and it helps explain why China hasn't been able to equip an army strong enough even to fight bandits. The money vanishes in cumshaw.

Now that was something, on the contrary, absolutely foreign to the samurai spirit of the Japanese, whose fighters used to pride themselves on being able to spurn money. And well they could spurn money, for they were so honored that they could live off the country without spending a sen.

"Look here, Ma," I said, patiently and with many gestures. "You'll find out how broke I am before this week is over. Now, let's say these were *your* clothes. You've got to get them pressed. Now, you pull a ricksha. You make only six dollars a week plus your damn cumshaw. Where would *you* go? *Ma's* clothes, see? Not 'lich Mlelican man.'"

A light of understanding, which had been smoldering some time, I think, dawned visibly on the face below Ma's bald head. There was nothing wrong—nothing at all—with Ma's intelligence.

The reason he did not say: "Well, now that you put it that way, sir—" was simply that he couldn't speak Eric Blore English, but only pidgin.

Ma trotted off again, away from the foreign concessions, down narrow streets, lanes, and alleys, and stopped before the busiest Chinese laundry I had ever seen. I felt as if I were back in Gee Wort's Chinese Laundry in Berkeley, California.

"Fli' cen' i'on; ten cen' wash—each," said the jovial proprietor.

Ma was all for getting the garments washed. They would bleach very white, he argued. He held up a freshly laundered linen suit and used it for contrast with my grayish garments.

I compromised by having them ironed right away, then changing in a back room and leaving the set I had been wearing, for washing and bleaching. Thereafter, each day I remained in Peking, Ma brought me to the laundry, where I changed into my other pair of gradually whitening pants. And thereafter I looked like an extremely fastidious fellow who coatlessly imagined it was still midsummer.

But don't think Ma lost his cumshaw. The day I departed I saw him collect it, and demanded to know how much. It totaled fifteen Chinese coppers, 10 per cent of \$1.50 Mex.

That afternoon Ma took me sight-seeing. We went to the Forbidden City, shimmering under its roofs of gleaming imperial-yellow tile, unmatched in the Orient, and I marveled as travelers have always marveled at the utterly fabulous splendor of this place, so huge, so costly, and so magnificent—which became a hundred times more so by sheer contrast with the bitter-poverty of those who paid for it. And what must the Forbidden City have been when it really *was* forbidden, in the days of the Dowager Empress, before the Revolution of revered Sun Yat-sen, and before the finest and costliest of the palace art had been carted away and sold in the following confusion to museums and art collectors all over the world?

The Forbidden City became, for me, a symbol of the way the politicians and the taxgatherers so effectively milked the country of any surplus wealth that might have been used by free men to develop the internal economy of the Chinese. For had the Government not been corrupt and selfish, and had it devoted its power to protecting Chinese enterprise and allowing it to prosper, a much smaller tax rate would in the end have provided unheard-of wealth for the military protection of China. It might even have provided a Chinese navy. What a help, today, would a Chinese navy be!

So, in Ma's ricksha, I rode around Peking, and at six o'clock I was thinking his day was done.

Ma himself interrupted my thoughts. "You go chowchow?"

I said no, I wasn't hungry. I *was* hungry, but I was still afraid of Ma; here one thing I wouldn't trust was a cheap restaurant, and in Peking I knew I could not afford more than one meal a day in a good one. I would send Ma home and after a while buy a couple of boiled eggs somewhere.

In the evening, I did not fancy sitting around the dark and musty lobby of the Rue de la Paix. It would cost money to sit in the Peking cabarets, though I knew they'd be interesting. I couldn't afford a show. I was too tired to walk.

The alternative was to sit in the various lobbies of the largest hotels. There's a rule, too, for sitting in hotel lobbies. My friend Russell Sergeant expressed it once by saying: "Never do it if you look

a little seedy, or you may be thrown out. But no hotel will ever disturb you if you look as if there is ever the slightest chance of getting any money from you."

So I had Ma drop me off at a place I believe they called the "Grand Hôtel des Wagons Lits" and told Ma he'd better go home. There I found an easy chair and some English-language periodicals. There were many such printed in China at that time, and to read them and to study their advertisements was to learn a great deal about the foreign commercial colonies that were then superimposed upon so many coastal cities of China.

One had the feeling that foreign investors in China—foreign interests which insisted on the Open Door—were absolutely and utterly selfish in using China merely as a source of profit to themselves, and doing for her in return nothing which did not come about automatically and without any special effort. There was benefit to the Chinese, of course, as always there must be in any type of foreign trade, however handled. And perhaps it is too much to expect that the foreigner in China would think even a little of improving the miserable lot of the Chinese who made possible the prosperity of the foreigner within her open doors.

But it was the old story of the hard-boiled trader all over again—the story of the man who owns a ship, fills it with low-cost, poorly made trade goods, and sails it to the edge of the ice floes where he might trade beads and firewater for precious sealskins. What does the trader care about the well-being of the Eskimo? Here in China it seemed the same. What did the Chinese, individually, matter? There were hundreds of millions of Chinese—far too many, maybe—and there would always be hundreds of millions of Chinese, and the poorer they stayed the more nearly changeless would remain the selfish favoritism of the system under which the foreigner came and went so profitably through the Open Door.

No wonder communism was gaining ground! What, instead, did we offer? No wonder China did not resist more vigorously and more unitedly and more quickly the Japanese invasion of Manchuria! Chinese are used to foreign selfishness and foreign aggression.

It is true that Japan, to stage her Manchurian "incident," chose a time when China's greatest rivers had inundated 60,000 or 70,000 of China's most fertile square miles, drowning 600,000 people and leav-

ing 12,000,000 homeless, straining the meager resources of the impoverished, bandit-ridden country to provide any kind of relief.

Japan chose that disastrous floodtime because resistance was less possible, just as she chose a time when we were elsewhere occupied and otherwise asleep for her attack on Pearl Harbor. But one of the reasons Chinese rages did not flare up violently—as ours did—was that China had become used to taking the raw end of the deal from selfish outsiders. Japan did not, by contrast, seem quite as bad as Japan might have seemed had China known real friends among the Powers. We came nearest, perhaps, to seeming to be China's friend. We *had* used our share of the Boxer Indemnity for the good of China—money that the Powers had ordered China to pay—but that was beginning to be long ago.

How much, with how little, could have been done for China! How much, with how little, can still be done for China! How many hundreds of times more valuable would a few big dams, for instance, have been to China than to us. Of course there would be a problem in financing. But without politics and cumshaw, free American enterprise would build industries to use the enormous power that is a by-product of such great life-saving projects.

But foreigners in China took no aggressively successful interest in developing such things—at least not in North China, where the Japanese threat was greatest. Instead, they took interest only in trading with the Heathen, or in converting the Heathen with funds supplied by the Foreign Missionary Societies, on which the missionaries in China could live like feudal overlords. When China suffered such catastrophes as famine and flood, we contributed food and money—but so did the Emperor of Japan.

The conclusion is one of impossible simplicity: If the powerful commercial nations of the world, in their trade with the free nations such as China, gave to their friends and customers half the thought and fair-mindedness and friendship that an intelligent colonial policy demands, these independent nations would become greater assets than they could ever be as colonies, and at only a fraction of the cost. *Give* them nothing! Merely insist that entrepreneurs be unhampered and free to develop new industries without fear of confiscating taxes. Don't let cancerous bureaucracy feed upon the rewards the bold have won.

Walking rapidly through the gloom of the Chinese night, on my way back to my hotel, I heard rapid steps behind me. They drew closer. Fearing thugs, I stepped quickly aside and was prepared to run. But it was only Ma with his ricksha.

"You go chowchow?" he asked.

He implied words that he did not know how to say, for what his tone of voice said was: "Now, surely, you'll eat?"

How Ma knew I hadn't eaten in the Grand Hôtel des Wagons Lits, I don't know. But he knew. I said I wasn't hungry, and why the devil hadn't he gone home two hours ago.

"What *are* your hours, anyhow?" I asked him.

He explained that he was at my service from nine in the morning until nine at night, if that was satisfactory. Was it? Lunch and dinner for him? Oh, there was plenty of waiting time for that.

"What is your day off?" I asked him. "Sunday?"

Ma couldn't understand.

"How many days you work, one week?"

"Seven," said Ma.

In other words, for \$2.25 a week, Ma was on the job eighty-four hours. That was at a rate of two and one half cents to three cents an hour—plus, of course, cumshaw.

And Ma, I was gradually finding out in little ways, was a smarter man, intrinsically, than I. Had I been the Chinaman, he the American, I should have been pulling him, and doing a poorer job of it. By what triumphant human justice was the American doing the riding and the Chinese the pulling? But there are people who think the Chinese must remain as they are, that other nations may prosper by trading with them.

Ma pulled me the extremely short distance I had to go and then, still concerned because I had not eaten, promised to return "tomorrow." I went to bed hungry.

Next morning I left the hotel somewhat before nine o'clock, planning to get out and buy a couple of eggs before Ma showed up. But I didn't make it. He had come early.

"Where you go bleakfas?" he wanted to know.

"Already had breakfast—hour ago," I said, blithely.

Ma said nothing. He just looked at my hair, which I had plastered down with water five minutes before. You couldn't fool Ma. I still

didn't know whether he was concerned primarily because he didn't want me to be hungry or primarily because of the cumshaw he wasn't getting from the restaurants I should have been patronizing.

We went again to the Forbidden City. There was so much to see! On the way I stopped to look, ostensibly, in store windows, and managed to buy a can of sardines—expensive, too—without Ma seeing me. I stuffed it into my pocket and later ate the sardines in a temple filled with horrid and lascivious Buddhas, rather a contrast to the benignity of most such images. It seems that there are as many kinds of Buddhism as there are Christian sects. Each to its following is, of course, the True Faith.

But it was in a lamasery that a light-fingered monk stole, ever so deftly, my fountain pen and mechanical pencil.

Ma, all this time, was waiting outside the gates. They charge admission to the Forbidden City, and additional admission for certain special "added attractions" within. Rickshas and ricksha men cost extra. I wish Ma could have been with me, though, to explain things. He could convey a whole philosophic lecture in a few gestures and half a dozen words of pidgin.

The Forbidden City appeared to cover many square miles, and it must for decades have grown as fast as Washington and Rome have grown in late years. One huge, rambling building after another was packed within the confines of the high walls. The City had its equivalent of a Potomac and a Tidal Basin, too, for there were lakes and pools and canals connecting them, all covered with floating lotus leaves as big as dishpans. Boats and boatmen carried visitors to strange, exotic, pagodaed shores, and other and more plebeian boatmen harvested lotus leaves to take to Peking markets for wrapping meat.

There seemed no end to the buildings here. I walked on and on, and found myself speculating upon which phase of prerevolutionary Chinese life each now empty, desolate, and ransacked government building had parasitically fastened itself until China could stand no more. Near the City's entrance there was still some attempt to keep lawns mowed, walks clear, and roofs in repair. But as I penetrated deeper and deeper into the Forbidden City, I found that the ravages of time and storms and the seasons had been at work, unchecked for more than a quarter of a century. Stout saplings grew up between paving blocks, and upon walls and in the gutters of roofs. Rank

growths of weeds choked pathways and old gardens, just as fat, pig-tailed bureaucrats had choked off enterprise that would have raised the Chinese living standard and averted revolution.

Actually, I suppose, there was no reverence whatever in Chinese hearts for the Forbidden City, beautiful and imposing though it used to be and was still. To them it must have been a symbol of oppressive, far-reaching, and powerful government.

Since the Revolution the capital of the Chinese Republic had moved to Nanking, where there was neither extraterritoriality nor foreign concessions. A skeleton foreign office remained in Peking to treat with Powers whose legations and embassies clung to Peking because of the special privileges. So the old City-beneath-the-Yellow-Tile was only a tourist attraction, kept intact simply as a source of foreign income. And since tourists could no more see all of the City without weariness than they could see all of Carlsbad Caverns, and since tourist fees could not possibly maintain it all, the place was fast becoming another ruin.

When my feet were tired I rejoined Ma, who was waiting with twenty other ricksha men at the City gates. I never had to go to him, nor ever wait for him. Though engrossed in conversation with other ricksha men, he always kept watch, and on the instant I appeared within his range of vision he trotted toward me. How many philosophic discourses between these so-worldly Chinese were broken off in the middle of pungent oral ideograph!

"Think we just go for a ride somewhere, Ma," I said. "Around the old city. Anywhere. My feet are tired."

"Lide?" repeated Ma.

He gave me an arch and quizzical look, then asked, as if at last he knew the answer would be negative: "Chowchow?"

"No, Ma. Not yet."

By this time I was learning how to talk to Ma and make him understand nearly anything. I thought that possibly he would feel cheated out of restaurant men's cumshaw, which he certainly regarded sincerely as his due. So I explained again, slowly and patiently, my financial status. By that time I was down to maybe five dollars. I showed him my billfold, emptied my other pockets, showed him my steamship ticket back to Japan from Tientsin. He listened awhile, then trotted off with me, as if deep in thought.

Once he paused before a restaurant, turned, and looked back toward me experimentally. After all, five dollars American was still a lot of money to him.

I shook my head.

"Tonight, Ma. One day, one chowchow."

Ma was traveling old and narrow byways, and we had reached a part of Peking where sidewalk merchants had their wares spread out in little semicircles around them.

It was amazing what some of them had to sell. I got out of the ricksha on one street crowded with merchants of secondhand hardware. From my pocket I took my last can of American tobacco, which I had been smoking sparingly, mixed with Chinese, and saw that I had but one more pipeful after this one. I lit up, replaced the can in my pocket, and strolled along with Ma beside me.

These merchants sold tools without handles, old doorknobs, odd keys, tin cans with the tops cut out, knives with blades worn to short stubs. They sold rusty nails, carefully straightened, and old screws, bolts, and nuts. Chinese water pipes were frequent. They were modified forms of the hookah, with a container for water so arranged that the smoke from a tiny pinch of tobacco was drawn through water before reaching the smoker's mouth.

"Missee say 'Opium pipe?' He"—pointing to the sidewalk merchant—"say 'Opium pipe.' Missee buy." Then he shook his head and laughed. He was telling me something I already knew: that these fellows find it easy to sell decrepit old Chinese brass water pipes if they call them opium pipes.

I noticed an unusual amount of brass in these sidewalk exhibits, and considerable copper. For a brass article to be on display, it had to be in fairly decent condition, whereas iron, much scarcer and less worked in China, was often displayed after it had become nothing but junk.

There were, for example, many little cigarette boxes and tiny vases of cloisonné, which are made by wrapping a container of sheet brass or spun brass with tiny wires that make a design, next enameling in varied colors between the interstices, baking the enamel, and then grinding and polishing the whole, so that the segments of the design are separated by thin brass lines. These take a great deal of handwork to make, yet they sold for only a few cents and were much

more delicate and imaginative in their artistry than the ones imported by American chain stores.

Then there were some lovely little bronze caskets, about as big as cigarette boxes, with delicately carved designs on their tops, and pleasingly rounded corners. Usually they had copper bottoms.

Ma explained by gestures that they were ink boxes, in which the Chinese dipped their damp brushes for writing ideographs. Originally they were filled with black, caked ink, and inside they were pretty messy. Yet, polished and lined with velvet, I thought, they would make beautiful jewel boxes. I wanted very much to buy one. I figured I could clean out the ink and the corrosion on the inside and polish it by filling it with sand and tying it with wire to the lug nut of one of the big wheels of my old car.

But I resisted the temptation to make the purchase, though the price was virtually nothing in American money.

Then, as we walked along I noticed that several sidewalk merchants had on display American tobacco cans like the one I had in my pocket. Mine was bright and shiny; theirs were a little old and rusty.

"Ask him how much for that," I told Ma.

"Ten cents," said Ma.

"Ask him how much he wants for that pretty ink box—this one."

"Ten cents," said Ma.

Of course, my tobacco can was much superior to those he had on display. I drew it forth, refilled my pipe with the last of my tobacco, and held it up for the Chinese to admire.

Ma said they used these cans in Chinese kitchens for spices and sugar and such things—imagine a tobacco can the family sugar bin, and you know how small are some Chinese family purchases. And many families never taste sugar at all!

"Ma, see if you can't trade this can to the fellow. It's newer than his. Get me that ink box for it, or that little cloisonné vase, if you can."

Ma argued with the fellow for a while, but they reached an impasse finally, and it was no deal. Ma asked if I would pay a few coppers to boot, but I would not. I said that if the merchant's rusty old tobacco cans were on sale at the same price as the vases and the ink boxes, surely my own bright, new can—I twirled it so it would sparkle in the sun—was more valuable.

Still no deal.

So I put the can back in my pocket, figuring I'd later try another merchant who had a lot of ink boxes, vases, and no tobacco cans in stock.

Observing this, Ma said, with complete naïveté: "Ma tellum no give me placentage. I no take placentage. Maybe can do."

That was a longish speech for Ma, and I was astonished at his use so frankly of the word "percentage." Thus it was that all this argument about trading a tobacco can for a vase had fallen down because it wasn't an even trade after all. The merchant knew Ma had cumshaw coming, and that meant *he* had to shell out something to boot, since I would not. How close to the fundamentals of Chinese trade I was getting! When Ma forswore his cumshaw we speedily made the deal, and I thanked Ma with a handshake.

We continued our ride. Then Ma halted the ricksha with the suddenness of a Model T when you used to tromp on the reverse pedal.

Beaming, he turned to me. Ma had an idea.

"You go Mlelica sloja place!"

"American *what*?"

"Mlelica sloja place."

"Sloja? What's sloja?"

Ma drew himself erect, shouldered an imaginary gun, and marched a bit, with a fine mimicry: "Hop! One, two, tlee. Hop!"

"American soldier place? What for?"

"Chowchow. V'lee tsleep."

Cheap meal at American soldier place. It sounded fishy. I said I didn't want to go. But Ma insisted. Whether I would or no, he began trotting off again, clear across Peking. Pretty soon the poor guy was actually *running*, as if he were afraid I again wouldn't eat.

"Never mind, Ma," I said. "I'll go—maybe there'll be something worth seeing. But don't run."

He slowed up. I hated to have another human being pull me around—that was bad enough. But when he *ran* with me, I couldn't take it. They say that after you live awhile in Peking, you lose all conscience about that, however strongly you feel it at first.

And certainly Ma had little sympathy for his even harder-working fellow Chinese. On that jaunt to the American soldier place we came upon some fellows pulling a huge log to a little two-man sawmill—

one of those places where the log is placed on stilts, and men saw boards off one at a time, one sawyer standing beneath, one on top. Their log was stalled on a short, steep incline, and though the four men strained to the utmost, they could move their load only by turning wheel spokes a few inches at a time.

I had Ma stop, and got out to assist them, asking him to come along.

Ma thought the idea was utterly absurd. He made no secret of that. But finally he consented to help them and then, with a lot of muscular assistance from Ma, and a little from me, they got the log cart rolling up the little hill.

They were as astonished as Ma. They thanked me, then talked a little to him.

"What did coolies say?" I asked.

"Coolie no savee."

"What did you say?"

"Me say all time no do. One time do. Me licksha man. Other time no do."

Ma was explaining that he was a ricksha man, not a coolie. This one time he would humor me. But another time he wouldn't.

As we proceeded toward the "Mlelica sloja place," the situation opened up elements of future potential humor. So, next time, Ma would refuse? He was a ricksha man, was he? So what would happen if, in a crowded section of Peking, I stopped to help other coolies and asked Ma to sit in the ricksha? Or if, say, for beneficial exercise—for the lack of which the wealthy grow fat in Peking—I elected to pull the ricksha for a while and ordered Ma to ride? What then would be the status of his "face"?

We were a long time getting to the soldier place. Ma couldn't be induced to slow up for more than a minute or two at a time. He soon was covered with perspiration like an overworked horse, though the day, suddenly turned warmish, was not hot.

As we approached the walled compound of the American Legation I saw two United States marines, armed with rifles, on guard at the entrance. In the distance an American flag fluttered from a high flagpole. For truly this whole compound, which reminded me strongly of an American college campus, was sovereign United States territory.

The guards would surely halt me, I thought. But they didn't. They snapped to attention and gave me a crisp salute. Ma continued down the roadway a little distance, then stopped before a compact brick building and pointed to the entrance of what appeared to be semi-basement.

"Meлица sloja place," said he.

With a little trepidation I went in and found myself in a sort of clubroom with easy chairs, newspaper and magazine racks, and billiard tables. Stretched across one end of the room was one of the most welcome things I had seen in the whole Orient. It was a complete American soda fountain and hamburger stand. There is no need to describe it, for the sizzling hamburgers, the apple pie, the provisions for alamode, the whirring malted-milk mixers, the orange-juice extractor, the steaming coffee urns, the sandwich grill, and the general air of shiny cleanliness are familiar to us all.

Several customers, in what I took to be fatigue uniforms of the United States marines, sat at the counter, and two young fellows—marines themselves—worked with Chinese assistants.

"Gosh, that looks good!" I exclaimed. Everybody turned to see the source of the enthusiasm.

Explaining how I happened to come, I added that I supposed "civilians aren't allowed to buy a couple hamburgers and some coffee?"

"Oh, sure," the marines said. "Maybe there's a rule about it somewhere in the books, but what the hell? We don't scarcely ever see a civilian in here, but they're always welcome."

Prices were incredibly low, and the place was kept scrupulously scrubbed by a Chinese whose sole responsibility that was. The marines explained that this was a sort of non-profit affair, established to fill the same lack of clean, low-priced food that I had noted in Peking.

"Course there's good clean table board that's cheap," they said, "but when a man's off duty and wants a bite to eat, he's gotta pay six prices in some high-toned joint that caters to well-heeled foreigners. Because you're right. If he eats in one of those ordinary Chinese dumps, he's apt to come back to the barracks with cholera, typhoid, and God knows what. Christ, but they're dirty!"

A couple of hamburgers, some pumpkin pie, and two coffees

later, I felt better. Though two or three of the marines, I suspected, would have been as well pleased without civilian visitors, most of them were friendly and eager to talk of the States. Especially cordial were the two young fellows who managed the place.

I asked them questions by the dozen about China and Peking. They were utterly without illusions, especially about missionaries, who seemed to be their favorite subject of criticism.

"When you go back home and the kids ask you and your friends for pennies to put in the Sunday school collection to convert the heathen, don't give 'em a damn thing. Missionaries live better than any class of people in China—on pennies from the United States. And they don't do *nothin'*!"

"This is a helluva place to live. Everybody's on the make—everybody. They talk about political graft back home, but this whole country's run on graft."

They themselves, they admitted, were getting "into the dough" just by running the lunch counter. All the Chinese suppliers, they said, "insisted" on paying them a good stiff cumshaw on everything they bought, so that their profits, above their regular pay, ran to \$200 a month.

"But what do the men—and the commanding officers—say about that?" I asked.

"Hell, they know all about it. They don't expect we're going to stop the institution of cumshaw all by ourselves. They know that whoever runs this place is going to get it anyhow, and it may as well be in the open. They know we're makin' dough, and they expect us in return to do a damn good job of runnin' the joint. We can't squawk about long hours or hard work, for plenty other guys'd like the assignment if we said it was too tough."

"Couldn't you just return the cumshaw to the United States War Department?" I asked, innocently.

"Yeah!" said one of the marines, ironically. "Suppose we did send it to Washington, marked 'cumshaw.' What would *they* do with it?"

"Could you sort of provide extras with it?"

"That's what we do. We give extra-good service, work extra-long hours, and just *keep* the cumshaw. We figure that so long as everybody knows that's part of the job, it's O.K."

I mentioned, as part of my story of traveling on the cheap, Ma's

deal in my behalf for the empty tobacco tin. I showed them what I got for it.

"Yeah, they like that stuff in the States. But it was a good deal for the Chinaman. They work brass and copper by hand, because it's soft and they can. But they don't have machinery for working iron. If you have any fun dickering with them, and want more of their brass junk to take home with you, I got a whole raft of empty tobacco cans in the office I'll give you."

He had about three dozen stacked in a corner, and he found me a box to put them in.

As I departed, the two marines told me I could "come back any time" I got "hungry for a good hamburger." Ma had indeed solved the chowchow problem for my remaining few days in China. He himself was extremely pleased at the outcome of his idea, and much relieved to know that his employer was eating regularly henceforth.

But when I showed Ma my haul of tobacco tins, he wasn't so pleased.

"We're going trading again," I said.

Ma looked unenthusiastic even when I gave him several cans. Mine we stowed in the ricksha.

When I think now of the swapping spree that followed, I am a little ashamed of myself.

We started back across the city, and when we reached the old Chinese quarter where the sidewalk secondhand men spread their goods, I just went to town. The tobacco tins I fished out one at a time, so the supply would not seem too abundant, and with Ma's help I swapped them for cloisonné dishes, vases, ash trays, and cigarette boxes, for funny old Chinese pipes I boiled before I smoked, and for more bronze ink boxes. By the next afternoon, when all the tobacco cans were expended, I had a perfectly fabulous assortment of Chinese art work. Back home in the States I polished all of it. For a couple of years there were Chinese souvenirs, as well as Japanese, for gifts to fit almost every occasion.

Each of these works of art had cost me one empty tobacco can, and I wonder if these cans are being as much cherished in poor old China now. I still feel ashamed when I think of how I got the cans for nothing, and then received so great an exchange for them. Yet that, in miniature, was the way of the trader in China. That is why we

have insisted on the Open Door—so that the professional traders, who did on a big scale what I was doing as an amateur, could profit in the degree that I did.

And so the Chinese became bandits, or they became Communists. It didn't much matter, so long as politicians got their cumshaw.

In my remaining three days in Peking, I returned regularly to the soldier place for hamburgers and coffee—which delighted Ma no end. I had many a bull session with friendly United States marines. It seemed that a few hundred of them were stationed here to look out for American property and to guard the legation compound against recurrence of anything like the Boxer uprising, wherein the Chinese sought to throw the foreigners out. In near-by Tientsin there were army men for the same purpose.

Not many of the marines liked China too well. Most of them wanted to go home. As one expressed it: "Lots of us joined up to see the world, and being stationed in a place like this was just what we dreamed about. At first a guy's all excited. But hell—it soon wears off. After you get over the novelty of this burg, you suddenly realize how much more there is to do and see in any good town in the States.

"Tourists, of course—they go nuts about Peking. But they're only here a few days, then they're gone. A guy who's gotta stay here gets pretty sick of Chinese architecture and Chinese beggars, and Chinese dirt and graft and cumshaw—and Chinese women."

The chaps enlarged on the subject of Chinese women at some length. Fellow heard a lot of wild tales about life with Chinese women, back in the States. Oh, sure, some were good-looking enough. And they didn't cost much, whatever kind of arrangement you had with them. They were women, and you had to have women; there were damn few European women around, and those there were didn't have too much to do with enlisted men.

The most satisfactory all-round solution to the woman problem, I gathered—and later I heard the same thing in Tientsin—was for five or six good friends to get together and acquire between them a mistress that no one of them could afford to support alone unless he were a damn lucky poker player.

"There's still a few darn good-looking White Russian women around," one of the boys said. "They've got *class*, though they're just

beginning to get a little older than most of us; you see they were refugees during the Russian Revolution. Now you know one guy on the pay we get can't support a dame that calls herself a lady. But half a dozen can, see? It's still sort of exclusive. So the guys'll shack her up someplace——

"Shack her up? Oh, that's rentin' a little house away from barracks. Anyway, you see, that way each guy can figure on havin' 'er one night a week—we get pretty good leaves.

"What the hell? It's just like *Design for Living*, isn't it, 'ceptin' there's six guys instead of two? And that's a helluva lot better than getting it from some hooker.

"The gal likes it better, too. She sort of appreciates the fellows. She's not in some house for everybody who comes along. She can pick the guys she likes, hold her head up, and live like a lady. She's not any pushover, either, I'll tell you. Guy's got to be a pretty smooth operator to get in on the right kind of deal."

There was, they said, rarely any mix-up or jealousy. Each party to the implied contract knew what the arrangement was: he had *his* evening with the lady, and nobody ever encroached upon it so long as he took care of his share of the household expenses. You had fun, too—you weren't with her so much you got real tired of her. Usually you went early, stayed there a little while, see; then you went out somewhere for the evening and had fun just like anybody else before you took her home again.

Looking at the idea realistically, in a land of too few women and in a society where "non-support" would still be just cause for divorce, I suppose it was the best practical compromise between moral law and the inescapable facts of military life.

But I did not wonder that there was friction between the missionaries and the military. To one, the other was hopelessly parasitical and useless; to the other, the one was utterly beyond redemption.

What a love story could be written around this situation! For certainly if six men paid a woman's expenses because one could not support her alone, nothing under heaven could keep her from having a favorite among them. And certainly she, in turn, would mean a little something different to each of them.

As years went by, as one man dropped out of the circle and another took his place, as she searched out and dyed individually her

first gray hairs, what did she think about? What did she dream about? What did she want from life?

And an enlisted man who cherished all of her, and possessed spiritually more than the fifth or the sixth or the seventh of her that his implied semi-marital contract gave him of her physical self—what did he ever do about it? What could he do? Mostly he went away at last, and she became just a pleasant memory. But sometimes——

Not many months ago a journalistic assignment took me to one of the busiest war-plant areas in the United States, where populations had increased five- and tenfold in a year, and where shanty-like restaurants had sprung up to feed workers who were earning more money than they ever had earned in their lives.

In one of these jam-packed eating places, where standing patrons drank coffee from paper cups because there were no dishwashers, I was served by a really beautiful woman. I lingered until a factory whistle, calling men back to work, emptied the room. And in the lull before men came off shift to fill the place again, I spoke to her.

"You are Russian?"

"Yes. But few here take me for Russian. I was born in Odessa. But how did you know?"

"Oh, I've known many Russians, and liked them," I said.

"How well I remember Russia! At first I didn't want them to win, because they were Reds. But now I know it is all Russia that's fighting. I left twenty years ago, through Siberia. We lived on a farm. My father was a landowner. We had horses—I always had one until I went off to school. But I'll have horses again!

"My husband's working in the plant while I run this place. He works there eight hours, then comes here and helps me for eight more. Maybe you know him? No? Well, we work *so* hard. But every dollar we can save goes for a farm we've bought. When the war's over, we'll live on it. They'll never take farms in America!"

"Have you any children?"

"Not yet," she said, smiling. "But wait until we get on the farm!"

"You've known lots of Americans?"

"My husband's American," she replied. "But why do you say it that way? Why don't you think it is just because I have been a long time in this country? Well, I haven't been, really."

Then I shot a long guess, just for fun: "Your husband was a United States marine, stationed in Peking, when you first knew him?"

She nodded, slowly. "But how did you know *that*? We've never told——" Then she checked herself in embarrassment, and stared at me, puzzled and a little worried.

I was embarrassed, too, because I could see she was frightened.

So I made up a tall one while I was about it:

"They used to call me 'Old Camera Eye,'" I said, "because I'm one of those fellows who never forgets a face. I saw you a few years ago in Peking, near the Chengyangmen gate with a United States marine who looked as if he liked you."

"Oh."

It was with relief that she said it, just as the vanguard of men coming off shift streamed into the restaurant to add a few more dollars to the farm fund of the ex-marine and his Russian bride.

As I rode around Peking in the ricksha I kept an eye peeled for coolies in a jam, as it were, like the ones we'd helped to move the log up the hill. That time I'd really wanted to help them. This time, I confess, it was mostly desire for experiment.

The reason Europeans get so calloused to hard work and to suffering and to near-starvation poverty in China is that they see so much of it. And anyhow, the Chinese are trying hard, and not complaining.

In New York I have seen old men and women with packsacks and ramshackle carts, picking over trash cans for scraps of wood and food and rags, and have watched well-dressed crowds go by them and never offer them anything. But a lazy, one-legged man sitting on a corner and holding out his hat with exaggerated pathos will collect coins so fast that he must constantly transfer them to a canvas-lined pocket in his falling-to-pieces coat. People too seldom go out of their way to help others who are putting up a brave front and trying. But as human beings we find it hard to resist a direct appeal, particularly if our peers are watching us.

Chinese beggars, too, fared rather well—so well that beggary has become a skilled profession with tricks that include even self-mutilation. Ma, one day, fell for the appearance of one chap to the extent of giving him a small copper coin.

One afternoon we came upon a coolie with a handcart beside the curb, and on it he had to load six heavy boxes, all alike. He had hold of the first one, and to lift it onto the cart alone was a mighty struggle. He'd almost make it, then he'd lose his grip and the box would slip. He'd catch his breath an instant, then try again. The crowds of people that went by paid no attention whatever. This sight was too common, and each had his own problems. Yet if the loading became a two-man job, it would be over quickly.

When I asked Ma to stop, he did it with great reluctance, for he knew what was coming. This time I didn't ask him to help. Without a word to him I stepped over, got hold of one of the coolie's boxes, and helped him boost it onto the cart. Even for the two of us it was a tough lift, for he was a far stronger man than I. Then we tackled another.

The sight of a foreigner in well-creased, by-now-snowy pants, helping a coolie load freight while the foreigner's ricksha man stood idly by, proved startlingly interesting to that passing crowd. It stopped to stare, to comment, and to laugh with all the interest and amusement of the Japanese crowd in Tokyo after my encounter with the famished dog. Here, though, the spirit was kindlier. Nobody was getting hurt except Ma.

For it was Ma, I quickly saw, who was on the spot. The foreigner must have had some reason to help the coolie, the crowd apparently figured. Perhaps the foreigner had an interest in the freight. Then what on earth was the matter with his ricksha man? Ma stepped quickly over, motioned me peremptorily back to the ricksha, and then, with four mighty co-operative heaves, got the other four boxes loaded in nothing flat. Then, looking back at me a little scornfully, as if I'd played him a trick, he whisked me away.

Thereafter Ma wouldn't let me help a coolie. If I asked him to stop beside one, he'd leap quickly into the job and get it over with, if he could, before I got out of the ricksha. His master was just too conspicuous in those white pants!

But Ma was a kindly fellow. Before long he seemed to see the humor in the situation, and ceased to be resentful. What a Man Friday he would have made!

By this time I had but a day or so left in Peking. Knowing I could buy nothing, I nevertheless had Ma take me "where the American

travelers shop," just to see the assortment. There is no land in the world, I suppose, where so much real handcraft is offered for sale.

In Japan I had often heard experienced travelers make advisory remarks to friends on shopping tours: "Anything really fine in Japan is very expensive. Anything cheap is factory-made shoddy. You don't want any of that machine-made stuff. Wait until you get to China!"

One example was inlaid wood. That is something that can be extremely fine and costly. But because it was typical, I'll describe how the Japanese made it.

First they made a pattern—say of the bottom of a serving tray, a miniature chessboard, or the top of a cigarette box. Then, by machine—the same general type of machine that makes oddly formed picture molding—they shaped long pieces of wood so that their cross sections, for the entire length, corresponded to their particular part of the pattern being copied. These long sticks, of varied colors and grains—often vat-dyed to simulate other woods than what they were—were glued together then, like a block or a bundle of Roman fasces, and kept under pressure until the glue had firmly set.

This block was thereupon cut up, like boiled ham, into hundreds of paper-thin slices, each reproducing faithfully the original pattern. These slices were then glued to cheap pieces of wood in the same manner that makers of veneer furniture cover cheap wood with fine wood. Sometimes the veneer-paper—for that is all it was—was applied to both sides of the wood so that the design seemed to go all the way through, and only the edges gave the deceit away. But then thin strips of carefully mitered hardwood were glued to the edges of the block. That finished the job.

You had then what to all appearances was a fine piece of inlay, but costing sen where the genuine would cost yen. And yet, strangely enough, it *was* inlay. So it was, too, with fabrics and laces and embroidery. The Japanese mass-produced them also. Still another and well-known example would be a string of so-well-matched Mikimoto pearls. Genuine pearls they are indeed, but how much more cheaply they are produced than by the time-honored efforts of the pearl fisherman.

Though her machines were often crude and simple, yet Japan *did have* machines, and how they multiplied Japanese productivity! But here in Peking the goods displayed were definitely not the product

of machines. Sometimes in the rear of the shops you saw workmen at benches, making some of the things that were sold in front. This was the case with jewelers, for much of the jewelry was made to special order. Other products were made in Chinese homes, by what we should call sweatshop methods. The merchant often advanced money, Ma said, against finished goods produced under contract, and inspected them so rigidly that the tiniest flaws in workmanship might cut the rate of pay into half. Tablecloths might take a year or two of Chinese labor to produce!

Goods that China sold in world markets ran strongly to real artistry—to creations that gave the world so much more of beauty than of utility. Art is the one thing on earth which, if it is to sell to those who love it and know it best, cannot be mass-produced.

Japan is artistic, too. But her art has been usually too expensive in recent years to export in competition with the Chinese. Japan did export, in addition to her silk and such synthetic art as the inlay I have described, millions of yen worth of cheap china, toys, gadgets, and carnival-concessions, children's-surprise-package "art goods" made crudely with semi-automatic machines to sell in five-and-tens all over the world.

The picture isn't that simple, of course. But it is an indication of how it is that China, though possessing natural resources and man power in so much greater abundance than Japan, so utterly lacked machines to use these advantages. Japan was able to sell at a profit inferior gadgets—and her small arms and ammunition are inferior, too—in competition with the United States, land of the world's most costly labor.

Japan's real "machine age," as we know it, lay in the fields of ship-building and aircraft and armament manufacture—though there were exceptions, such as spinning and weaving—and she did not let gadget-makers draw too heavily on available materials and machine tools. Even so, when war cut off foreign markets Japan did have some tens of thousands of simple, semi-mechanized plants to convert to the manufacture of armament, particularly small items, while China, in comparison, had virtually none. And Chinese handcraft is of so little value in modern war!

The greatest prewar need of China was for machines; the needs

of Japan included raw materials and markets for the cheap products of her machines.

These two needs help to explain certain phases of Japanese strength and Japanese aggression, just as they help to explain Chinese weakness. They help us also to understand why there should have been a peaceful interchange of manufactured goods for raw materials within the Orient.

Those needs, for reasons varied, had not been satisfied at the time of the Japanese invasion of China.

To Jade Street I went with Ma, just to look at jewelry I could not buy, no matter how low the price. Jade Street was a living museum of another form of handcraft in which the Chinese excelled. In one store there, three American girls were pricing rings. One of them, suddenly, spoke my name. It seemed I had visited her brother in Spokane a few years before when she was a schoolgirl. Her name was Louise Markwood.

I strolled around with them from store to store as they bought gifts for friends. They were shrewd shoppers. No matter how low the price went on a certain article they wanted, they never bought it until they had visited three or four stores and let the price reach rock bottom in each establishment.

One of the girls was Lucy Shelby, a high-school teacher who has taught in many parts of the country. She told me that she was able to finance almost the entire cost of a summer trip to the Orient by the savings she made in purchases of clothes, Christmas presents, and the like. Certainly nobody who had a few dollars to spend in the Orient need join a Christmas-savings club for years thereafter.

"I paid my steamship fare on the saving I made in a fur coat," she said. "And the Chinese can make *anything*. I bring late American fashion magazines, show them pictures, and they copy the creations exactly, giving me something for five dollars that might cost fifty dollars in an American city. Returning Americans are allowed to bring back one hundred dollars' worth of goods, purchased abroad, free of duty. There is an allowance for wear and tear, so I bring the very fewest clothes possible, and while I'm here I wear what I bought here."

And Lucy Shelby was well dressed. An extremely bright girl, she

had traveled all over the world, in summers, on a modest teacher's salary.

But she was in the same position as I with my tobacco-can deal, and as every advocate of the Open Door—we all hoped for a maintenance of the *status quo* because of the advantage it gave us over the Chinese. We all thought so until lately, when we began to see and understand the terrific economic disadvantage under which the Chinese are fighting.

It was not Lucy, but another traveler, who told me that it was cheaper to have comfortable wicker chairs woven to order in China and carried by a coolie to the ship's deck than it was to rent deck chairs for a voyage of even a few thousand miles. At the end of the trip, the astute passengers took their free deck chairs home for use on the front porch.

That, then, is part of the economic side of the picture—the part that it does not take a professional economist to understand. That, in part, is what we have meant by the Open Door, and what we have tried for decades to preserve. To have helped China really to industrialize and compete with Japan would have destroyed part of our trade advantage, and we were all too human and selfish to give up that advantage voluntarily.

Japan's viewpoint was essentially the same as ours, except that, being a nearer neighbor, she wanted the Open Door to remain fully open for her alone. She wanted, even less than we, to see such a potential Asiatic competitor industrialized. And China, to whose human rights nobody gave much concern, was in the middle of the squeeze. She was the frequent recipient of generous charity at the time of disaster, but she was powerless and almost voiceless until her dissident rugged individualists at last were forced to unite in sheer agony.

It was lunchtime. I had three American girls on my hands and a total of only three dollars in cash to last me a week. To have taken them to any decently clean Chinese restaurant would have cost at least that much. So I had, somehow, to side-step the opportunity.

"I've been pretty sick," I said, by way of starting a hole I hoped I could slide through gracefully. "I've had some Chinese food that——"

"Lots of Americans get sick when they first come," one of the girls said.

"I can't even bear the smell of most Chinese restaurants, without getting sort of—well, seasick, if you know what I mean. I've lost thirteen pounds since I've been in the Orient." I had lost that much, since landing in Japan, but only by reason of economy.

"If only," said one of the girls, "they had American hamburgers over here!"

"With onions," said another of the trio.

"I found a hamburger stand," I said, "where I've been eating sometimes. It's run by Americans. It's got hamburgers, American pie, malts, shakes, coffee!"

"Where is it?" they all demanded.

"It's in the United States marine barracks," I said, "and I don't think you're allowed."

That made them more eager to go. I was sure that they'd not only be allowed, but extremely welcome. And I could, at the low prices of everything, just barely have afforded to take them to lunch there. Coffee cost five coppers, for example, and the coppers could be Chinese. Though three times as large as ours, Chinese "pennies" are worth but a fraction as much; the Chinese Government is less avaricious than ours in the matter of seigniorage.

"Even if it's allowed," I said, cautiously, and for the record, "I don't think I ought to take you there. Those fellows are wolves about women. I haven't any haloes myself, but some of those men are good-looking and just about as smooth as they come. Women are at a kind of premium, so maybe it might be a little safer if we didn't—"

I was interrupted. Did I think they could travel all over the world and then be afraid of a few American marines, no matter how smooth their lines might be?

When I appeared at his ricksha with three lovelies produced as if by magic in a town where he realized I knew nobody, Ma was deeply impressed. When I asked him to tell their ricksha boys—two of whom, also, called themselves Ma—that we were going to the soldier place, he was startled.

Many times I've wondered what the people of other lands, where habits and customs and folkways are fixed and rigid, really thought of the unpredictable, uninhibited doings of Americans. Do they envy

our remarkable freedom from convention, or do they smile at us as we smile at some of their own "peculiarities"?

My Ma led the procession; on the crowded and narrow streets we went single file, and sometimes cross traffic separated us by some distance. The ricksha, I reflected, was definitely not a social vehicle. Since it hauls but a single passenger, conversation is impossible except on wider avenues like Marco Polo Street, where at times they may be pulled two abreast. Certainly the ricksha is not the vehicle to go courting in that either the automobile or the buggy has been. Stop two rickshas in quiet lanes or on dark streets and there are two ricksha pullers to consider.

The marines would surely seek dates with my trio. I hoped they would have to ride in rickshas, too, if they succeeded.

When, alone, I had entered the American legation compound, the salutes of the guardsmen at the gate had always been brisk and respectful. Now they were awe-inspired. From the gate they could see where we went, and I knew they were wishing they were off duty.

On past visits, as I have said, most of the marines had been courteous, friendly, and inclined toward conversation, with only a few exceptions who would have been well satisfied without civilian visitors.

But now it was different. The fellows who had chatted with me greeted me like long-lost brothers; the others looked like little boys regretting they hadn't been nice to Santa Claus.

The two buddies who operated the lunch counter were utterly delighted when I said I'd found three gals who were homesick and hungry for hamburgers. But they wouldn't let us sit at the counter.

"Special guests," said one of them, with an air of great gallantry, "deserve special service—the finest the house can offer. We'll open the private dining room, and the banquet is on the house!"

That took fast thinking. The "private dining room" was the office. The idea, I suspected, was to allow the plutocratic pair a clear field of operations. The idea definitely did not appeal to the other marines.

We had hamburgers, pie *alamode*, and coffee, and the girls remarked upon the genuine American flavor. Foreigners in foreign lands can never, never impart it to American dishes—not even to ham and eggs.

Our hosts were charming and interesting. They discussed Peking

with none of the "this-place-be-damned" attitude that I had noticed on earlier visits. They hinted that Peking had wondrous sights the ordinary traveler cannot see. When the girls expressed interest they volunteered to be their guides to the more exotic and closely guarded charms of the city. They knew I had to leave Peking the next evening to catch my boat on the following day from Taku, near Tientsin. But they made it quite plain that if I could possibly stay, I was definitely a part of their proposed expedition. They even made it clear by indirection that they'd lend me the money to stay another week. They were touchingly grateful. It is not often that men can sell a fellow countryman a few hamburgers, give him a few dozen empty tobacco tins, and find gratitude expressed so quickly and so adequately.

When one of them found opportunity to make it unobserved, his own gesture of appreciation was cordial, silent, and eloquent. He nodded positively, and gave himself a firm handshake. The two chaps were sure that I, having found three girls, had brought them two.

But what I remember most about the attempt to interest us in a marine-conducted sight-seeing trip about Peking was the choice of bait—because it gave me so much to think about for years afterward.

There was no mention of Peking's beauty spots, because of course they were easy for any tourist to find. There was no reference to unusual restaurants or even to night clubs—they were well advertised and pretty much alike. There was no suggestion that we visit some unusually enlightened and articulate Chinese who might talk to us of the future of his country. There was only the most deprecating of references to the opium dens, which always stir the curiosity of visitors to even San Francisco's Chinatown. These, I gathered, had been fictionalized beyond all resemblance to the dull something a visitor might really see.

"When a Chinaman hits the pipe to start dreamin', his surroundings don't much matter; he doesn't see 'em."

But we were invited to witness "some of the executions."

It didn't really matter what day we went. "They're executin' 'em all the time, but you gotta have a drag to see it," the marines said.

Never do *I* want to see an execution, but I'll admit the macabre subject interested us all. Even the girls wanted details and listened with fascination

"They have some executions every day. Lots of 'em. For what? Oh, most everything. Banditry, murder? Yes, I suppose so. But right now they're tryin' to stop dope smugglin', and there's a lot of executions for that. Put people in jail? Not so much, here in China. Put people in jail an' y'gotta feed 'em. Cheaper to shoot 'em, they figure."

We asked about beheadings.

"Well, sometimes they do chop their heads off, like when bandits get pretty bad along some certain road, maybe. Then they can put the bandits' heads on poles beside that road to sort of discourage—yeah, that's right, just to discourage 'em. The thought of maybe bein' dead doesn't scare any Chinese bandit. But of course you couldn't put up a lot of heads on poles in Peking during the tourist season—they aren't pretty, and people who weren't used to that sort of thing might faint or get sick or sumpin'.

"No, what you want to see as part of your educations are some executions by firing squads . . . the place is right near town."

One of the girls asked a question then which sounds almost silly as I write it down, but yet a question that everybody has asked himself—often.

"But aren't those condemned men awfully scared?"

"Naw, they're not scared."

"They *must* be. What I mean is, it would be worse to look at the faces of men who knew they'd be shot in a few minutes than it would be to see the actual shooting. Oh, *no!* I couldn't stand it!"

But the marines had an answer, an unbelievable one from the American point of view, yet sound enough:

"No, they're not scared. They're happy—that's a fact, they are. They fill 'em full of dope, see, until they're just so darn happy they don't care what happens. That's the way you'll see 'em. Then they shoot 'em, and they never know about it."

None of us accepted the invitation to witness the executions—at least not then. I left Peking next day and never asked any of the girls whether they saw them, or whether they planned to.

But this was life in the Orient. Four hundred million people lived in China, and none of them was very important. Human life, I suppose, seems more like animal life when human beings live in such poverty and in such crowds that their lives are simple and all alike in so many ways. Laws there were in China, but there was no uni-

versal respect for law as there was in Japan. You didn't believe so much in putting men in prison because the economic loss was too much in so poor a country. You shot them because it was cheap. But you were merciful about it; you gave them dope until they were wrapped in the ecstasies of a dream world. Then you shot them.

Next afternoon I said good-by to Ma, who I felt had become my friend. I felt he was my friend simply because he had become more friendly and helpful and pleasant when he found I was truly broke and would produce for him almost no cumshaw whatever. It has been said that Japanese friends are easy to make, but that one is never sure of them. It has been said also that a Chinese, when he becomes your friend, remains so always. That is an oversimplification of what I believe, after my experiences, to be more often true than not.

Leaving Peking by train, I planned for a day in Tientsin before taking the steamer back to Japan. In one of the palace buildings at the Forbidden City one afternoon I had fallen into conversation with a Russian girl who lived in Tientsin—with her family, she said. She had invited me to pay her a visit when I came that way. I looked forward to it, for our brief talk had been extremely enjoyable.

The train ride, as usual, was interesting, though this time it was short. I rode with missionaries who lived in Tientsin. Mischievously, I repeated to them—but with an innocent air of one who had swallowed everything whole—some of the remarks about missionaries that American marines had made to me in Peking.

“Those fellows do more than any other group of people to nullify the work we're trying to do in China. We attempt to teach morality and the precepts of Christianity. But they are so lost to all righteousness that they don't recognize any of Christ's teachings or God's commandments. There is not a family of church people we know in North China who will invite any of those men, who talk like that, to our homes.”

Then they told me in most impressive fashion not only of the godless lives of men in barracks, but also of the work the missionaries did, of the schools they kept, the doctors they supported, the nurses and the hospitals they maintained. What a contrast this was, they said, to the baleful influence of some of the men of the United States military garrisons!

I had already concluded that neither the missionary nor the military group was as bad as the other said it was. The missionaries were not as selfish and parasitical as the marines maintained, nor were the marines such devils incarnate as the missionaries believed them to be. But the disturbing thing was the feud itself, which should not have been. For how could either of these representatives of America in troubled China at that time accomplish anything worth while when there was so much truth in the accusations of both, and when so much of the nervous energies of both was used up in hating and vilifying the other. Both, of course, are gone now from North China. The Japanese, who are not quarreling with one another, are there instead.

At Tientsin, as I stepped out of the station into the street, a Chinese policeman—tall and muscular, as are many North Chinese—opened the door for me with all the deference such men accord to foreigners. I was almost staggering under the burden of my furoshiki bundle, loaded now with brass boxes, vases, and other Chinese curios.

Immediately a swarm of humanity saw me and made a rush for me. Almost all of them were bent on getting hold of my furoshiki, not to steal it necessarily, though some looked quite capable of that. Each wanted to insure, by getting hold of it first, that I would go to his hotel, buy his merchandise, hire his ricksha, visit his whorehouse, or in some other way patronize himself or the establishment he represented. More than that: beggars clawed at me with one filthy hand while they bared gruesome sores with the other. A woman had a breast half eaten off by cancer.

Never in the world, wherever I had been before, or wherever I have been since, had I sensed such economic misery behind such desperate, hunger-driven competition. There had been nothing like this in comparatively rich and well-ordered Peking. There couldn't have been. American tourists couldn't have faced it. And it would have been unthinkable in Japan. But Tientsin had been a port city, on a river near the sea, until that river had silted up and forced all but the smallest boats to anchor downriver a few miles at Taku.

Tientsin was a foreign city, built by European traders who were astute enough, even now, to mark the inevitable march of Japan from Manchuria into North China. Already they were retrenching, salvaging, preparing to desert a Tientsin that soon must be taken over by the Japanese. Warehouses were being emptied and not being re-

filled; costly buildings were already neglected; employees were laid off. The silted river was just one sign of the bitter times that already were reflected in the pinched faces of the ragged mob I faced now at the railroad station.

But the policeman was prepared for them. Slung from his belt, like a cowboy's lariat from a saddle, there was a blacksnake whip. He grasped its handle, cracked it backward behind him, and then, without even a shout of warning, he lashed out with its fifteen feet of supple, weighted leather. He lashed with a ferocity and savagery quite unlike the courtesy he had shown to me.

That whiplash struck ragged, half-clad shoulders; it seared its way across deeply pock-marked faces; it drove deep into pus-filled beggars' sores. Again and again that whip tore across Chinese flesh before the crowd melted back and dispersed.

In Tientsin they said it had to be. "Those ruffians respect no voice of authority except the crack of that whip."

But our missionaries lived in Peking and Tientsin; in fine homes in well-policed compounds they lived. They preached the Christian faith. We kept marines in Peking and in army barracks in Tientsin, just as other European nations did—to "protect our interests, and keep Open the Door."

After the policeman's whip had cleared a way for me I found refuge in a little store near by, where a small purchase of food insured a parking space for my furoshiki. Unburdened now, I went out on the street without a handicap, and, walking briskly because of the cold and my thin summer clothes, I hunted the address of the Russian girl.

Even now I'm not sure what I had expected to find. Perhaps I'd meet a Russian family somewhat like the cosmopolites in Hakodate who in the end had been so hospitable and interesting. Or perhaps I'd find the girl another demimondaine. I didn't know. In prosperous America, scarlet ladies are almost universally stupid and dull. The Russian girl had been beautiful, and certainly she was intelligent. But in the Orient the old profession is almost honorable. Those who follow it are often as charming and interesting as women can ever be.

The house I sought was on a pleasant street—a street lined with fairly modern homes built along American lines. In any American

city this would have been a neighborhood where fairly highly paid industrial and office workers lived.

I rang, and a bell tinkled somewhere in the distance. A Chinese amah admitted me, and I told her my name. She hadn't been expecting me, but a European face to her was calling card enough. She seated me in a well-planned parlor, cheerfully furnished with pictures, rugs, easy chairs, a radio, and many books. The house looked like a charming place to live in, inhabited by people worth knowing.

I selected a book from the shelves. Strangely, I found a volume about Madame de Staël, whose conversation had been so eagerly sought for so many decades by the greatest men of her time.

When my hostess entered I was reading that book. She was tastefully and modestly dressed. But she greeted me with a trace of a frown, and I felt she was looking me over pretty thoroughly.

"Where," she asked, "is your coat?"

"It's in Yokohama," I said. "It's in Yozo Nomura's godown."

Then I explained that when I'd started out on this jaunt, months ago, in Tokyo, it had been midsummer—so hot and so humid that a coat was an unbearable burden.

"Then why didn't you buy another before you came to see me?"

So I told her briefly the story of how I had come to the Orient, how I had saved the money. I outlined some of my travel economies.

"To buy a coat in China," I said, "would have cost no more than I could earn in a few hours back home. But here it might have meant two or three days less of travel—that much less to see."

She listened frostily to an account of travels on a shoestring that I tried to make entertaining. But at the end of it she said, icily:

"If, in Peking, I had had the slightest idea you would have so little respect for a lady that you would come to my home without wearing either a coat or a hat, I should certainly never have invited you to come. And now there is nothing more for us to talk about," she added, and opened the door for me herself.

Even today I'm not sure what the score was. The logical answer seems to be that she realized I was broke, or nearly so, and knew I had nothing whatever to offer her. For women of the Old World look even more warily upon the economic side of all things than do women in America. They must.

But she had been so cordial that day in Peking; then she had been

interested in everything I had to say. But that day I had been fresh from the busy Chinese laundry Ma had found for me. That day, I remember, I still had my fine fountain pen and pencil in the pocket of my Fuji silk shirt—for I had not yet visited the Lamasery of the Light-fingered Monk. That day had been warm and sunny; she could not have realized then—for no one ever did—how cheaply I was traveling. But now, this chilly day in Tientsin, I was just a man without money, and therefore useless.

For the rest of the afternoon and early evening I rambled around Tientsin, looking in on the compounds where some of the missionaries lived. Then I talked to merchants who, correctly forecasting the paths of Japanese invasion of China, were yet hanging on like defeated politicians. It was easy to see that once Tientsin had been a boom city of wealth and great promise, for the architecture, the equipment, the fixtures, and the dwindling stocks of the stores revealed that clearly.

Near the station, sometime after nightfall, a young chap started a conversation with me. He said he was Swiss, but he might have been anything. The Swiss are polylingual, and many a German, Frenchman, or Italian has passed for a Swiss.

This fellow was one of those keen, ever-traveling young men who seem to be at home everywhere and anywhere on earth. He was hard to classify. As I think back on him now, I suspect he was an intelligence man. From some of the questions he put to me so cleverly about where I had been and what I had been doing, I believe that I had excited someone's curiosity, and that he had deliberately become friendly in order to find out more about me. And of course he succeeded, for I have a habit of telling anybody anything, with no reserve whatever.

But he was helpful, too.

"Your ship tomorrow is rather a tub, as Japanese ships go. Takes her several days to reach Japan, and in stormy weather it may be longer. Third class, you say? That's deck space—but inside, of course. How are you on eating the cheapest of Japanese food? You'd better lay in a little canned goods. Do it here, in Tientsin—there's nothing much in Taku but a dock. Tomorrow morning there's a train that'll get you there two hours before the boat sails. It's free; the steamship company pays for it because they've sold you passage from here, not

Taku. You'll have time there to stow your stuff and stroll around a little."

I asked him what his profession was, but he evaded me. Certainly he knew the Orient. He appeared to know quite intimately every place I could mention. Then I told him I had three dollars left, plus tickets to Yokohama, and asked him what was the very cheapest hotel—not the cheapest I could endure, just the cheapest—in Tientsin.

He thought a moment, then said: "You could sleep where the beggars sleep, for a few Chinese coppers—maybe a cent in your money. But you couldn't stand it. You'd likely catch something. You wouldn't sleep anyway. Might as well stay up all night. The cheapest place you could take is probably—well, I'd better lead you to it."

And he did. It was an old building, of European construction, several stories high. The rooms were incredibly little, and in them were dirty cots that folded down from the wall like beds in poor United States jails. When the bed came down, a mosquito net came with it. It was unessential so far as mosquitoes were concerned on this cold autumn night. But at least it would keep away the flies that swarm into houses all over the world with the coming of chill evenings of fall.

The cubicle of a room was only a foot or two bigger than the cot. On a shelf stood an old bottle with a cracked neck, filled with water, but with a quarter-inch of sediment at the bottom. Under it was a bucket as dirty as a long-used garbage can. Bedding was long unwashed. The pillow was especially filthy.

It cost in American money about twenty-five cents—three cents less than I had been paying in clean Japanese yadoya.

"I've stayed in worse places myself," said my guide, "but not often. Tientsin is an expensive place, after Japan. Sleep with your clothes on. Leave the light burning to discourage the bugs from crawling out of their holes. Go out and buy a little punk. Don't wash in that water. Your Japanese boat will have a clean hot bath."

I thanked him. I was grateful, for I'd never have found the place alone. Others that I'd seen, not much better, cost a dollar. I had even thought of trying to trade my watch for a room in a really good hotel, of which, indeed, there were several that were far beyond my purse.

"Can I have your name and address?" I asked. "When I get home I'll write you a letter."

"There is no address," said he. "Just call me a ship that passed in the night and, in passing, spoke, as good ships should."

His advice I followed, and got a little sleep. The smelly, dirty pillow I wrapped in a soiled shirt, and by contrast to what I covered I had a snowy pillowcase.

But what a relief it was, in the morning, to get out of that place, unshaven and dirty though I felt! I went shopping for food. In the bigger stores, delicatessen-type food was of generally high quality, most of it imported, but far too costly. Down by the river I found a place that specialized in provisioning small vessels for coastal voyages. There I bought a loaf of dark and heavy bread, several cans of the cheapest kind of fish they had, and one of applesauce. Why I bought the applesauce I'm not sure, except that I was beginning to realize the kind of diet I was getting, and was becoming afraid of scurvy or something akin to it.

XX

Jim Crow Boat to Japan

EVERYTHING was in one shoulderable bundle when I caught the little mixed train to Taku—a train loaded with freight for the Japan boat. That train wound through Tientsin's forbidding back yard, across river lowlands behind dikes, then appeared to pierce them, and came finally to a halt beside a dingy shed, covered with rusty corrugated iron, beside which ran a muddy and narrow tidal river. The water side of the shed was a crude wharf set on piles.

Tied to the wharf with lines protected by tin collars against the passage of rats was a steamship of perhaps 2,500 tons. I had been prepared by the low fare—lower than for other boats on the same run—and by comments I had heard, for a rusty old wreck of a ship, similar to some on which I had taken passage in American coastal waters.

But this ship looked trim, modern, and neat. Perhaps she *was* old by Japanese standards, but certainly she would not have been classed as a "tub" had she sailed the Chesapeake or Puget Sound.

When I went aboard her to stow my furoshiki I looked the ship over briefly and liked what I saw. She made me reflect that the building of new ships had become almost a lost art in the United States, with a few notable, subsidized exceptions.

Our shipping decline had come about because of several factors. First, it cost far more to build ships in America than it cost in other lands. Because of that, and because of higher pay for the crews, freight and passengers could be moved more cheaply in foreign bottoms than in our own.

International shipping, at that time, was about the only free competitive enterprise left in a tariff-fenced world. Of course there were strict laws to prevent passengers and freight from moving between two American ports in other than American bottoms. No one, for example, could buy a ticket from Honolulu to San Francisco in a Japanese vessel that stopped to discharge cargo and passengers there on its way from Yokohama. No one could book passage from Dutch Harbor to Seattle in a Soviet vessel that passed that way from Vladivostok. No shipper of freight from Florida to San Pedro could route it via an English or French or German ship, even though such vessel, bound for San Pedro, docked at Jacksonville in ballast. So far the nationalistic rules made for incredible economic waste.

But between American and foreign ports the case was altered. There was nothing to prevent American tourists and American freight from going all over the world on foreign vessels. We had to allow it, or we should have been faced with retaliatory measures from other nations, directed against the few ships we had left.

Therefore the other nations, confronted with the same grave economic postwar problems with which we were faced—and I speak now especially of Italy, Germany, and Japan, as well as France and Britain—raced to build more and bigger and faster ships.

Japan's *Chichibu Maru*, Italy's *Conte di Savoia*, France's *Normandie*, Germany's *Bremen*, Britain's *Queen Mary*, were only the best and newest and fastest of great fleets of all kinds of ships these nations were building to capture the highly profitable trade—largely American—without which they could not have expanded.

And as newer, larger, faster vessels went into American service from the ports of Japan and other maritime powers, their older yes-

sels were transferred to less exacting foreign routes. Those replaced on these routes were called back to domestic waters.

The captain of this boat was an affable little man who spoke fair English. I checked with him carefully on the time of sailing, and checked my watch with his. He told me sailing would be delayed two hours to await full loading and the high tide. But now I knew that if for any reason he sailed ahead of time, and saw me standing on a bank downriver, he'd stand by and put out a boat for me.

There was nearly four hours to walk along that little river. I found I had a bit of Chinese fractional currency that would be no good in Japan, so I exchanged it in Taku for about sixty Chinese coppers. Each was about as big as an American half-dollar; each was worth a small fraction of an American cent. Yet each one was worth as much as a handful of Chinese cash, those brazen coins with holes in them—now obsolete. No one ever told me so, but I fancied there must have been an honest old day when cash was minted to a value not greatly in excess of its value in metal. Silver and gold are not the only debased coinage.

Some of the coppers I wanted to take home to give to children who might like big Chinese pennies they could never spend. The rest of them I'd give to children living on the banks of that Chinese river—children who *could* spend them—for luscious dried bugs or pumpkin seeds.

Some of the poorest yet most independent and unregimented of our own people live along the banks of American rivers, in that no man's land of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys which lies between the far-inland dikes and the actual riverbanks. Here is the squatter's risky paradise, for no one improves such flood-endangered land, and no one pays taxes on it. The Americans live on houseboats. They fish; they trap; they hunt; they find abundant wood; often they cultivate the fertile, easily planted silt with full knowledge that floods may destroy their plantings before they get a crop. But if a flood does come, their houseboats float off to new moorings.

The American river people I mention because I have known them. Poor they have been in money, but rich in freedom. They survived; they even flourished; and for a time nothing ever took toll of their independence. Then someone told them they were "forgotten men," and that they were eligible for money from "the Government."

Here in China the river people had the same relative mentality as American river folk once had. They lived as they could, on what they could make or find. But nobody ever fed them until there came, once in a decade or so, a flood so devastating that only some of them survived.

But how did they live? They had no jobs, or they should not have been river people. They had but the smallest boats, and few of them. And bad boats they were, indeed. There was no hunting and no trapping, for there was no game in this so long and so thoroughly populated land. There was never any wood except at times of flood too high to gather it. And in this miserably muddy river no one could fish except almost fruitlessly with dip nets. There was no land to plant, for all the land was crowded. Sometimes, it is true, there were a few sunflowers, or pumpkins on the roof. Here and there I saw a lank hog or a few scrawny chickens, and guessed the fowl ate of the hordes of insects and such seeds of weeds as not even Chinese would eat. Their houses were sties of mud and straw—seldom of crude tile and sticks, for these were rare and costly.

How *did* they live? No one could tell me. Nor did I get much of a clue from walking along the river. Yet I did realize that here a half-dollar, or even less, would last a man for a month, and there must have been some way, somehow, for a man to get that much. What a Japanese laborer earned would feed ten families here. What an American reliefer received might support a hundred. There were dead fish sometimes, gardens, thievery, weeds to eat and burn and sleep on. There was beggary; perhaps a daughter sold or dowered. No wonder that crowd by the Tientsin railway station scarcely cowered before a stinging whip. No wonder a fine and delicate embroidery sold for a few cents. No wonder insects are cherished food in China.

There seemed few really old people, and not many children. Babies were born in the dirt to women unattended except by their neighbors, and most of the babies died. Nor could many survive adulthood to any kind of age, for only the young and strong could possibly keep on living.

To the ragged, dirt-encrusted little children I *did* see—and there were some—the coppers I gave were wondrous and inexplicable. It is probable that none had ever possessed money before, and that the

thought of spending it for childish delicacies would never occur to them. No, their parents would get it—some of whom, they say, hoard coppers as storybook misers hoard coins of gold against the inevitable day of death that must bring with it some kind of gala funeral.

By the time I returned to the steamer the dirty tide was high along the black and muddy banks, which look like those of the tidal rivers of the Bay of Fundy in Nova Scotia. And when the steamer cast off its lines and headed downriver, its churning wake was not white, but as gray as sugar that has been swept up from a dirty floor.

For such a narrow channel, the boat moved fast. It is my impression that the affable little captain knew the channel so well that he served as his own pilot, for I saw none dropped at the river mouth.

On either side of that churning, gray wake, two huge swells rolled shoreward in the shape of a huge letter "V" and became so high, as the vessel picked up speed, that they resembled heavy ocean combers just before they break. I stood on the boat deck, somewhat astern, and watched these hills of water move shoreward, roll over the low riverbanks, then crash against the mud walls of houses, engulf pigsties and chicken pens, swamp crude little boats, lift things out of yards, and sometimes knock dogs and children off their feet.

A little ahead of the vessel, and as quickly as they heard it, shouting river people rushed out of doors to gather up utensils, drying rags of clothes, chickens, children, and animals, and take them indoors where the rolling wall of dirty water could cause no damage greater than flooding floors a little.

Of course all river people know what damage steamboat swells can do, and those out in little boats instinctively nose into the swells to keep from being swamped. Yet I wondered why the captain of the boat did not whistle a warning ahead as he proceeded downriver, a whistle that would give folk along the banks at least time enough to prepare for the inundation that was coming. Moreover, why did he proceed at such speed? He must have known the damage and the trouble he was causing among the people who had so little.

And then he came out and stood on the boat deck, in a place where the river was straight, and he looked behind him with a little grin.

He was actually enjoying, I think, the sight of the walls of water crashing over the banks behind him. It was understandable now. It was the same exhilaration we had as savage kids when, driving an

old car without a muffler down a country road, we sped through villages, but paused at hill crests to watch the clouds of dust we had deliberately stirred up—dust that swallowed up slower fellow travelers, dust that rolled its billows down clean village streets. And if old men were gardening beside the road, or if old women were hanging clothes, we were the better pleased. It was the same feeling we had when we watched what happened when we hit puddles at high speed, or when we found some railroad torpedoes and put them on interurban tracks when the town was trying to sleep. And it must have been the feeling we had when we shot out the windows of empty buildings with our air rifles and slingshots.

Just as when we were kids and knew no better, this Japanese was having fun. But I knew that he, like all his fellows, was hypersensitive to criticism and to ridicule. So, experimentally, I approached him and said: "Japanese people very polite. Japanese people always bow—like this. Always say 'please' and 'thank you.'"

He grinned again, thinking, I suppose, that I was appreciating his real courtesy and affability of a few hours ago.

"But no," I said, "Japanese politeness not deep. Japanese politeness like paint—like this," I said, making a wry face and pointing to a spot on the otherwise gleaming deck rail where paint had rubbed off and rusty iron showed.

Now he scowled at me.

Then I pointed to the scurrying Chinese on the riverbank, looked just as disgusted as I possibly could, and said: "Polite Chinese captain go slow; good captain blow whistle. Japanese captain go fast, no blow whistle. Chinese more better. Everybody more better."

Thereupon I spat derisively over the rail into the dirty river.

The grin on his face faded into a sickly ghost of itself. I saw that what I had said was affecting him profoundly. He wanted to be angry. Had I been Chinese he would have been. Now he did not dare. I was a foreigner—and a passenger on his ship.

If there is one Japanese point of vulnerability, it is their self-respect. They cannot be laughed at, nor can they ever fail to be affected by criticism of their status as civilized men. Study every bit of recent Japanese history, and it has all been so affected. Why are Swedes and Norwegians and Swiss satisfied in their little lands? For one reason, because the world has honored and respected them for a long time.

The little captain stood thoughtfully on the boat deck as I walked away from him. Then he went back to the bridge, and a few minutes later I noticed that he had reduced the speed a little, but so gradually and imperceptibly that it wasn't startling—just enough to give him the alibi: "Aw, it wasn't that fast!" But even a little cut in speed materially reduced the force and the volume of the water that pounded against the pitiful dwelling places of the river people whose voice, for a moment, I had become.

When we left the river mouth, with its fleets of fishing sampans, junks, and houseboats, I watched the low and misty China coast fade away, and then went below.

There were half a dozen cabins, most of them unoccupied, for first-class passengers. Below them on the main deck—everything beneath that was crew, engine, fuel, and cargo space—was the "deck accommodation" my ticket called for.

There, a passageway ran between two grass-mat-covered shelves that reached to portholes on either side. Their floors were about a foot higher than the floors of the passageway between. Here were my fellow passengers, about fifty in number, rather evenly divided between either side of the boat. They sat on their haunches, talking, or they lay stretched as if asleep on the springy floor.

Clearly and at once I saw that those on one side were Chinese, and that those on the other were Japanese. I'm sure no actual written rule or law required this segregation, and I could find no signs that called for it, but it was as complete and as effectual here as if this had been a streetcar in Atlanta, and these white and colored passengers.

A steward had taken my furoshiki bundle from the neutral place I had left it and had placed it on the Japanese side. That was a perfectly obvious decision, for the furoshiki is a Japanese—not a Chinese—way of carrying things.

Now there was a choice to make. I saw that my fellow passengers took unto themselves squatters' rights to selected portions of that not-even-slightly furnished deck space, and had spread some of their possessions there. It was not the custom, I guessed, to go back and forth across that passageway. Moreover, there were two stewards who served the food and, I guessed, lived on tips. Each seemed responsible for one side of the deck.

The question now was which side to choose, and that presented a perplexing problem. The Japanese would be politer, far cleaner, and probably much better fed. More of them had studied English, and I'd perhaps get along with them better. But even then, for no reason I can explain even now, I liked the Chinese better.

So I up and moved my furoshiki.

Now, suppose I had been a Britisher visiting in Atlanta. And suppose I'd chosen to ride with the colored instead of with the white people. Imagine the raised eyebrows, the muffled remarks—and the even more positive thoughts the white passengers would have had on the subject. If this is not a true parallel, there would at least have been a reaction as startling as the one I encountered here.

This was the kind of ironic, implied insult to the Japanese and compliment to the Chinese that nobody could do anything about, and which I had not intended. Had I chosen to ride with the Japanese, it would have been taken as a matter of course. But I had picked the Chinese, and they were obviously pleased—not because they were to have me as a companion, certainly, but because I, an American, had chosen *them*. Before the voyage was over they let me know their appreciation of what they supposed was a gesture, in many little pleasant ways.

The Japanese, outwardly, made less sign that they noticed. The two stewards were both visibly annoyed—the one, because it had been he who moved my furoshiki, and now he fancied he was losing a substantial American tip for no reason at all. Little he knew how small such tips can be! The other steward, as nearly as I can make out, didn't ever like the idea of serving any Chinese or their friends.

But it was a little later, in the bath, that I got the Japanese reaction in words.

Of course I knew they'd have a hot *furo* on the ship, for wherever there are Japanese there is a tub or a tank and a provision for heating the water in it to almost unendurable temperatures. I needed a bath. I'd been sponge-bathing for weeks. And there was my wash to do—outside the bath, but in the bathroom—before I got seasick.

After that chore was over I climbed into a big tile tub, in which sat several young Japanese. One addressed me in schoolbook English:

"I must ask pardon," he began.

"Oh, sure," I said.

"You do not like Japanese people?"

"Sure. I like everybody. I think the Japanese are fine people."

"I believe you do not think so!" he said firmly.

"Why?"

"Because you select place with Chinese people."

So I explained it to him. My choice I defended on the ground that I'd come to see Asia, that I'd been many months in Japan and had many Japanese friends, but had been but a short time in China. To prove my point, I reeled off Japanese place names by the dozen, especially obscure places not generally known by the foreigner. It was impressive, as it always is. It is even impressive in print:

"Matsushima, Gotemba, Umagaishi, Sendai, Amanohashidate, Fukui——"

The other men in the tub, upon hearing that train-announcer's recital, had to be told what I had said. They were less impressed than my questioner. I think he really understood my point of view.

But the chap was an indefatigable talker, and while we soaked in the hot bath he told me he was a salesman for a firm making bicycles, parts, and accessories. He had traveled all over China, some of the time on a bicycle, but he had scarcely sold goods enough to pay his expenses.

"Chinese people very—how you say? Ah, yes—very backward people. Chinese people walk, do not ride. Chinese roads very bad for bicycle. By and by maybe someday better."

I said I thought that when Asia quit spending money on bandits, bureaucrats, war, graft, and cumshaw it would be a great deal better.

The fellow seemed extremely energetic. He had worked early and late. He had been in virtually every city in China. His bicycles were cheap—six or seven dollars complete with bell and brake. Yet they hadn't sold.

Speaking to him of the river people, I said I guessed that all the money one of them had in a year, all together, would scarcely buy a bicycle. And they had to eat, wear clothes, and be buried when they died. In my own country, I said, the roads were good, a bicycle cost about a week's wages for a workingman.

"Ah, so? That is very cheap bicycle!"

"About thirty dollars," I guessed.

But that was a mistake. Upon realizing that here was a country—the one to which I was returning—where roads were good for bicycling, and where bicycles cost five times as much as he sold them for at retail, and where a man could earn enough in a day or so to buy the Osaka model—ah, what a field! During all the rest of the voyage he tried to make a deal with me whereby I could become “American agent” for his bicycle factory.

When we had got out of the bath, had a shower by dumping tubs of cool water on each other, and were dressed, he was still talking. I must come to Osaka. I must see the factory. I must be given a sample bicycle which I could ride and demonstrate. He showed me his. It was a bit flimsy; the nickel plate was thin; there weren’t many spokes; handle bars were small and old-fashioned; tires weren’t much more than an inch in diameter. But it was light, easy to handle, and a perfectly good bicycle for ordinary service.

To dampen his enthusiasm, I objected to some features. Again it was a mistake. These features would be changed. It would be easy. I would have a bicycle to sell that would be the exact counterpart of any American model. I guessed it wasn’t a matter of changing dies—just telling a workman to make a part this way instead of that way. His energy, his enthusiasm, his desire to please; the glowing eagerness with which he described the cordial and mutually profitable relations which would exist between the American Representative and the Osaka Bicycle Factory, or whatever it was! I did not discuss our tariff policy, nor tell him that things “Made in Japan” were hated in America. That would have saddened him, and he was a nice guy. He was a sample of what Japanese can be if their politicians and military leaders and the rest of the world let them alone—eager to make something, eager to sell it to somebody. I hope he never went into the Japanese Army.

For two or three years afterward he sent me bicycle catalogues to America, along with painfully written and wholly ungrammatical letters that nevertheless were cheerful and enthusiastic, urging me to handle his line. I wish I could have done it. During the latter years of the depression that were ended only by war, I might have traded many hundreds of his bicycles and paid for them with so-called “surplus” crops. They would have meant much to boys in little towns to whom a bicycle—greatest possession of boyhood—meant months of

careful saving. And I know this chap would have taken his pay in almost *anything*, then turned around and sold it to his own people, for that's the kind of fellow he was.

Coolie competition with American workmen? Therefore impossible! I suppose so. But war wasn't impossible. And I'll bet the little bicycle salesman has exactly the same opinion of war, politicians, and militarists that I have.

The captain occasionally walked through the passageway and looked at me reproachfully. Then I spoke to him. If he'd been annoyed, he didn't show it now. Later I went up on the bridge.

Delighted to talk, he told me I'd been mistaken about the speed of the boat being a deliberate attempt to annoy the river people. That remark had been worrying him.

"Many sand bar in lower river. Heavy load this voyage. Too long time for loading. We must go fast before tide is bad."

Maybe that was it. Anyhow, that was his speech. He delivered it carefully, and in fairness I report it.

Perhaps I was wrong. The captain admitted he had given little thought to the trouble his boat was causing along the banks of the Chinese river.

Then he, too, asked why I preferred Chinese people to his own; he had noticed my choice of fellow passengers.

For reply, I said I guessed that, while I liked all people, the American mentality was different from Japanese mentality—for all our sheeplike, band-wagon tendencies. Japanese did not have much respect for the lowly, whereas we favored the underdog and wanted to kick the upper dog.

"If a man in the United States gets rich," I said, "someone always wants to knock his silk hat off. But if he is a lazy loafer, and goes begging, Americans will be so sorry for him that they will pay him more, sometimes, than he could earn by working."

The captain nodded and grinned again.

"China underdog?"

"Yes."

"But China very big country; much people. Japan little country, not so much people. Japan help China."

He'd have to show me, I said. It appeared that nobody wanted to help China—not even the Chinese themselves. Certainly Japan didn't.

We left it at that, and I went below. A terrific storm had blown up; the little vessel hit waves so high that their spray drenched the bridge. I was getting seasick.

For the next twelve hours, during part of which time the little ship lay for protection in the lee of an island, keeping propellers turning just enough to maintain seaway, I did not stir from my deck space. That is a strange thing about seasickness: I found that when I lay on my back I wasn't sick at all; the minute I sat up, or started to go anywhere, it became utterly unbearable. So this became a time to talk to the Chinese. All of them seemed rather youngish men; those near me either were students with scholarships in the Japanese universities or seemed to have some sort of semi-public jobs. Only a few were commercial men.

All of them, individually, were benefiting in some material way from their Japanese association—that was why they traveled to Japan—yet none really liked the Japanese.

Each of them appeared to owe allegiance to some cause or other—some political theory of a highly nationalistic type, often socialistic or bordering on communism. They had the same kind of impractical ideas that spring up by the thousands among little groups in America who call themselves intellectuals. Their movements had names, and some of the Chinese had pamphlets to give me, many of which I thought must be forbidden in Japan.

One underlying theme was common to the ideas of all of them: each wanted a different control of *existing* resources and institutions. That is to say, each had a different idea of how that which already existed should be managed or divided or regulated; none had any basic, sound plan for *increasing* available supplies of things—houses, medicine, food, clothing, machinery, ships, roads, fuel, or power—which would automatically have overcome most of the real trouble in the Orient.

Not one of them said that China needed a few really great industrialists with visions of what could be, to organize and build facilities for making things to improve the way of life and lift the home of the common man further from the look of a den of beasts. When I mentioned it, the subject did not excite them, for the reason, I suppose, that they had never seen the American way in action. Still, when Chinese come to the United States they do not see it, either. They

run restaurants or laundries on a small scale, and I know of only one large enterprise—the American Dollar Stores in the West—that is Chinese-operated in our country. Even that, of course, is not a producer.

And I suppose I wasn't being practical, anyway, for no industrialist like Ford could possibly have risen in that old country. Bandits and politicians, taxes and Japanese, tradition and the various forms of the Ancient and Honorable Squeeze would never have allowed the entrepreneur to keep enough profits, ever, to expand and become a power for good in China. For the same reason nobody would have dared to start producing in a big way under the conditions of corruption then prevailing. Trading was difficult enough.

Two or three years later I was to visit the vast plants of Bata in Czechoslovakia, which, outdoing the Americans they copied, were making everything from shoes to little airplanes that sold at the price of small motorcars. Bata then employed some 60,000 workers at the highest wages they had ever known; Bata had retail outlets in every Czech town; Bata employed more workers, probably, than any other plant in Europe. The firm was doing more when I saw it—before Hitler interfered—to raise the standard of living than any other influence on the European continent. That was what I meant.

But to these Chinese I might as well have been talking about one of the religions in the Land of Oz, so foreign was the idea to their understanding and their way of thinking. Well they knew, of course, the Japanese firms of Matsui and Mitsubishi, but these enterprises were then engaged in working for the common man's well-being only incidentally, as, in the building of the machines of war, they built and put into commercial operation ships and airplanes and steel mills and railroad trains that carried civilian freight and passengers until they would be needed in war.

The only time, indeed, that I ever came near to giving the poor folk of any other land, anywhere, a vision of America and what it meant to citizens Tom, Dick, Harry, and their families, was when I showed them illustrated advertisements in American women's magazines, with kitchens and bedrooms, motorcars and alarm clocks, tinned foods and travel trips that were within the purse of everyone who worked and stayed sober.

But I had none of these with me now, and I must have sounded as

much of a dreamer and impractical visionary to the Chinese intellectuals as the men who were advocating "\$30 Every Thursday to Everybody over 50" seemed to me when I returned to California.

The storm abated; and at last we neared the green and mountainous coasts of Japan. For a day or two I'd been *so* seasick! Now I was so hungry I could eat anything, even plain rice, of which there was an abundance served to us in a large wooden bucket from which we filled our rice bowls. I ate that, and the fish and pickles and soup that came with it, saving my canned food for the journey to Yokohama.

Already I was visioning short side trips and stopovers, even with the two dollars and something I had left, for it didn't matter if I reached Yokohama without a sen.

XXI

To Jail through the Inland Sea

IT SOUNDS ALMOST TREASONABLE to say so, but in getting back to clean and orderly Japan from dirty and disorderly China I felt almost as if I were getting home again after a hard journey. For I knew how to travel in Japan, and I believed that in an emergency I might even figure out a way to earn a living there, and earn it without using pull of any kind. Putting it in another way: had I gone broke in China I should have felt lost and desperate; being broke in Japan didn't seem nearly so serious—though perhaps the fact that Yozo Nomura was keeping \$10 for me had something to do with it.

The ship approached the narrow strait that is the southeastern entrance to the Inland Sea. Stewards passed out some circulars that warned all passengers—in English, Chinese, French, German, and Japanese—not to take photographs or make sketches from the vessel. It was early morning when we passed the strait, and though there was a little mist on some of the hilltops I could see quite clearly why. I knew I was in one of the most strongly fortified zones the world has ever known. All Japan is mountainous, and so was this. I knew that every high headland, every island, every bold promontory, was heavily armed with coast defense guns.

Not that I could see any of them—they were so extremely well hidden and camouflaged that nothing whatever marred the green expanse of those peaceful-seeming, wooded hills.

But the Inland Sea, several hundred miles long, with narrow entrances, is not only the heart of industrial Japan: it *is* industrial Japan. And ever since Commodore Perry approached Japan with a fleet of battleships and literally at the point of naval rifles “opened” the country to foreigners, the Japanese have been building fortifications against navies; against any repetition of the national disgrace—not the disgrace of coming to have intercourse with the world—the disgrace of having been *forced* open by foreign battleships. People forget that this was the real reason for Japan’s strong navy.

Concentrated, now, along the railroads that follow the shore of the Inland Sea is just about everything that makes Japan an industrial power. And Japan had guarded that concentration well. She had guarded it with a dozen Gibaltars, so strong that, come what might, no enemy vessel could ever, under any possible circumstances, force its way into the Inland Sea. And, since the Inland Sea shore was better defended—ten or a hundred times better defended—than any other coastal area, with the possible exception of the cities at the head of harbors like Tokyo Bay, it was here that the greatest industrial plants were allowed to develop. Here they could be defended against the only possible force, sea power, that could ever menace them.

Thus it was that for decades preceding World War II, Japan considered herself to be approaching invulnerability. For obviously she could be invaded by land armies even less easily than England could. Her navy may have been inferior in tonnage to that of the United States and Britain, but in its home waters, close to its bases, it was superior in fighting power to any navy afloat. And if the Japanese fleet could be built to equal or exceed the British and American fleets, it would be a match—and again I speak of it in its home waters—for any combination of navies that could be brought against it. And Japan had discarded the 5-5-3 ratio as soon as she saw she had the physical equipment to build beyond it.

That was the situation when I saw Japan. That was the situation on the morning that the steamer from North China sailed into the harbor of Moji and I stood at the rail studying the landscape along the shore.

The Japanese wouldn't let me go ashore at Moji, where the ship docked for a couple of hours to unload cargo. That seemed strange, for it is a universal custom to allow passengers to disembark whenever vessels dock in ports en route to their passengers' destination.

Others—both Japanese and Chinese—tripped down the gangplank and went off to buy cigarettes or early morning sake, or just to stroll about the city which lies beside the narrow channel separating the islands of Honshu and Kyushu. My passport was in order, properly visaed, and there had been no question about it when I boarded the ship. But here the Japanese officials who had come to examine my documents simply said: "You will remain on ship, please."

Vigorously I protested. I wanted to see Moji. My ticket gave me a right to see it. The Japan Tourist Bureau had said I could see Moji.

"The Japanese Government spends hundreds of thousands of yen in my country every year," I said, "to advertise the beauty and the charm of Japan. Now you won't let me see it!"

"You will remain on ship, please!" was the only answer.

I tried my best to get an explanation. None was forthcoming. To every question came the same answer, with bland, exasperating finality: "You will remain on ship, please."

That is one difference between officials who possess great power over a law-abiding people—and I do not use the expression "law-abiding" as a compliment—and those who possess more limited powers over an independent people. The one may act without explanation, while the other is forever explaining. When I was a boy I thought every law should be obeyed, just because it *was* the law. Today I know that the difficulty of enforcing bad laws, because people of independence disobey them, is one deterrent to totalitarian government.

In good time my more fortunate fellow passengers returned from their shore trips, while I still stood, irked, looking at the city from the boat deck. The ship got under way again and steamed onward through the calm and sunny Mediterranean of Japan. I stood at the rail for hours in my shirt sleeves. It was much warmer here than it had been in North China, and, while the moist and oppressive heat of midsummer had gone, it was still as mild as autumn on the Carolina coast. I watched lovely pine-clad islands, each with its tiny village,

glide past, mirrored in the calm, blue water like bits of fairyland suspended between sea and sky.

Men fished from fleets of sampans—and they caught fish. Sometimes, when we passed near enough so that I could see nets hauled in, I was amazed at the catch, as I was at the large number of fishermen. For when I had seen Japanese fishing boats hundreds and even thousands of miles from home I had jumped to the conclusion that Japanese coastal and inland waters were largely fished out. It came as a surprise to know that, despite the long centuries of fishing, the Inland Sea was still fine fishing ground. One explanation, perhaps, may lie in the dirty rivers, ever flowing, which are constantly pouring dishwater—food for marine life—into this fishing ground.

Sometimes we were so far from shore that the green and forested hills were scarcely visible through the light autumn haze. Sometimes we were near, so near that I could see towns and cities at their feet. It would be spectacular here to describe belching factory chimneys as the smoky symbols of the industrial concentration of which I have spoken. But this was not the valley of the Rhine, nor the Ruhr, where coal is fuel. I knew that in those backdrop hills and mountains every little constant-flowing river was harnessed for hydroelectric power. And I do not mean harnessed once or twice with huge dams such as we know, but again and again along its course with one little turbine after another, even so far back in the mountains that there was water enough for only the smallest of generators, producing only a few kilowatts. I knew that, because I had walked along those streams and seen them, pouring their invisible energy into the network of power lines that provide even remote villages with electric lights. The same frugality and complete use of natural resources that marks the whole pattern of Japanese life was applied to the power problem.

And it may well be that the current for electric furnaces which even now are converting mountains of conquest-seized, scrapped steel into stern frames for Japanese destroyers was assembled from twenty separate little hydroelectric plants along a stream we should call a creek, and which for power purposes we should ignore as we build only mammoth dams and burn, faster and faster, our irreplaceable resources of oil.

But there *was* smoke over Kobe. As we approached that second city of the Inland Sea, I brought my furoshiki on deck, in order to lose

no time in getting ashore. Despite the beauty of the last hours of the voyage, I was eager to walk on land again.

We nosed our way into another crowded and busy port, jammed with vessels unloading scrap iron, new American motorcars, cotton bales, and oil, and taking aboard bales and boxes I could not identify.

This time I wanted to be first off the gangplank, but now the captain himself restrained me.

"You will remain on ship, please!" he said, and motioned me aside.

For twenty minutes I waited. All the passengers went ashore but me, and I had even to refuse the invitation of three of my Chinese friends to visit a café with them.

As I stood puzzled, wondering, watching activities on the pier below, there approached in the distance a stout little man on a bicycle. He picked his way carefully between and around the straining stevedores, then leaned his bicycle firmly against a barrel. He came aboard, spoke for a moment with the captain, then to me.

"You must accompany, please," he said.

I shouldered the furoshiki, and off we went. Once beyond the congested dock, he remounted the bicycle and rode majestically, while I plodded beside him. He was unarmed.

We left the water front far behind us, crossed commercial streets that seemed wide for Japan, and continued on. The furoshiki got heavy, loaded as it was with such miscellany as Chinese brass, canned fish, Ainu artistry, and volcanic rock I had picked up on Komagatake.

The man wouldn't tell me where we were going. He pretended to understand too little English. Nor could I accomplish anything with my small Japanese vocabulary, already rusting from travels in China.

What annoyed me most of all was the pompous attitude with which he rode his bicycle, while I carried a burden beside him. People even turned to stare at us. For here, truly, the white man, in dirty, long-unpressed cotton pants, staggering under a ragged, rat-eaten, and overloaded furoshiki, beside a puffed-up yellow man on a bicycle was clearly in no enviable position.

The stares I didn't mind. But I did mind being tired while the cause of my weariness rode beside me, sitting down. So I motioned him off his bicycle. He paid no attention. I slowed up. So did he. Finally I stopped altogether, and sat down on a low wall with the furoshiki beside me. Of course he had to stop, and when a chubby

cyclist stops he perforce gets off his bicycle. He urged me onward. I didn't budge.

"Let's get a taxi," I said.

"You must come, please," he replied.

Still I sat.

He became a little impatient, as I feigned extreme weariness.

Finally I arose quickly, picked up the furoshiki, and, instead of shouldering it, put it on the handle bars of his bicycle. He removed it. I replaced it. He took it off again, whereupon I sat down again.

This time I burrowed into the furoshiki and got out the nail clipper Hana Baelz had given me. Then, with the painstaking, aggravating slowness of a fussy barber, and with many a pause to examine the aesthetic result of my handiwork, I began to clip my nails. A quiet street is always the best place to clip nails, anyhow, because one may let the clippings fall where they will without worrying about stepping on them the next morning.

At last, exasperated, the Japanese picked up the furoshiki and motioned me to follow as he attempted to ride off. I followed, but he couldn't quite make it. So he alighted and began to push the bicycle.

"Here," I said, "I'll show you how to ride a bike with a load on the handle bars," and I jumped astride it. It had not been too many years since I had carried heavy schoolmates on the handle bars of my own bicycle, and I had seen little of that acquired art in Japan. So, under the circumstances, I managed better than he had. He motioned me to get off, but he could only motion, for I stayed a little ahead of him. However, I made no attempt to run away. Escape from the officials would have been utterly impossible in Japan, a land where there could not possibly be any fugitives from "justice."

At one corner he shouted at me desperately, and, looking backward, I observed that he was motioning me to turn. Some yards farther on I saw an imposing, businesslike-looking edifice that appeared to have been built with public money. I supposed it to be the Kobe headquarters of whoever is the little-publicized J. Edgar Hoover of Japan. There I halted, got off the bicycle, stood it against the wall, shouldered the furoshiki, and went in.

The fellow was a little way behind, so just for fun I opened the first door I came to, and shut it behind me. I found myself in a room

full of clerks and desks and papers. I pulled up a chair and sat down with a weary sigh.

The clerks held a brief caucus, then one of them approached me and asked in bad English what I wanted.

For reply, I launched forth into Lincoln's Gettysburg address, a favorite of mine, but this time I delivered it in a highly confidential undertone, with plenty of gestures, as if I were imparting exciting information of the utmost gravity. Nobody, of course, understood it.

Someone went out to get an interpreter, but about the time I reached "a new birth of freedom" two rather agitated policemen—this time in uniform—burst in and took me in hand.

They led me, without offering to carry the furoshiki, up some steps to a room in a corner of the building—a rather badly furnished room with some tables and chairs.

Several men set out to interrogate me, while two others untied the furoshiki and spread its miscellany out on one of the tables so that their superiors could see at a glance what I had. If only I'd been given good sense at all times, I needn't have carried that furoshiki a single step. I could just have attempted to leave it behind on the dock.

Why I'd been arrested I still didn't know. Had the captain of the steamer reported me as a suspicious alien? Had someone seen me taking those pictures of an armored train in Manchuria? Had the Korean railway official reported my weird conduct and final purchase of that one-yen express ticket? Or, more likely, had my dossier in Tokyo begun to bulge with reports from out-of-the-way places that tourists do not visit, with appropriate commentaries on my suspicious eccentricities, until at last an official scrutiny seemed warranted? Well did I remember the *yadocho*, or hotel register card, I'd had to fill out so laboriously with answers to such questions as "Where did you sleep last night?" and "Where are you going tomorrow?" From master copies in Tokyo may be plotted on maps the whole day-to-day route of every traveler in the Empire. If this book ever reaches Japan, it will be checked against my dossier, and if it is found that I had taken my ease in Miyanoshita during my stay, I shall be discredited and not allowed to return, ever.

Now they began to ask me questions—questions about my trip to China: where I had been, whom I had seen, what I had done. Why

had I come to Japan? What they were trying to find out I couldn't tell, except that perhaps they wanted me to admit something but weren't quite sure what.

They asked particularly about my work in the States.

"Give complete details, please."

First I told them I had been a traveling salesman, a printer, and a student. But this work did not seem interesting, and I sensed a chance to have some fun. So I detailed all the odd jobs—with proper embroidery—I'd had as a versatile small boy in a little town, but in a way that made each seem a profession of its own.

Thus I'd been a wood chopper, a fireman, a church-organ pumper, a weed eradicator, and a rat exterminator. I did not add that I'd exterminated eleven rats with an air rifle at ten cents per rat.

This went on endlessly. I'd been a junk collector, a cascara-bark peeler, and a gunnysack mender. Each time I explained in great detail and with utmost gravity just what my work had been.

Meanwhile one man scrutinized very carefully the neatly laid out contents of my furoshiki. I was afraid he'd confiscate the exposed film, but—*mirabile dictu!*—he didn't realize it had been exposed. For, in order to preserve it for my return to the States, where I'd planned to have it developed, I'd carefully rewrapped each exposed roll in its tin foil, tapped the ends flat again, and replaced each roll in its box. Thereupon I'd repasted the ends of the box. And as I had exposed the last roll in Shanhaikwan, I'd given the rest of the tube of paste to the hotel man. Thus there was nothing to suggest that these were not factory packages.

But they demanded to know where my camera was. I could not say I'd sold it, for then why had I kept the film? So I said I'd lent it to an American who would return it in Yokohama. But had I taken no pictures? Some, I said. Where were they? I'd mailed them home from China. What kind of pictures had I taken in Japan? Oh, people standing beneath torii, on arched bridges, or beside lotus ponds, I said. And they seemed satisfied.

While these questions were being asked, the police smoked cigarettes constantly. I helped myself, generously, to their supply.

At last they decided to give me a recess for a while.

"You wait, please."

About that time somebody brought them lunches—but there was

no lunch for me. I protested that I, too, was hungry. I demanded lunch, got it, and was asked to pay for it. That wasn't as unfair as it sounds, for they had sent out for box lunches with hot rice and were paying for them.

In wartime now, I hear atrocity story after story. And I classify them: true, but the result of bungling carelessness on the part of the Japanese; acts of individual, irresponsible Japanese chauvinists with their inhibitions lifted by the flush of victory—and we have some Americans who would be like them; reports on conditions of diet and of housing or suffering which represent ordinary differences between standards in the two countries; or simple exaggeration to make a good yarn.

Stories of executions of American fliers, if true, prove that Japan fears concentrated day-after-day bomber attacks on its mainland. These stories will delay us until we can blast warplants continually with some safety to bomber crews. Meanwhile, Japanese gain time for stronger anti-aircraft defense. We face one of war's dilemmas. But the Japanese have revealed how afraid they are.

The afternoon in Kobe wore away. Other questioners worked on me, and to one of them I happened to mention something about once having been a newspaper reporter for a short time—a country correspondent, actually, for a paper back home.

"Ah! You are journalist!"

This, apparently, was the most important disclosure I had made, and something they had been waiting for. Immediately my first interrogator gave me his attention again.

"You are American journalist! Yes, we think so. You will show your journal, please!"

They meant my notebook.

I said I didn't have it with me. Where was it? Well, I said, it wasn't here. Obviously; but *where* was it? Oh, far away. But where? How far? Oh, very, very far. I was being exasperating again.

Then I told them that the only way I recorded my observations was in the form of letters to friends back home. These I wrote on the spot and mailed. They would be kept for me.

For the next two hours we had what I can only describe as a bull session, during which they sought to learn from me just what I would criticize about Japan when I returned to the United States. At first

was afraid to speak out as freely as I should have spoken to fellow Americans, and I admitted it.

But they convinced me that they really wanted to know; it appeared then that this was just an official repetition of the question every traveler is asked so often: "How do you like Japan?"

"You will return to United States," they said. "You will describe Japan. You will speak freely. You must speak freely now."

"How long," I asked, "are you going to keep me in jail?"

"You are immediately free to go where you wish."

"And I won't be arrested by another policeman when I reach Yokohama? They won't take me to another jail?"

They said no. Obviously, they had no control over a foreigner's opinions. Yet if I would tell them what these opinions were and why I held them, perhaps some misconceptions could be corrected, some questions answered. So many Americans returned to write and speak, they said, what was not true.

So I did speak freely—of both the good and the bad in Japan, as I had seen them, just as I have written them in this book. The good things, usually, pleased them. The bad they argued about, explained, discussed, admitted, or did not concede to be objectionable.

Of the Yoshiwara, the red-light district, the argument was that since every nation had them, why not make them as nearly respectable as possible? Why not put them under a rigid system of operation that kept them clean and healthy? That schoolgirls were forced into them, they denied. Since the profession was highly remunerative, and since it was not as disgraceful as in other lands, would I not concede that—since it had always had followers *everywhere*—some girls would choose it if offered a free choice? Had I not seen the pleasing architecture and clean and cheerful surroundings? Had I not stood admiringly in the foyers of the different houses and seen the gallery of large, theatrical portraits from which patrons chose their favorites? Did I not recognize that a girl could build herself an enviable clientele, with fans coming from afar, and that among the hundreds of customers she had an opportunity to choose a husband she liked—more so than her sister who stayed in the village and married someone her father picked for her? Could I not understand how this profession might appeal, even as the theater did? Did I not admit that, since such things must be, this way was better

than forcing girls who chose that life to hide in cheap rooming houses or walk streets and work in alleys as they must in America? Wasn't I missing the Japanese point of view?

So it went. As I brought up one subject after another, their defense of Japan, her institutions, and her folkways was spirited but not bitter. Constantly I was amazed at their knowledge of our own country and its troubles and shortcomings. Who were we to talk about prostitution in Japan? We had a vast and parasitical class of lazy, luxury-loving women in America with nothing to do except travel, keep pets, play bridge, read love stories, and get fat. Was not life in the Yoshiwara—since it ended with home and family—more purposeful, less futile?

Of course, Japan had a strong and well-disciplined army, and it was costly. But it was dedicated to the service of the Emperor and pledged to defend and to fight for the destiny of Japan. We spent as much money, in our own rich country, for gangsters, crime, and racketeers masquerading under cloaks of religion, of labor organizations, of statesmanship, of charity, or of education.

And perhaps Japan did not grant its people all the kinds of freedom we granted ours. Yet did we not force many of our workmen to pay for the privilege of working? Did our congressmen always vote for what was right and just, or did they trade votes and work for special interests? The policemen were certainly informed about the United States. In the end, I think, we parted friends, for all of us admitted that each land has its shortcomings, and that all could be better. But the biggest admission I was forced to make was that Japan was using more efficiently the little with which she had to work than we were using our own abundance.

The question that went unasked, and unanswered, was Japan's right to more territory, by force of arms, since she had risen to be a world power after the colonial era had ended and boundaries were fixed by those who held the power. My answer would have been that no country which took from its people the huge cost of Japanese armament, soldiers, and battleships could well plead poverty and the cause of its people. They would have replied that an unarmed country's cause was forever hopeless, and that they feared becoming another India, Dutch East Indies, or Indo-China. I should have had to concede that Japan was effectively denied the right to exchange

the products of her industry in free world markets, and that the logical consequence of such denial was to force this sovereign people to use its manufacturing facilities to make guns and go a-hunting.

In the end I walked out of that jail and into the afternoon with no other feeling than thoughtfulness.

It may be said that I was "subjected to the subversive influence of Japanese propaganda." Perhaps I was. And sometimes I wish I had stayed at home where I belonged, and not gone to Japan. How much easier, now, it would be to hate *everything* Japanese!

XXII

Tokyo's Mysterious Island

KOBE AND OSAKA are the great industrial twin cities of Japan, and they lie at the extreme upper end of the Inland Sea. After traveling the length of that waterway by steamer, I was anxious to study a detailed map, and finally dug up one in a library. As I have said, the Inland Sea is guarded by a dozen Gibraltars, and the map I found was large enough to let me observe their geography in detail. The sea is three hundred miles long and averages perhaps a fifth of that in width. It is bounded by the main island, Honshu, and by the smaller islands of Kyushu and Shikoku. Besides that, the sea contains hundreds and hundreds of smaller islands, many of them fortified.

There are only four entrance channels to that sea, and each of them is so narrow that Americans would have bridged it. Moreover, there are small islands, all heavily fortified, lying right across the middle of each of these four channels, making their defense just that much easier.

Railroads follow the Honshu shore line, as they do the seaward side—but not the ocean side—of Shikoku. And there are railways on Kyushu.

As the present war progresses, the Japanese will decentralize as much of their armament industry as possible, manufacturing small subassemblies and munitions in every part of the Empire. Yet the shipyards—even more vital to Japan than to us—cannot, of course,

be moved under any circumstances. It will be extremely difficult to decentralize many other heavy industries. These could not be protected against bombing, except as they were no longer parts of a concentrated target. In other words, Japan cannot follow the German and Russian policy of moving heavy industries beyond heavy bomber range of the Asiatic coast.

Let the United Nations establish a bomber base—or many of them—somewhere within easy range of the Inland Sea, and then for weeks and months this would certainly be the most heavily bombed area on earth of comparable size. Then, when at last the shores of the Inland Sea became untenable, when trains could not run, when steel could not be fabricated, and when ships could not be launched, the war would be won. Japan's greatest naval asset would have become useless. She might fight on, even when all chance of victory was gone, but she would have become an adversary unable to supply herself with the heavy machinery of war.

Meanwhile, Japanese freighters shuttle back and forth from her far-flung island conquests, slipping through the four narrow gates to the ports on the Inland Sea, depositing everything that was metal from Hong Kong, from Singapore, from Indo-China, and from every island Japan has conquered. And taking it all together, there is much of it—and a shorter haul than was the scrap from the United States.

The strategy of our Pacific war appears, now that Japan has been stopped from further conquests, to wait until we can send bombers in quantity sufficient from China to wreck this industrial heart of Japan. Until we can do that, any strategy against her other than guerrilla-like tactics and Commando-like raids to keep her defensively occupied and uncertain of what may come seems as futile as trying to kill a centipede by attacking its individual feet when its head is unprotected and vulnerable. For we should lose too many men, and gain too little. Only in submarine warfare against Japanese shipping can Americans weaken Japan without corresponding injury to ourselves. She is more vulnerable to submarines than we.

My trip was almost over. I changed my remaining American money—about two dollars—and received a bit more than seven yen in exchange. From the *Japan Advertiser* I learned that the *Taiyo Maru* would sail in ten days from Yokohama to San Francisco—via Honolulu.

Instead of making a one-day trip direct to Tokyo, I took five more days. Every other night I stayed up, riding in trains or napping in depots briefly, finding the cheapest room I could on the following night and sleeping ten hours. There was so much more to see along the way!

For a day I stayed in venerable Kyoto, ancient capital, a city I shall always remember as representing the finest of old Japan. For time was, in the days of Japanese hermitage, when Kyoto was its greatest city, famed throughout the land of the shoguns for its arts and crafts and beauty. As decades went by, after the Government moved away, Kyoto did not develop industrially as the seaports did. Instead, it preserved its old handcrafts, its ancient architecture and folkways, and revealed them in every moment of the long walks I took. Here was the Japan, at last, of the storybooks; the Japan of many rickshas still, the Japan that preferred kimonos and clogs to suits and shoes and occidental dresses.

Little shopkeepers held forth behind carved wooden signs that were true works of art, and they had time aplenty to chat. Life went on leisurely and charmingly here by contrast to the industrial grind and glittering modernity of some of Kyoto's sister cities.

Changing countries—like both Japan and the United States—are always far ahead of the storybooks, and just as our own old West has vanished in a world of change, it still lives on in romance, and there are people even in parts of our own country who believe it still exists. Kyoto was like that. It came nearer than any other city I saw to being the Japan of the songs and the poetry and the Japanese paper lanterns we knew when we were young.

It is Kyoto, not Tokyo or Kobe or Yokohama, that fits the line of Stevenson: "The children sing in far Japan," the charm of Lafcadio Hearn, and the lilting lines of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado*. Kyoto was still what all Japan has meant for so many decades to imaginative Americans of good will.

A nation of cities like Kyoto and the villages around it could no more make war on anybody than could an Italy that was all like Florence and the hill towns of the Apennines. As I walked through the medieval castles of Kyoto, through old temple gardens, and past the shops of potters and coppersmiths and little weavers, I wondered why it was that every town and every state and every

nation seems so to pride itself on "growth" and "progress" and never takes satisfaction in remaining as it used to be, even if that way were best.

When Kobe, Yokohama, Nagasaki, Nagoya and Tokyo are bombed into impotence by Flying Fortresses, I hope Kyoto is saved as a pattern for a people who will have learned the futility of war, and that they rebuild the kind of nation which in so many ways has been the world's most charming.

A day or so after Kyoto I found myself in Gifu and there paid half my remaining yen to go on a cormorant-fishing excursion up the Kiso River. That way of fishing is a medieval one—it was once a royal sport in England—that has been preserved almost unchanged for centuries.

Boatmen, at dusk, pole gala, lanterned, flat-bottomed craft slowly up the clear and shallow river, a river as clean and beautiful as all Japanese rivers could be. Bonfires of dry wood burn warm and bright in great iron-barred fire baskets that hang suspended high over the water from the prows of the fishing boats.

For each boat there are fifteen or twenty big, long-necked birds which look ungainly and stupid, with little collars around their lower throats to which stout cords of considerable length are fastened. As the boats—dozens of them—move slowly up the Kiso, their fire baskets and the glowing Japanese lanterns which hang in festoons under their canopies cast a warm light on boats and river and trees and houses along the bank. Passengers are singing. Embers drop hissing into the water and float away, and if you shade your eyes and look closely into the water, schools of small fish appear.

The Master of the Cormorants, whose skill and title were passed down from his father and grandfather before him, releases his cormorants but holds the cords attached to their collars. Graceless and clumsy the birds have seemed until now. But they are graceful divers, and under water they dart about and rival the fish as swimmers.

They seem really to outswim the fish they are pursuing so diligently, as their master works carefully to keep their lines from tangling. Soon they bob out of the water, one by one, with their long throats full of fish, which their tight-fitting collars have pre-

vented them from swallowing. With a swift motion of his hand, the Master of the Cormorants makes each disgorge his fish, until hampers are filled with them and the fire baskets have burned low. Then, as embers glow faintly, the boatmen turn their craft, and they glide silently downriver to their mooring place, as the now-brighter embers seem to melt away in the breeze.

Each hungry cormorant is tossed a few fish as reward for its diligence, and the rest are sold. If the truth be told, the sales of the fish caught in this way is only a secondary source of revenue, for each boat has carried a dozen passengers and a geisha to sing to them and to feed them and to flirt with them. Nobody in Japan has done everything until he has gone cormorant fishing.

As the little boat reaches its dock at the riverside village below the fishing grounds, some of the passengers try to date the geisha, but they seldom succeed. For geisha are show girls, not easily impressed, and the man who can wangle a love affair with a geisha must be either rich, cleverer than she, or mighty in his charm. Unlike her sisters in the Yoshiwara, her appeal is that of an ordinarily unattainable but quite gay and unconscionable flirt. Her relations with her patrons, though basically the same as if she were a dancer in a cabaret, are little more personal. But Japanese men keep trying.

A few miles out of Yokohama I bought a small bunch of grapes from a fruit peddler with my last ten sen, ate them, seeds and skin and all, and arrived in Tokyo broke. Not only was I hungry: I was actually lean—twenty pounds lighter than I had been when I disembarked from the *Heian Maru* a few months earlier. My clothes were badly soiled; I'd been out of tobacco for two days.

Yokohama was stormy and cold; it lies far to the north of the sheltered Inland Sea. With my ragged old furoshiki slung from my shoulders, I shivered as I shuffled down Benten-dori in the rain toward Yozo Nomura's Samurai Shokei.

Everybody in the place, who had been following my travels through occasional post cards I had sent, greeted me effusively, paying not the slightest attention to my bedraggled appearance.

Genial Yozo Nomura, smiling as blandly as ever, at once invited me to dinner. Again it seemed strange that a prosperous Yokohama jeweler who had been called a "Tiffany" should condescend to be so

kind to a tramp who had no money except the ten dollars he had been keeping for me, plus the proceeds from the sale of a battered and outmoded typewriter, which he gave me promptly.

It made me feel so guilty—having taken so much from him—that I had George Tsuboi sell my watch in addition to my old typewriter, and I used some of the money to buy Nomura's damascene ware. Neither the watch nor the typewriter brought any more than they would have fetched in the States—perhaps a little less. I thought George might have done better, but I was satisfied.

In Nomura's godown were my new pigskin bags, already loaded with early Japanese purchases and Hana Baelz's "gifts." But, more important, the bags contained clothes—warm and clean clothes. In that crowded warehouse I changed to a wool suit I had folded carefully after it had been cleaned, against this day. I put on a white shirt and my best tie.

The faithful old rat-gnawed furoshiki I opened for the last time, and hung it to dry with my pants and shirts. Later, I remember, I stuffed it all into the translucent hide of a fat and sardonic-looking, buck-toothed big fish the Japanese had skinned and made into a weird and fearsome lantern. When I'd obtained a haircut and a shine, and everything had been put away into those fine-looking bags, I returned to Nomura's bright office, amazed at my own transformation.

For I had the strange feeling now that it had been a different person—not I—who'd been wandering so far and so long through this strange Empire of the Japanese. Probably I looked it, too. I was deeply tanned; I'd grown a mustache; my good suit fitted loosely and fashionably. This is the way I should have looked when I went calling in Hakodate and Seoul and Tientsin. But if I had looked that way, would the trip have taught me so much about Japan?

Under Yozo Nomura's big umbrella we walked through the crowds to a fine restaurant of his choosing, where he ordered for me, as before, the best meal in the house.

This time I ate and ate—the biggest meal in months—without leaving a scrap, a habit that has been with me ever since. Ascetic Nomura watched me thoughtfully as he slowly ate his little bowl of plain rice, his tiny slab of an unsavory, cheese-like product made from the soybean, and drank two little cups of weak, cold tea.

"How did you like Japan?"

That, inevitably, was Nomura's question, too. But he did not ask it so simply or so directly. He let me talk, on and on, punctuating my general observations with illustrative incidents I had come upon. So infrequently did he correct my conclusions, and so often did he nod in agreement, that the contrast with my recent experience in Kobe was most striking.

Outside the café window the rain-swept, economically dim-lighted street was now almost deserted. Hard-working Yokohamans went early to bed that night. Those whose day begins when the sun goes down were, for a seaport, relatively few, and I wondered how many taxi lights there were in the Yoshiwara.

"It astonishes," Nomura said, "how studious eye of American look closely, but fairly, at my country."

Then he paused, and I said nothing. For once in my life, I had talked myself out.

After many minutes of waiting for me to say more, he continued:

"Most gratifying knowledge, that you like Japan."

"But I *don't* like all of Japan!" I said, emphatically. "Haven't I just been telling you——"

Nomura smiled.

"No Japanese who sees with mind and heart speaks differently from you." Then he continued with a speech that was, for him, longer than most of his shrewd observations.

"Japanese people most united people. Foreigners see. So foreigners think Japanese people all alike. But no! Some good; some very bad. Some go forward; some stand still; some go back. Some think much; some never think. But all Japanese people love Emperor, follow rules, obey orders. If orders bad, we follow. We know Japan not so good country, but we follow. If orders wise and good, we follow, also, glad Japan better country. Someday very wise man give orders for Emperor. Then Japan best country."

Nomura was at once recognizing and admitting Japan's greatest strength and its greatest weakness. If the Japanese people were inherently bad, he continued, then all people were inherently bad, and that he would not concede.

But no people on earth would more obediently follow those who happened to rule them, would more thoroughly believe in their rulers,

or would be less apt to desert those rulers in days of failure and of bitterness.

Someday, the rulers of Japan would be men of good will who would say that being cruel to the weak and the lowly was unworthy of the Japanese. Someday they might even say that war itself was a surviving folkway of ancient days when the Japanese had to fight barbarians for room to survive in and for the right to strive freely for a better life in a world where that right became recognized as an inherent right of all men everywhere.

Until that day, Nomura would follow his rulers as obediently as the lowliest coolie, and as unwaveringly. But when a better day came, all Japanese would be as loyal and faithful to a better concept as now they were in following men who would say that the only road to national self-respect was the hard, rough, stupidly built road on which they fought until they died.

Strangely, now, when I think of the Japanese people I remember the words of the Biblical Ruth: ". . . for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I buried. . . ."

All of us have known our Ruths, those selfless women who follow their men like that—men who may turn toward paths of greatness and sacrifice, or who through force of circumstance become gangsters with blazing guns. Their Ruths desert them never.

Such comparison will, to some loyal Americans, seem heretical, I know. And I cannot expect those of my countrymen whose sons and brothers and lovers have died in battle with Japanese to look always kindly on a book like this. Probably such a volume, written in Japan about America, would not be allowed to go beyond the stage of a confiscated manuscript with its author in jail. That these words are put into type in wartime is part of the evidence that we are still a people of good will who, as certain victors, cannot be so cruel as some of my countrymen would have us be.

A few months ago I was sitting in a water-front café in San Francisco, idly turning the pages of a newspaper. The headlines, of course, were the headlines of war in the Pacific—war with Japan. I had eaten in this restaurant upon my return from the Orient not many years before. Memories came flooding back. How near Japan was, really! A

walk up a ship's gangplank, some pleasant days at sea, then Tokyo Bay and the little hedge fence where blossoms were white-bleached barnacles on tree-prunings stuck in the ground, where a little fried octopus cost three cents, where you used no soap in the bathtub.

A "Letter to the Editor" caught my eye.

What miracles in keeping Japan strong—for long enough to kill a few more thousand Americans before surrendering—could be accomplished with that letter by even the stupidest of propaganda-writers in Tokyo!

Little exaggeration would be required, just a few added words: "An eminent American physician, unofficial spokesman for Washington, was quoted by a San Francisco paper yesterday as follows. . . ."

From here on the letter itself, translated into Japanese, would be enough. As published, it had been signed by a physician. Perhaps the physician had gone berserk after getting his medical degree. But the newspaper didn't call him crazy.

The physician wrote quite simply:

"To eliminate the Japanese as a factor in world affairs, it will be necessary to exterminate them as soon as possible after victory. This could be accomplished simply, in a humane fashion, by compulsory birth control. Require Japanese women to take periodic examinations. If one should become pregnant, shoot her husband."

When the last four-ton bomb has burst in the ruins of a Japanese shipyard, and when the last stubborn man on the last island outpost of Japan has died rather than surrender, if only we can think of ways that our poor world can turn to good account the painstaking craft, the patient loyalty, and the frugal industry of Japan! We shall need the skills of the Japanese, and that we have not used them better in past decades is as much our fault as theirs.

In fact, it is no credit to our collective brains that we now have shut up in concentration camps 100,000 of the very people who are most fitted by habit and heredity to help us win this so-economic war against Japan.

There is an old fable of a humble and ragged kitchen maid and her two ritzy stepsisters who kept her at hard and dirty chores from dawn until dark, and gave her only scraps to eat, while they dined lavishly and amused themselves sometimes by sitting at their spinning wheels. But when the extravagant and careless sisters' yarn was

rough or broken or badly snarled, as it often was, they yanked it from the spindle and threw it upon the floor. Late at night, when all the house was sleeping, the meek little slavey crept down to the spinning room, patiently untangled and carded the waste yarn, spun it again so carefully, wove it into cloth for a gown ever so fine, sneaked off to a masked ball, and stole a prince right from under the noses of her supercilious sisters.

Of all the peoples on this earth, the Japanese could come most nearly to surviving and waging war on what America throws away, or fails to utilize. And if we have any single group of people qualified to teach us how to be frugal in wartime, it is probably our own Japanese—most of whom are loyal to the land of their adoption, and loyal with the selflessness that is peculiarly Japanese. If they were given a part in this war, they would be more loyal still, just as one of the best-trained units in the American Army is one of Japanese ancestry. But we are not using these people to teach us how to tighten our belts.

The *Taiyo Maru*, on the run from Yokohama to San Francisco, was already in port. She was much larger than the *Heian Maru*, much older, and quite uninteresting to me. She'd been a German ship, seized by the Japanese at the time of the first World War, when Japan was an inactive ally of Britain and had emerged from the conflict with small losses, but with the gain of many a good ship and, most important, of certain strategic German islands which have been invaluable assets in the present conflict.

Never have I been able to understand why, if justice plays any part whatever in warfare, such a few short years can cause such a realignment of allies. The answer, of course, seems to be that nations fight for material advantage, and justice becomes an issue only in the sense in which opposing lawyers so eloquently ask for "justice" in a court of law, citing the points in their favor and disregarding everything else. In warfare there is neither judge nor jury.

This time, I do not doubt, Japan could as easily have become one of the United Nations had there appeared any chance of material gain therefrom.

My bags went one by one aboard the *Taiyo Maru*. I carried them there, for by now, though I had enough money, I was used to burden

bearing and finagling frugality. I was not, however, allowed to occupy my cabin until sailing time a few days later.

Each intervening afternoon I took the train to Tokyo and went on long walks through the city. It was astonishing how far and how long I could walk, now, without becoming tired. One of my favorite jaunts was around the vast hilly area in the center of Tokyo, occupied by the Imperial Palace and its grounds.

The place was surrounded both by a wall and by a deep moat where water lilies sometimes grew. The whole place was as closely guarded as any palace could have been in medieval times. Close to the wall and for a considerable distance beyond it there were tall trees, and the palace itself occupied a site of aloofness on an eminence far within the grounds. Its grayish towers, their tiled roofs shaped like the Mongolian tents that were the models for the first permanent roofs in Asia, could not be seen except as tiny architectural vistas, fragmentary, and far away.

The whole unapproachable and ancient, unearthly aspect of this island of antiquity and pseudo-divinity, set smack in the middle of one of the world's largest and most modern of cities, was a masterpiece prop in mass psychology. I could believe myself—well, almost I could—in the divine origin of the little man who lived so mysteriously and so more-than-aloof in the heart of workaday Tokyo.

Yet I wondered how divine he'd seem if he could have lived in a common little house and walked freely down the Ginza on summer evenings, stopping to chat with the shopkeepers along the way.

What an old trick it is, and how effective it has always been! Take a man, or a high priest—or take even a government at a time when it fills a need. Invest it with power; give it robes; build temples around it; protect it with guards; let it have medals and myths and mumbo jumbo, and its successors can be maintained through unbelievably useless dynasties, sheltered from the perils that strengthen competitive institutions. It may benefit only its camp followers, yet it takes ever-increasing tithes from humble folk who confuse magnificence with merit; until, more honored than ever, secure behind its bastions and its battlements of pomp and majesty, it decays unhurried, but decays so thoroughly that when at last it falls, men wonder how it stood so long.

